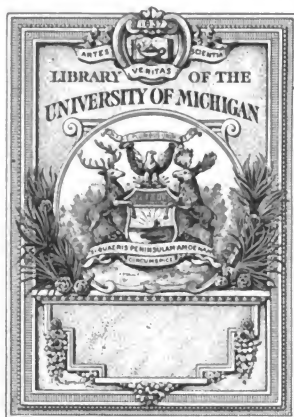




*The English
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MALCONTENTS.

From the painting by Bernard F. Gribble, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1906.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXVI.

(NEW SERIES)

OCTOBER, 1906, TO MARCH, 1907

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THE
English Illustrated Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1906.

THE ART OF
BERNARD F. GRIBBLE.

By JOHN S. PURCELL.

HOWEVER inured one may be to the work of an interviewer, there is always a kind of nervous tremor when calling upon an artist who, though his works may be well known to you, is personally a stranger. Whether or not the idea is still retained amongst the prosy conditions of modern life, there was a time when eccentricity was regarded as an essential concomitant of genius. Artists, if they are to be taken into account at all, are necessarily geniuses, and, therefore, so

unaccountable in their actions that it might resolve itself into a toss-up whether they would slam the door in the face of an interviewer, or place a seat for him in that particular corner of the studio where the cupboard is situated.

But I had heard so much of the geniality of Mr. Bernard Gribble, that on the day that I called on him, at his residence in St. John's Wood, I was able to ring and knock—a notice outside informs you that you have to do both if you would get attended to—with as much assurance as if I were



SUTTON POOL, PLYMOUTH. After Bernard F. Gribble.



THE LATE H. A. K. GRIBBLE, M.R.I.B.A.

The Architect of the Brompton Oratory.

calling upon an old friend. Nor, as I presently found out, was the assurance misplaced. When posing, as he himself might say, before the camera, with firmly-closed lips, and penetrating eye, the artist's countenance takes on a kind of disinheriting expression. But as soon as he begins to speak, the lips become mobile, the eyes emit merry sparkles, and you feel you are at home.

To those who know Mr. Gribble only by his works it will come as a revelation that the date of his birth goes no farther back than 1873. Fifteen years ago, when he was yet only eighteen, the Royal Academy accepted one of his pictures, and ever since then with, as he says, "a few intermittent chucks," he has been a constant exhibitor. Indeed, his work is in such favour, that as often as not he has three and (but this was before the three-picture limit) even four pictures hung in one year.

In the early part of my conversation with Mr. Gribble, I suggested that he was in a fair way of filling up the void

in the artistic world created by the death of Henry Moore, and though he disclaimed such distinction, he told me a curious story bearing upon the same point. Amongst his earlier customers was a gentleman who had been so intimate with the dead Academician, that the latter left him his palette as an heirloom to be handed over to the painter who most worthily carried on Henry Moore's ideals. The old gentleman called regularly upon Mr. Gribble, examined his work with the eye of a connoisseur, and at each visit repeated, with ever increasing emphasis—

"You will have the palette yet."

But one day he left the studio never to come back, and the heirloom seems to be further away than ever from Bernard Gribble. But all the same I do not know that Mr. Gribble's way of looking at the sea would coincide with Moore's point of view. The latter liked to paint the sea itself, the sea only, in all its moods, only introducing a sail here and there, as it were, to mark the outlines of the horizon. He loved the waves



MR. BERNARD F. GRIBBLE.



THE GERMAN BATTLESHIP "KAISER WILHELM II."

From a black and white drawing by Bernard F. Gribble. Drawn at sea, when the German Fleet visited England.

themselves, as one of his companions pleasantly expressed it—

"Round Henry Moore, whose pencil rules

The waves so well and royally,
His faithful subjects danced with glee,
And welcomed him most loyally.

"He knows and loves them, every wave;
They follow him ashore, and then
Upon his easel flash and foam,
And swell and break, and roar again."

But, though Mr. Gribble, too, loves the waves, and paints them with an insight to which few modern artists can lay claim, his brush, so far, has led him towards what one might call decorative sea painting. The waves are there, calm or convulsed, but are peopled by all varieties of man's creation, from the old three-decker to the modern battleship. In the skilful hand of the artist the one becomes as picturesque as the other. Take as an example the two reproductions which are given on pages 5 and 8. One, "The Coast of Merrie England," represents one

of the old warships. The scene is full of life, of poetry, of romance. The fancy can bring up a hundred well-fought battles in which the ship bore a valiant

part; but who will say that the splendid drawing of the German battleship *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* does not also bring its thrill of romance? The story of the one, sanguinary, adventurous, is already written. Who can tell what the future historian may have to say of the other? It stands out clearly before us, instinct with life, full of tremendous possibilities, and yet, in a year or

so, the waves may close over it, or it may live to send ships as great and as magnificent as itself to their doom.

But I am going away from the interview. Mr. Gribble was born into art. His father was the architect of the Brompton Oratory, far and away the finest example of Italian Renaissance architecture in this country.

"Had the fact of your father being an architect anything to do with your adoption of painting as a profession?" I asked.

"Well, I suppose, it had," he answered, "though amongst the arts, my first love was music. Indeed, I had seriously made up my mind to follow that profession, when an accident to one of my hands drove me to something else."



MRS. BERNARD GRIBBLE.

From a painting by Bernard F. Gribble, exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1904.

"And that was?"

"Architecture. I joined my father, who at the time was working on the façade of the Brompton Oratory, and I was able to assist him with the drawings."

"You were, of course, interested in the work?"

"Oh, greatly so; though I suppose the

gained a good deal of knowledge while with him. We exchanged many ideas and, I am glad to say, were always good friends."

"Do you find the criticism of other artists of much use to you?"

"I find the criticism of the younger artists, say, those of my own age, far from useful. They are too much in the



PIONEERS TO GLORY.

From the painting by Bernard F. Gribble, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1906.

kink for oils and colours was only waiting to peep out."

"Did it come forth spontaneously, or was it developed by outside influences?"

"Well, I used to spend a good deal of time in Mr. Frank Brangwyn's studio at Chelsea, and it was admiration for his work that first influenced me to try my own hand."

"Have you been influenced by any other modern artist?"

"Yes, several. I worked with Mr. Albert Toft, the sculptor, and undoubtedly

habit of theorising, of laying down rules, of prophesying failure, and are far too dogmatic in the expression of their opinions. It is always the youngsters who are dogmatic. The thunder and lightning which Ruskin sent forth at the age of twenty-four in 'Modern Painters' he afterwards had reason to modify. The advice of the older artists, on the contrary, is always valuable. They see your difficulties at a glance. They show you how they might be overcome as they themselves overcame them, and if they

cannot praise you greatly, on the other hand they will be careful not to hurt your feelings. I have found, for instance, the counsel of such big men as Gregory and Clauson most invaluable."

"Now, about your education, Mr. Gribble, the necessary preliminaries to every career; what can I tell the readers of the *ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE* in regard to it?"

"What was it that first turned your attention to the sea as a subject for your pictures?"

"Well, I suppose my residence in Plymouth had something to do with it. Though I think I should love the sea under any possible circumstances, even though my childhood might have been passed in the Desert of Sahara."

"I should have imagined that your



THE COAST OF MERRIE ENGLAND.

From the painting by Bernard F. Gribble.

"Well, the preliminaries in question, most of which had very little to do with art, were acquired at the College of St. Francis Xavier at Bruges, in Belgium. Outside that, such education as I have, even in regard to art, has been mostly self-acquired. I worked for a short while at the School of Art in St. John's Wood. I studied, too, at the Plymouth School of Art, though both essays, I should say, were rather tentative."

early association with your father, not to speak of your residence in picturesque old Bruges, would have attracted you towards architectural subjects."

"Yes, one might think so; but, you see, my first picture went on the lines which I have since followed. It was "The Ship on Fire." It was a large painting, and represented the towing of the burningship *Mentmore* into Plymouth Sound in August, 1890. It was painted



ON THE ROAD TO TRAFALGAR.

From the painting by Bernard F. Gribble, exhibited in the Royal Academy 1905.



AFTER THE SHOWER.

From the painting by Bernard F. Gribble.

when I was only eighteen years of age, and I was lucky in getting it hung at the Academy."

"You call it luck?"

"Oh, you may put it down to genius if you like," answered Mr. Gribble with a laugh. "At any rate, I have remained faithful to the sea. Of course, a time may come when my architectural experience will be utilised, but so far I see no signs of the change."

"And as you have remained faithful to the sea, the Academy has remained faithful to you?"

"Yes, I have no reason to complain of the gentlemen of the Academy. They have been very generous to me, even when I have deviated from my own line. They have nearly always found places for at least two of my pictures, whilst one year they hung two large portraits and two big seascapes."

"So that you do not join in the outcry which in certain quarters has been raised against the Academy?"

"Oh, dear me, no! I look upon the authorities there as about as impartial a body of men as can be found in connection with any public institution either at home or abroad."

"Which reminds me, have you ever exhibited your work in foreign galleries?"

"Very little. This year I sent a picture to the Salon, and received a gratifying honourable mention, and some years previous to this the Princess of Monaco allotted to me space for two paintings at the Palais des Beaux Arts, Monte Carlo."

"Now, to return to our ships. I notice that you have been greatly praised by the critics for the fulness of detail, the insight into, as it were, the inner life of your ships; you give, one might say, the soul as well as the body. What special facilities have you had for studying—to follow out the figure—the psychological as well as the physical features of the ships you have painted?"

"Well, I have knocked about the dock-yards at Plymouth and Devonport a good

deal—without being once taken for a spy—and, more important still, I used to illustrate naval manœuvres, incidental naval catastrophes, and other sea things for *Black and White*. This experience has been of immense service to me. I was able to study the points of a ship as a huntsman might study the points of a horse, so that I have only to close my eyes to bring the full details of any ship I have ever seen before my eyes. That's Irish, isn't it?"

"Well," I answered, "you do not look unlike an Irishman. At any rate, with that black hair—that shy, insinuating, humorous expression you are now turning upon me, you look a complete Celt. If your eyes were blue, now, instead of that intense black-brown —"

"Oh, leave my eyes alone. I am, of course, a Celt. Though born in Devon, my father was of Cornish descent, whilst my mother—well, she was born in the county of Wexford, and her maiden name was Finnigan."

A reminiscent look crept into the artist's

eyes. For a moment they were dreamy, as if he were seeing visions. Then they sparkled with humour, and the lips began to see the joke.

"Come, Mr. Gribble, do not, for goodness sake, keep it all to yourself," I said. "Let me have the joke—the story."

"Oh, I could tell you scores of stories. You see, I have sketched a good deal in Ireland, at the Lakes, down by Kilkee, at Blackrock, near Dublin, and up in Cavan, where I have relatives."

"But the story you had in your mind just now?"

"Oh, I have often laughed at that, and have got so many others to laugh at it that in a short while, if it has not done so already, it will have gone the rounds of London. Amongst the many friends I have in Cavan is Father Pat, a priest of the genuine Irish type, very strict in essential matters, lenient in non-essentials, but sometimes showing an inclination to magnify small things into great ones. One of the plagues of his life was a certain blind fiddler, who had the habit



DRAKE'S ISLAND, PLYMOUTH.

From the painting by Bernard F. Gribble, exhibited in the New Gallery, 1906.

of playing before the church at the end of mass. Father Pat might have stood the playing, but what troubled him was that the boys and girls were tempted by the music to indulge in a pastime which he did not consider appropriate either to the day or the situation. One Sunday, just as the people were trooping out of the chapel, the fiddler began to play as usual, and, of course, the boys and girls began to dance. Scarcely giving himself

But the story sounds bald as I read it over here. I wish I could represent it in type just as the artist gave it, with all the art of an accomplished actor, and the most delightful brogue. Indeed, Mr. Gribble, had he so chosen, might have made a fortune on the stage.

"Here is something more about Father Pat," he resumed, "perhaps even more characteristic than the other. One Sunday I dropped into his chapel quite



"A FIGHT WITH THE 'SALLY ROVER.'"

From the painting by Bernard F. Gribble, in the Royal Academy, 1905.

time to get rid of the vestments, Father Pat rushed out bareheaded and took the unhappy musician by the shoulder—the dancers had mysteriously disappeared.

'You blackguard,' said he; 'how often have I told you that you must not play in front of the church, particularly on a Sunday? Do you not know the Third Commandment: 'Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day?''

"Well, not be that name, yer reverence," answered the fiddler, greatly puzzled, 'but if ye whistle the first bar or two, I've no doubt I can play it for ye.'"

unexpectedly. He had not seen me for years, but his eye rested on me for a moment as he began to preach, and I saw that I was recognised. The subject of the sermon was music, and the necessity of providing a new organ for the church.'

"They tell us, the saints tell us, my dear brethen, that in heaven they have grand music entirely," said the priest; 'such music that all the organs of all the world put together could not make one note of it, and when we play and sing in the church it is to imitate heaven. But it is little we can play on; that; poor



DEFIANCE.

From the painting by Bernard F. Gribble, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1903.



MR. MALCOLM LAWSON.
From the painting by Bernard
F. Gribble.

croaky ould organ up there. I had a musician in to look at it the other day, and he tells me that some of the pipes are full of holes and stopped up with—what do ye think? Gum paper from the ends of postage stamps! And ye think, maybe, we can imitate heaven on such an instrument as that? Oh, no, faith, we can't, nor anything like it; and if we do not imitate heaven as near as we can it is plain enough that we are not doing our duty. In other words, my dear brethren, we must have a new organ, and to get a new organ we must have money, and to get money we must raise a subscription. Faith, it is proud anyone might be to contribute to such an object; and let me tell ye that yer fathers and mothers who have gone before ye are ashamed of the kind of

music we have had for a long time in this church. Just think of it! An organ plastered up at the back with ends of postage stamps! Oh, it is a disgrace, a disgrace to the parish, a disgrace to you, a disgrace to Ireland. We must have a new organ, and I've opened the subscription by putting myself down for a guinea. I wish I could afford more, but if the rest of ye contribute in the same way, according to your means, we shall have that new organ. I'm sure that Bryan Doherty would be ashamed to put himself down for less than a guinea; so would James Fogarty, and Mike O'Donnell, and Miles Lee, and all the people up in the gallery. There's Barney Gribble, too, all the way from London; I'll wager he'll give his guinea as well as the best of



ROSALIND, DAUGHTER OF J. T. FOURACRE, ESQ.
From a painting by Bernard F. Gribble.

ye. Look at that, a stranger, who hasn't been here for years and years, never since he was a gossoon going round the neighbourhood stealing apples wherever he could lay his hand on them—he gives a guinea! Oh, faith, 'tis two guineas the rest of ye ought to be giving, and I'm sure ye will, too, when mass is over, and ye come into the sacristy to put down yer names like men.' ”

have got as much as £30 for a quick oil sketch done in, practically speaking, a few minutes. The Royal Yacht Club will, no doubt, remember some of my endeavours in that way.”

After this the conversation got on to music in general and Irish music in particular. Mr. Gribble is a great lover of the traditional melodies which have come down through goodness knows how many



MR. AND MRS. BERNARD GRIBBLE.

From a photograph by Paul Naumann.

“And did you give the guinea?” I asked, when the artist had finished his inimitable imitation of Father Pat.

“Well, no,” he answered, “not exactly,” and, seeing there was something behind this hesitation, I probed till I discovered that “Barney’s” contribution to that organ fund was a good deal more substantial than a guinea.

“Sometimes,” he added, “I have assisted at charitable concerts by doing ‘lightning sketches’ and in some cases

generations. Their quaint appeal, their undertone of sadness ever, as Moore said, in the midst of otherwise mirthful numbers, stirs the Celt in his nature. He spoke of these tunes with knowledge and appreciation, illustrating his ideas by means of a piano which stands in one corner of the studio. Though a pistol-shot put a speedy end to the artist’s career as a player of the violin, it has not been able to take the melody out of his soul, and one of the projects he has in view is the publication of some original

music. I strongly suspect that his tunes will be like his ships, some old, quaint, pathetic; others modern, sparkling, but still romantic.

Of the quality of his paintings there is little need to speak. The critics and the public have well appraised them, and those who do not know them otherwise cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the reproductions which are given here. It is

not only in the characteristic seascapes that the artist shows his power, his individuality; he is equally successful in his portraits, and may yet figure largely in the latter department of his art. Remember that he is only thirty-two years of age. Practically the whole of his life is before him, and having done so much in the past, what may we not expect from him in the future?

EVENING AT COOMBE DINGLE.

By HERBERT ROWTHORN.

THE winding lane with fragrance is aglow
Of blushing dog-rose and the new-mown hay,
The hum of distant cutter soft and low
Comes drowsily, with shouts of youthful play.

Aflame with charlock are the luscious meads
(A dreamy haze of green and yellow gold)
Whilst scarlet poppy, brightest of the weeds,
In crimson patches flaunts her colours bold.

Still dips the narrow way mid tangles wild
Of roses, woodbine, elder's creamy lace,
And hawthorn, running riot yesterday
In snowy billows, scattered now to space.

Till through the tiny copse with steep descent
The pathway plunges, lost at once to view
'Mid glorious wealth of June improvident
Yet best of all the months to faithful few.

Lulled into slumber by the meadowsweet,
The brook meanders slowly on its way,
Gliding unwillingly with halting feet
Reluctant, if it might but only stay.

Down by the little bridge the sunburnt hind
Sits patiently to watch the bobbing float,
No outside world to vex his placid mind,
No crisis grave to send a jarring note.

The dingle hushed, like vast cathedral nave,
Lit by the west'ring rays of setting sun,
Filt'ring through leafy screen the vale to lave
With gentle good-night kiss, ere day be done.

How still it is, save for the plaintive song
In yonder willow of the lesser tit,
How far the city and the busy throng!
How beautiful Thy works—how infinite!

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

By A. HOOD.

RONALD FARRIES experienced the sensation of being happy and contented one minute, and distressed and anxious the next. And it all happened so simply. He was sitting in his club, smoking and looking at the papers, with nothing to worry him or disturb his calm enjoyment. He was thirty-five, healthy, wealthy enough to have no financial cares, and engaged to Doris Knight, a charming girl.

Suddenly he had looked up and seen Dick Burrage just entering the room, and in a flash his cheerfulness had gone. He dropped his paper, rose to his feet, and stammered out a greeting. Both men were ill at ease. They looked at each other stealthily, and made futile remarks on the weather, as they stood with their hands in their pockets and gazed vacantly from the club window.

"I didn't know you were back," said Faries, breaking a trying silence.

"I only came last evening. Everything looks just the same," answered Burrage.

"Things don't change much in a year," remarked Faries. Then there was another pause.

Burrage fidgeted about with a match-box on the table. "I heard from Doris this morning," he said abruptly. "She told me all about you, and—all that."

"Have you seen her yet?" asked Faries, staring at the traffic below.

"No; what's the good?" and Burrage gave an uncomfortable laugh.

"I'm awfully sorry, Burrage," said Faries. "When you went away, I'd no idea there was anything between you and Doris. I didn't know her very well then, and you never said a word."

"I couldn't. Her mother wouldn't let me mention it to a soul. We weren't allowed to settle anything definitely. She said I was too poor to think of marrying. So I was, I suppose."

"It was hard lines on you," said Faries. "And hard on Doris, too," he added, as though against his will.

Burrage glanced at him. "I expect she's happy enough," he said. "There was no need for her to——"

"To get engaged to me?" finished Faries. "Well, I'm—I was awfully fond of her," he went on, almost apologetically. "Directly I spoke to her about myself, she told me she cared for you, and that you had gone away—for ever, she said. That was the first I heard about you."

"I thought I had gone away for ever," said Burrage.

"I waited awhile, and she seemed to get more cheerful, and her mother told me it was all right about you. I'm pretty well off, you see, and you know what her mother is."

"Yes, I know," said Burrage, feelingly.

"Doris really seemed to like me," Faries said. "If she hadn't, of course I shouldn't have bothered her any more; and then, she thought you'd gone for good."

"I suppose she wasn't much to blame, though when a girl has promised to wait for you all her life, it's rather a blow to hear that she's got engaged to another fellow in less than a year."

"You—you care for her as much as ever, I suppose?" said Faries, still regarding the traffic.

"Rather," sighed Burrage.

"Did she know you were coming home?"

"I wrote to her from Southampton yesterday, and had her answer this morning. That is how I heard of her engagement to you."

Faries stifled a natural inclination to ask what she had said, and contented himself with saying, "Was she very much upset?"

"Yes, as far as I could make out. She only wrote a few lines, and they were rather incoherent. She said you had been awfully good to her."

"I've tried to be. I've known all along that she didn't care for me half as much as I did for her, but I was

beginning to hope that——", He broke off abruptly.

The great room was almost empty at the moment, and Farries walked across it and back again, while Burrage watched him.

"Look here," he said, stopping in front of the returned wanderer. "Are you well enough off to marry now? Could you satisfy the old lady?"

"Not so well as you, but I've come in

this afternoon. It will be a pleasant surprise for her to see you instead," he added with a strained smile.

"You're an awfully good chap!" said Burrage. He knew the expression was inadequate, but it is not possible to show deep feeling in a London club. "But," he added doubtfully, "she may not believe me."

"Think it's too good to be true?" said Farries.



"They looked at each other stealthily."

for a small pile from a distant cousin; that's what brought me home in a hurry," answered Burrage.

"Well; I don't want to stand in your way," said Farries, slowly. "You can tell her from me that she is perfectly free."

"Do you mean that?" asked Burrage, quickly.

Farries nodded. "I don't see what else I can do," he said. "Only get it over soon. Go to her now; you'll find her at home, for I was going to see her

"Not exactly that, but you know what girls are. Couldn't you tell her yourself?"

Farries hesitated. He distinctly disliked the idea of personally giving back to Doris her freedom, and seeing her joy and relief, and her happiness in Dick Burrage's return.

"You're bound to see her sooner or later," said Burrage, "and she's just the girl to worry herself about you, unless you tell her yourself that you—well, that you'll get on all right, don't you know."

"She's not likely to worry herself about me," said Farries, and he wished he was as tall and sunburnt, and good-looking as Burrage, instead of being short and slight, with features of no distinction. Possibly Burrage may have considered the advantages he would gain from a contrast with Farries, for he again urged him to accompany him.

At last Farries promised to follow in about half an hour. "You'll have got over the worst by then, and I shall have had time to pull myself together," he said.

Burrage was content with that promise, and Farries, from the window, watched him hail a hansom and drive westward towards Doris's home.

Farries looked after the cab as long as it was in sight, and he realised every moment happiness was drawing nearer to Doris and Burrage, and going further from him. He didn't blame anyone except himself for having taken advantage of the influence over Mrs. Knight which his money gave him. He told himself he had allowed the poor girl to be bullied into the engagement, for she had never pretended to love him, and now he was fairly punished by the return of her old lover, Dick Burrage.

Lately, too, she had seemed so much happier; he had begun to think, to hope that she cared for him a little, and if Burrage had only kept away. But there, it was no use thinking of that. Burrage was back, and all that was left for him to do was to take a long journey somewhere. He would go to Central Africa, or Thibet, or to any place where unrequited love may be forgotten by the help of big game and fever. He would leave instructions for a handsome wedding present to be sent to Doris, and no doubt that would be the only claim he would have on her memory.

Well, he would go and see her for the last time, and pretend that he really didn't care if she married him or Burrage. It would be difficult, but if it was to make her happy, it must be done. And Burrage said it would make her happy, and he understood women. So Farries rose with a sigh, and went out into the sunny street. He was content to walk;

he didn't want a cab to hurry him towards his goal; he would reach it soon enough.

Doris, in the drawing-room, which her mother had thoughtfully left vacant, had been waiting for Farries to come. She was looking worried, for it is trying when an old lover suddenly returns, and has to be told that the hand which had been vowed to him is pledged to a richer suitor. Her mother, too, had been unsympathetic, and had said that the best thing Dick could do would be to return to Africa, and leave people in peace. Doris had replied with some heat, and suggested that her mother was moved by mercenary motives. Finally, Mrs. Knight had declined to argue the question, and merely stated as a fact that Reggie was worth a dozen Burrages, and was Doris's promised husband; also that she, Doris, would be behaving abominably if she threw him over.

Doris was thinking of these things as she sat and waited, and heard a hansom rattle up to the door and heavy footsteps coming up the stairs. Before she had time to wonder why Reggie trod so heavily, the door was thrown open, and she saw Dick on the threshold. He had her in his arms while she was still gasping his name.

"Yes, it's me, all right, darling," said Burrage, reassuringly. "I've come back to you after all."

"But I wrote; haven't you heard about my—about Mr. Farries?" Doris stammered, feebly trying to disengage herself from Dick's embrace.

"Yes; but we've settled that. I've just seen him, and he told me to come straight here and say that he—that he resigns his claims, don't you know."

Doris gave a little cry. "Did he really say that?" she exclaimed.

Burrage was gratified at the sight of her emotion. "He really did, darling. He's a good sort of chap. I explained everything to him, and told him I could make it all right with your mother now, and he saw that, under the circumstances, he had no right to hold you to your engagement."

"But are you quite sure he meant it, Dick?" she asked.

"Do you think it's too good to be true?"

Old Farries said you would. So he promised to come round presently and make it all right with you."

"He's coming here?"

"I made him swear to. I thought you might worry about him unless you saw he was pretty jolly. I knew what a kind-hearted little girl you are."

"Didn't he seem—wasn't he rather sorry?" she suggested.

"Oh, well, of course he minded losing you. Who wouldn't? But he's a bit cold-blooded, you know. Now, I felt like suicide when I left you last year. I didn't care twopence what became of me."

"You look very well," she said irrelevantly.

"It's seeing you again, and knowing we're going to be happy at last. But your letter this morning was a blow, darling; I was awfully angry with you for throwing me over, until Farries——"

"What did he say?" she asked quickly.

"He explained how you were badgered into the engagement, and I knew the habit your mother has of getting her own way, so I decided to forgive you. Aren't you grateful?" He gave her unmistakable proofs of his forgiveness.

She shrank away a little. "Don't, Dick," she said; "I've not got used to things yet. Remember that half an hour ago I was engaged to Mr. Farries. It's rather upsetting;" and she gave a tremulous laugh.

Burrage looked puzzled. He was vaguely aware that she was not the same Doris who, less than a year ago, had heartbrokenly bade him farewell. "What's wrong, Doris?" he asked. "You almost seem as though you weren't glad to see me, but I know you are, really. Ah, I know what's the matter; you're bothered about Farries."

"Oh no, not at all!" she answered hastily. "He wouldn't have given me up so easily if he had cared."

"No; that's what I thought. I couldn't have done it. But never mind about him, darling. I've no end to tell you. By Jove! it is jolly to be back here again in England, and with you."

Doris was a little unresponsive while Burrage poured out his doings and adven-

tures. She, too, felt that there was some difference in her returned lover. He seemed noisier than she had remembered him, more full of himself and his unimportant personal experiences. Now and then a word or trifling gesture jarred upon her. She found herself criticising him as coolly as if he were a chance acquaintance. Becoming suddenly conscious of her mental attitude towards him, she reproached herself for her fickleness. Of course he was not really altered—it was only the rough life he had led abroad. Perhaps Reggie's ceaseless courtesy and well-bred tact made other men seem rougher.

"You're not listening," said Dick, stopping abruptly.

"Indeed I am," she assured him eagerly.

But the thread of his talk was broken, and a certain constraint held them both. In spite of their mutual endeavour to be at ease and to revive the old relationship, each felt that the other was, in some way, unsympathetic. At last the ring of the door-bell came as a relief.

"That's Reggie's ring!" cried Doris, impulsively, jumping up, as though to go to greet him.

"You seem to recognise it easily," muttered Burrage. Doris did not appear to hear him.

There was silence in the room as they waited for Farries to appear. He stood for a moment on the threshold as though he found his part difficult to play. His fellow-actors gave him no help. He looked pale and tired, and as his eyes met Doris's there was a look in them that conquered her resentment against him. So he did mind losing her, in spite of all Dick said.

"She turned to the latter. "Dick," she whispered, "leave us alone for a few minutes, please. Go into the inner room, will you? Just for a minute."

Dick hesitated, but reluctantly obeyed, casting questioning glances over his shoulder as he disappeared behind the folding doors.

"Burrage has told you—has explained that you are free, hasn't he, Doris?" said Farries, as she remained silent. She nodded, and he was forced to go on talking. "He's a good fellow; it was hard



"He stood for a moment on the threshold."

on him to come back and find me in his place."

"You've done your best to put things right," she said, coldly. "I suppose I ought to thank you for your generosity in handing me back to Mr. Burrage; but I don't feel bound to be grateful, for you seem to have done it very willingly."

"Don't say that!" he said quickly. "You know I cared, and more than cared; but put me outside the question. Dick was the man you loved, and now he has come back I feel I have no right to you. Besides, you never really cared for me—you told me so."

"Did I? That wasn't very nice of me, was it?" she said.

"It was honest," he answered. "You

never pretended you loved me. I hoped that in time you would. However, that's all over now, and I must leave the field free for Burrage. He will be getting impatient. Good-bye." He held out his hand for farewell, but Doris did not take it. She heard Dick moving heavily about the inner room, and the sound irritated her. Why had he come back? She had been happy enough only a few hours before, when she had believed him thousands of miles away, and herself to be the future wife of Reggie Ferries.

"Good-bye, Doris," said Reggie again.

"I don't want to say good-bye," she said, impatiently. "What will you do?"

"I shall go abroad somewhere; I shall be all right," he answered, and he tried to look quite cheerful.

He must have failed, for she said, quickly, "Why did you give me up so easily? At least, you might have asked me first if—I wanted to be given up."

"Doris, what do you mean?" he exclaimed.

She half turned away, for she would not for the world have had him guess that there were tears in her eyes, and she said, uncertainly, "I didn't love you at first, but now—oh, Reggie, I can't marry Dick!"

"Do you mean that, dear? Do you really care for me at all?" he said, incredulously.

She clung to his arm, as if to emphasise her meaning. "If you won't have me, Reggie," she said, "then I will die an old maid."

At that moment, Dick, impatient of his banishment, reappeared. "Doris!" he cried. She faced him, still holding Reggie's hand. "I can't help it, Dick," she said, gently. "A year seems to have made such a lot of difference to us both, and Reggie doesn't really want to give me up."

"And what about me?" asked Burrage, sullenly. "I suppose if I'd come here with as big a fortune as Farries you wouldn't have thrown me over."

"How dare you say that!" she cried. "I was sorry for you before, but now I'm not, and if you were rolling in money I wouldn't marry you."

Burrage was silent. He was angry at her desertion of him, and his vanity was hurt, but he reflected that, after all, he had not been particularly miserable without her during the past year, when his prospect of seeing her again had appeared hopeless. Now, too, he was well off, and it would be rather a nuisance to settle down into married life at once; there were more amusing things to do with one's money. And he agreed with

her that a year had made a difference. She wasn't the jolly, sympathetic girl he had known before, who had been always ready to fall in with his mood and admire his doings. Altogether, he was willing to make the best of things.

"Don't be angry, Doris; I spoke like an idiot," he said, humbly. "I know what a good fellow Farries is, and if you care more for him than for me, why, all I can do is to hope that you will be very happy."



"He ran down the steps quite cheerfully."

Doris's anger was disarmed, for Burrage was beginning to enjoy his part of the self-sacrificing lover, and did it well. He took her hand gently in his. "Good-bye," he said, tenderly. "We can always be friends, can't we? Good-bye, dear"; and he hurried from the room, conscious that he must have left behind him a most excellent impression.

Doris turned tearfully to Farries. She fancied that he looked amused, but that must have been her mistake. "He's dreadfully miserable, Reggie," she said; "I didn't think he could have been so nice. I do hope he will not do anything silly." And she began to be torn with

self-reproach, and to imagine Dick rushing towards suicide.

"Come and watch him out of sight," suggested Farries.

She allowed herself to be led to the window. They saw Burrage just leaving the house. He did not seem oppressed with gloom; indeed, he ran down the steps quite cheerfully, and, stopping on the bottom one, he carefully lit a cigar.

"He doesn't seem absolutely broken-hearted, dear," said Farries.

"I never really cared for him," said Doris, carelessly. She turned away from the window and pondered on the fickleness of men,



A RIVER IN MASUTOLAND.

THE REBELLIOUS ZULU AT HOME.

OUR colony of Natal can now be reached from England in little more than three weeks, and the number of those who find it possible to take a short holiday trip thither is increasing. It is a beautiful country, proudly named by its inhabitants the "Garden Colony," and a great deal of enjoyment may be got out of a few weeks there (especially by those who do not mind roughing it a little), even if the tour embrace no more than the towns of Durban and Pietermaritzburg, and a few of the more obvious show-places, such as Howick Falls, or the Berg, with the Bushman's caves, beyond Estcourt; with perhaps a day or two at a mission station. It is only in the last-named case that the visitor is likely to have more than a passing glimpse of the natives, and even then he will probably get but an incomplete view. But in this way he misses what might have been the

most interesting and instructive part of his new experiences.

The Natal natives, who amount in round numbers to nearly half a million, belonging to eighty-five tribes, are a part of the great Zulu race, and speak the Zulu language. Practically, however, when you are told in the colony that any particular man is a Zulu, it means that he comes from Zululand, beyond the Tugela, where the natives have been less in contact with civilisation, and were, till the war of 1879, independent, under their king, Cetewayo.

The Zulus were of old essentially a warlike nation, though they have since proved themselves quite capable of peaceful development. Still, one sometimes hears of faction fights of the "Donnybrook Fair" order, arising, perhaps, out of a quarrel at a wedding or "bur-drink," perhaps from some deeper feud between families or clans.

The interior of a native hut is much more roomy and better ventilated than one would expect from an outside view. The floor is hardened clay, which looks almost like cement. The fire-place is in the middle, and the furniture consists chiefly of cooking-pots, baskets, sleeping-mats, wooden pillows (or rather neck rests), porridge-ladles, and similar articles. These are either stowed away in the angle formed by the wall and the floor, stuck into the thatch, or slung from the rafters,

group of huts his "*umuzi*" or dwelling-place, a word which is also applied to the family, and is found in many African languages besides Zulu. The huts are hemispherical, thus differing from those of the Basuto, Mang'anja, and others, who make a round enclosure of upright posts and set thereon a conical roof with projecting eaves. The method of building is shown in the illustration. The framework is firmly bound together at the points of intersection with strips of



OFFERINGS TO AN AFRICAN BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

for the weight of the thatch has to be supported by stout posts (*Izinsika*) and couplers. The upper part of the hut is, of course, filled with smoke; but if, on entering, you do as the natives do and sit on the mat spread for you on the ground, you will be little inconvenienced by it. Each wife (the number varies) has her own hut, which her children share with her, the boys moving out as they grow older.

The word "*kraal*" is not a native, but an imported, one—derived, I believe, from the Spanish *corral*. A native calls the

bark, or cords of twisted grass; and when the men have completed this part of the work, the women come and neatly thatch it with grass. When this is done, the thatch is held down by means of a network of ropes made of plaited grass. The doorway is so low that one has to enter it on hands and knees, and there is no other aperture, so that the interior is rather dark, and the smoke finds its way out as best it can. It must be remembered, however, that these huts are only intended as refuges at night and in bad weather; the climate allows a great deal

of living out of doors, and the cooking and other household operations take place, as a rule, outside, within the semi-circular reed fence which shelters the entrance from the wind.

One of the most curious of Zulu ideas is that expressed by the word "Hlonipa." This, originally meaning "to be ashamed," or "to behave modestly," is synonymous with "propriety" or "etiquette," and covers a variety of curious customs. For instance, a

woman must always *hlonipa* the names of her father, her husband, the head of the family, and the chief, *i.e.*, avoid uttering them; and in the case of a great chief, the prohibition extends also to the men of the tribe. If the name happens to have a meaning of its own, some substitute must be found for it in ordinary conversation. It is as though English women whose family name was Smith were

not allowed to talk about a blacksmith, but must call him a worker in iron. Thus, the women of the family whose name is *Mti-mkulu*, "The Great Tree," are obliged to find some other word for "a tree," or "medicine," both of which are *mti* in Zulu. The point of etiquette illustrated in our pictures, *viz.*, that it is not proper for a man to see the face of his mother-in-law, is found in widely-separated parts of the world (among some tribes of North American

Indians, for instance), and is variously explained by ethnologists.

The genuine Zulu girl, in an up-country kraal untouched by civilization, wears nothing but beads till she marries, except when she wraps herself in a skin or blanket in chilly weather. She is generally a slender, beautifully-shaped creature, with small hands and feet, and limbs like polished bronze. She wears her hair in a little short fleece, perhaps with a fillet

of beads round it. These girls, as a rule—strange as it may seem to our conventional ideas—are exceedingly refined and modest, and have a shy, gentle manner, which is very attractive.

The scenery in some parts of the Transvaal is extremely rich and varied, abounding in woodland, stream, and valley. It is the delight of the trekker's heart, that is, the trekker who travels in the old-fashioned bul-



A ZULU GIRL.

lock-wagon style for the mere pleasure of the journey, where game is plentiful enough to lend excitement to the trip from dorp to dorp, broken by occasional stoppages at the old Dutch or Boer farms so thickly scattered over this delightful country. The Boer and his *vrouwe*, who so hospitably offer the household drink—hot, strong, steaming coffee—are descendants of the hardy Voortrekkers who first settled in this remote division of the northern part of the Transvaal. When the writer



ZULU GIRL DRESSED FOR TOWN.

trekked through that far-away country, some years ago, the gold-fever had renewed the sleepy state of affairs.

The discovery of gold at the Woodbush had drawn thither enterprising spirits. A telegraph had been opened up at the principal dorp of Pietersburg, a newspaper started, and the prospectors swarmed as thick as bees. It was also a splendid opportunity for the half-starved natives—who found little benefit of any kind at the hands of the Boers—to reap a harvest of silver by working in the newly-opened mines. If there is anything a Boer hates with holy fervour it is the natives, or, as they are commonly called, Kafirs.

The spirit of their ancestors—the original French refugees who colonised the Cape—still exists in the heart of every true Boer, and justifies their cruelty to the natives on Scriptural grounds, since it is founded on the theory that the Boers are like the Israelites of the Old Testament and the

natives the Canaanites, whom it is their bounden duty to crush and exterminate. This the Boer endeavoured to do with a will in the early history of Cape Colony and the Transvaal; but the old spirit has died out before the inroads of civilisation and English rule. Still, it is to be found as rampant as ever in remote districts; hence the unhappy complications in which the Kafirs made a feeble and last attempt to revenge themselves upon their oppressors.

It is a very curious fact that the name Kafir is a word totally unknown to the natives. It is not pronounceable in their language—in fact, it can find no place there, since they have no such sound as *r* in their speech; the nearest approach to it is the sound of *g* in Dutch, or the sound of *ch* in loch.

The term Kafir, which was originally applied to the tribes who were the immediate neighbours of the Cape Colonists, is now used to designate all classes of the native tribes. Thus the Hottentots who peopled the mountain ranges of the Cape; the Griquas, in



A ZULU WARRIOR.



BUILDING A KRAAL.

whose country diamonds were discovered at Klip Drift, Colesberg Kopje, Du Toits

Pan, and the old De Beers, where it was no uncommon thing to find the precious



INTERIOR OF A HUT.



AN OLD CEMETERY IN MASUTOLAND.

gems in the mud plastering of the walls of some of the old Boer homesteads; the Basutos, the Swazies, whose lands were rich in gold and hunting-grounds; the Zulus, said to be descended from the Matabele; the Mashonas and the great Matabele race, all come under the common title of "Kafirs."

To those who know them in their own land, untrammelled by civilisation, they are a noble race; and it is strange how soon one becomes attached to them, even in the capacity of servants or "boys," as they are called. They have a kind of hero-worship for the English, but hate the Boers as passionately as it is possible for a black man to hate the white. Perhaps one of the most interesting of all the Kafir tribes are the Hottentots or Bushmen, or what remains of them, since the race is now nearly extinct. They are very small in stature, the face thin, and the cheekbones very high, whilst the

eyes are small, deep-sunk, and very far apart. Their colour is a pale yellow or dusky brown, but they have exceedingly small hands and feet.

When they were first discovered by the settlers, it was impossible to hold any communication with them owing to the difficulty of learning their language, which was a sort of click-click—each click having a different meaning—and it speaks highly in favour of their intelligence to know that they soon acquired the language of the colonists, and became their most useful servants. To this day some of the pure-blooded Hottentots are to be met with in the kopjes of the Transvaal.

Time and again the writer, when riding in some particularly lonely spot, has been startled by the sudden appearance of one or two, who would start up from the heart of a rocky kopje, where they make their homes, to stare at the rider. They are atrociously ugly, but humble and docile as dogs.

The Matabele and the Zulu are the very opposite of the Hottentot. Usually very tall, splendidly formed, with handsome and intelligent faces after the fashion of their race, they are what might be termed the aristocrats of their country. Some of the women are exceedingly handsome—as a rule, they are very difficult to see unless one has access to the kraal. It is considered very bad form for them to be seen outside, or to go to the mines where their husbands and fathers are employed; hence the entire absence of female servants of the native race in the Transvaal and other States outside the Colony.



A LONELY GLEN, LOW COUNTRY, TRANSVAAL.

UoM



A QUIET PIPE.

As servants, the "boys" are an unending source of amusement to one who has

any sense of humour and a knowledge of Kafir-Dutch, the language mostly used by them. They have a keen enjoyment of fun; in fact, humour is a great point in their character, and to hear their witty descriptions of the "Baas" and the other white men would quite put *Punch* to the blush. For white women, especially Englishwomen, they have a great respect. The "Misses" of the "Baas" is a kind of deity in their eyes; and small wonder, since the women are always kind to them.

There are two qualities in the white man which the Kafir adores—one is courage, and the other dignity; without a fair share of either a "Baas" can never get on with his "boys." The writer knew of one "Baas" in the mines of Johannesburg, who was idolised by his Kafir workers for the simple reason that he did his own "whipping"; that is to say, he would belabour a refractory "boy," who broke the Sabbath by getting more than ordinarily "boozed," with a big "sjambok" or whip of hide kept for that purpose, instead of calling in the local police and sending the delinquent off to gaol. A "Baas" who is always on his "dig," as the Kafir terms it, or,



POUNDING MEALIES.



APPROACHING A MOTHER-IN-LAW.



PASSING HER BY.



THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

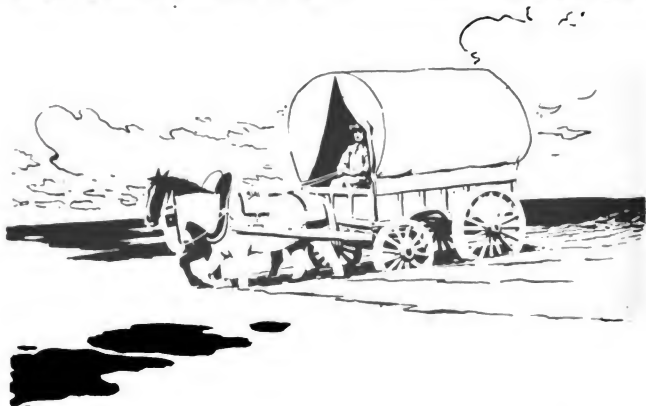
in other words, always firm and dignified in his dealings with them, is sure of getting the greatest amount of work out of them.

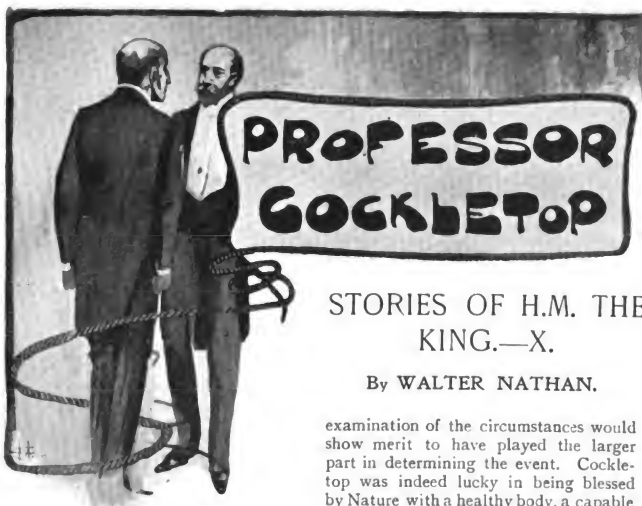
The great enemy of the Kafir is the canteen-keeper. These birds of prey used to perch their nests of drink on the edge of the mines, or somewhere near, and sell the poor devils what was called "Cape smoke," a horrible concoction of bad

brandy and rum, which drove them to all sorts of excesses from murder downwards. That was in the old days of "camp" life.

Now things are better ordered, and the canteen-keepers held in check; but for all that, they still manage to pander to the drink-appetite of the natives, and, whether clan-

destinely or openly, reap a rich harvest out of their earnings. The Kafir likes his "booze," but in the kraal-life it is a harmless drink of beer made from mealies, and sometimes of wild honey; whilst at the mines it is the death-dealing wares of the canteen on which he has to depend for that luxury. It is the one blot on the fair fame of the white rule in South Africa, and a big black blot indeed is the curse of the canteen.





STORIES OF H.M. THE KING.—X.

By WALTER NATHAN.

THE University career of James Cockletop was singularly successful. In his twenty-third year he was offered a rich Fellowship, which he declined, and soon after left his Alma Mater to enter into a far more attractive and lucrative fellowship than any university could possibly offer.

It may be a compensatory law of Providence that heiresses should usually be plain, but a prettier and more attractive girl than little Miss Arch it would be difficult to meet, and in addition to her sweet face, perfect little figure and winning manner she had a hundred thousand pounds for a fortune. When, therefore, she accepted the proffered heart, hand, and fortune (the last amounting to £214 14s. 6d., free of income-tax, per annum) of the devoted Jamrie, as she affectionately called him, his friends declared more loudly than ever that "the fellow had the devil's own luck." The criticism of newly-fledged graduates must not, however, be taken too seriously, and it is a trait in the general character to ascribe success to luck, when a careful

examination of the circumstances would show merit to have played the larger part in determining the event. Cockletop was indeed lucky in being blessed by Nature with a healthy body, a capable mind, and a handsome face, but he might fairly claim as self-developed merit his unflagging industry and perseverance, his self-denial, and his command over a naturally irritable temper. He had one blemish which stood out from all his minor ones—an inordinate vanity, conceit, or self-appreciation—a state of mind inadequately indicated by either of these terms, but perhaps partaking of all three. It was rumoured that his paternal grandfather had made his money in a thriving cats'-meat round. Yet Cockletop, having a respect for pedigree, thought himself the equal of a Howard. His University honours gave him no special satisfaction, as he esteemed it a matter of course that he should be a first class, and his handsome person received small attention, because he thought it superior to adventitious aids. Certainly there were grounds for this supposition. Six feet one in height, forty-four inches round the chest, perfectly proportioned throughout, his figure matched a face modelled on classical lines. His eye was commanding, the iris of deep purple, placed in scurotic of dazzling

whiteness, and the lids opened beyond the usual size. Shakespeare's description, "Prince of his presence," must have applied to some such man. To Cockle-top, Cockle-top was the centre of creation. Everything received its colour from Cockle-top as far as human affairs went; but he was not agnostic, and attended church after leaving the University.

After his marriage he went on the usual wedding tour, but becoming enamoured of a picturesque and ancient German town, settled there for three years, during which time he devoted himself exclusively, as far as study was concerned, to theoretical and practical chemistry, and made discoveries sufficiently important to revolutionise several industries. His name attained a European celebrity, and on his return to England he found himself something of a lion, and at the next election was made a fellow of the Royal Society. His domestic relations were exceedingly happy, and a happier man all round it would be difficult to find. As, however, the princess in the fairy tale had her comfort marred by a crumpled rose-leaf, so Cockle-top began to feel the Nemesis of his idiotic self-complacency. To be second in any society was to him intolerable, and all social distinctions which served to put him in this condition seemed to him an infringement of the first principles which should govern society. When he received an invitation from some distinguished individual "to meet the Prince of Wales" or some foreign potentate, he thought the Prince of Wales or foreign potentate ought also to have received a card "to meet Professor Cockle-top," and if his invitation were only for the evening, and a dinner-party had preceded the reception or dance, his blood burned with so righteous an indignation, and his purple eyes flashed such fire that his wife feared, not without reason, that a *contretemps* would sooner or later occur.

The manner of its occurrence was this: A distinguished foreign potentate, no black ruler of a horde of naked savages, but a king quite in the first-class, was on a visit to England. To meet him was

the distinction of the season; yet when Professor and Mrs. Cockle-top received a card from the Duke of — for a dance, Cockle-top's feathers began to ruffle, and his eyes to flash in a way which always made his little wife's heart palpitate with a fear of impending trouble. The King was to dine at the Duke's, and he, Cockle-top, was put off with a paltry dance.

It was, therefore, in a humour which Irishmen describe as "spoiling for a fight," that he arrived at the Duke's residence.

His irritability was not decreased by the conduct of the guardians of the traffic. His equipage, which was a modest one, compared unfavourably in appearance with the string of gorgeous carriages which formed in the square to set down guests at the Duke's, and although, doubtless, the constables acted in conformity with the regulations, the sensitiveness of Cockle-top took offence when he was ordered to remain on the opposite side of the square, and saw the prospect of an hour's waiting. "This is a sign," said he to his wife, "of the shoddy truckling which interlards the idiotic assertiveness of the age. In theory one man is as good as another. In practice an unostentatious vehicle has to wait for a cee-spring barouche and a pair of flaunting footmen. How strange it is that we poor grains on the surface of an inferior planet, warmed by a luminary which is itself but the pallid reflection of suns beyond human ken, should strive to distinguish and exalt one grain over another, but I am not going to be insulted by being kept here; let's get out and walk." "But the roads are muddy, Jamrie, dear, and I have on a pair of satin shoes!" "Nay, Alice," replied Jamrie, who was already on the pavement, "shall our dignity suffer for a miserable piece of shoemaker's work? Come on."

They walked round the square and arrived at the residence, poor little Mrs. Cockle-top's shoes leaving stains upon the cloth which covered the marble entrance steps. Six footmen, each rivaling in glory a materialised Phœbus, stood in the hall to receive the names of the guests. "Professor and Mrs. Jamrie

Cockletop," thundered along the arched roof of the hall. As they mounted the stairs, another relic of the age of James de la Plush, on the first landing, took up the echo. "Professor Hand, Miss Jemima Cockletop." If a glance could have blasted the minion, Cockletop's eyes would have done it. As they approached the entrance to the drawing-room, a gentlemanly individual, in a suave voice, announced, "Professor Hand, Miss Jemima Carrotop." Poor Mrs. Cockletop—her hair was golden.

The Duchess stood at the entrance to the drawing-room to receive the guests. She was a remarkably gracious lady. Knowing her husband took an interest in scientific matters, she bestowed a more than usually cordial smile and bow upon the professor, who, however, had passed the point when this might have propitiated him. The three drawing-rooms, which, in the absence of a room specially designed for the purpose, were used for the dance, presented a most gorgeous appearance. The floors were polished to the glassiness of ice; the electric light, enclosed in peach-coloured glass, designed to resemble tropical flowers, cast a full but soft light upon the magnificent display of palms and ferns arranged on either side of the room, enshrouding lounges of green-coloured damask, upon which embroidery was so skillfully wrought that the flowers depicted seemed opening their petals to the rays of light which fell through the shade cast by the gentle swaying of the palms; and the band stationed at the upper end was hidden by the rarest and most beautiful orchids, which formed a flowery arch, spanning the entrance to an extremely large conservatory, cooled by innumerable minute fountains, and blocks of ice concealed in ferny bowers.

The last echoing vibration of stringed instruments was fading away when the professor and his wife entered the rooms, which, large as they were, gave the impression of an inconvenient crowding, which was particularly noticeable near the entrance. At the other end, where the Duke and foreign potentate were holding a small reception, there was more space, and Cockletop, having a

just regard for his own comfort, made his way there. Now it usually happens that men occupying exalted positions have remarkably good memories, and the Duke was no exception to the rule; but as even dukes do not entertain majesties of the first class every day, his attention at the particular moment when Cockletop presented himself was entirely engrossed by his royal guest.

The professor thought that he had more than ordinary claims upon the Duke's attention, for the latter had several times consulted Cockletop respecting a projected work upon the "Nebulous Formation of Galaxies Outside our System." But alas! at the present moment the range of the Duke's vision had fallen from the heavens to the earth, and the blaze from the diamond orders of the Garter and the Golden Fleece, sparkling on his guest's breast, were the luminaries from which he drew his sustenance. A cool bow was all, therefore, which fell to Cockletop's share, which in his then state of mind had the effect which oil would have if poured upon flame. Five minutes' reflection might have averted the *contretemps* which followed, but unfortunately the band struck up the first bars of a quadrille, and the monarch, rising, offered his arm to a lady. The dancers, hurrying to take their places, jostled the irresolute professor, and he was just about to lead his wife to a seat when, as the red flag of Matador catches the eye of the infuriated bull, so the flashing purple orb of Cockletop was fixed at sight of a red silk cord. This formed an enclosure for the more exalted guests, and by some negligence on the part of the footman, who acted as pillar on one side for the attachment of this cord, the professor had walked round the impediment into the charmed space. When the sets for the quadrille began to form, the footman on the professor's side of the room had backed to the wall, thus tightening the cord and rendering it more conspicuous. Two versions of the scene which followed have been circulated in society; that more generally received, because more numerously attested, was from those who only saw what occurred; those who both

heard and saw were fewer in number and more reticent in speech.

The gestures of the most impassioned rhetorician when distance prevents the accompanying words reaching the ear are often very ridiculous. The Englishman is not as the Italian to whom gesture is a second language, and Cockletope's proceedings without the words which accompanied them have seemed strange indeed. Those near the entrance saw a stately and well-proportioned man advance into the centre of the room as if he were about to perform a *pas-seul* facing a cord which two footmen held as a skipping-rope, the trio advancing and retreating before the exalted personages at the upper end, giving the impression that some novel and grotesque performance had been devised for the entertainment of his Majesty. It seemed most like a skipping-rope dance, but the tall gentleman in the centre appeared ignorant of the most elementary principles of the art, for instead of skipping he pranced, lifting one leg to a height which threatened with each movement to lay him on the flat of his back in vain attempts to step over the rope, while the footmen who held either end were with particularly grave and even disturbed countenances doing a meretricious kind of double shuffle on their own account.

At last, by an almost superhuman effort, the tall gentleman succeeded in getting one leg over the rope, but the other foot slipping on the polished floor, caused the unfortunate figurante to do, what is vulgarly known in acrobatic circles as "the splits." The violent and unexpected jerk given to the rope drew the two footmen into the centre, who, colliding with the prostrate man, formed what seemed an inextricable tangle. Before, however, the guests could crowd round the spot the tangle separated, the rope disappeared, and for all that remained the onlookers might have been the victims of an optical delusion.

The explanation of this scene will be found in the professor's words. "I protest, your Majesty," said the professor, when he advanced into the centre of the room, "against this insult which is being offered to your Majesty." The professor

here bowed low, which bow the King, hearing only the word Majesty, graciously acknowledged. The band, intent on its own business, had now proceeded to the first figure of the dance, and the lady, who was honoured by being his Majesty's partner, imagined in her confusion the tall gentleman to be her *vis-à-vis*, and also bowed.

The Duke was so astonished to find his royal guest engaging in saltatory motion in which two of his own footmen appeared to be taking part, that he was completely paralysed. "To divide some of the guests enjoying a common hospitality," continued the irrepressible professor, "is to infer that these are not fit to be brought into any intimate connection with so exalted a personage as yourself, in which case they should not have been invited to meet you. To conclude that your Majesty would coincide in the violation of the law of hospitality is an insult which I am sure our host would never have thought of offering, had not his perceptions been dulled by a certain amount of custom." "This gentleman appears to object to some of your arrangements, Duke," observed the King. "Who is he?"

"I am quite overcome, your Majesty," replied the Duke, "that such a scene should have occurred before you, but I assure your Majesty that he is a most scientific professor and that I had no idea he was insane until this moment."

"I therefore appeal to your Majesty," continued Cockletope, "to order this badge of toadyism, which would be a disgrace to an age of sumptuary laws, and which is ten times more discreditable to this age of enlightenment and progress, to be withdrawn from the sanction of your presence." The professor here made his final effort to get over the rope, and fell down as described.

"Really," said the King, "this is extremely ridiculous; kindly order the rope to be removed." This was at once done, and the dance proceeded without other untoward incident to its close.

For some weeks after, Cockletope found himself somewhat coldly received in society. Great scientific achievements, however, are accepted as an excuse for a



"The Professor made his final effort to get over the rope."

certain amount of peculiarity, and in course of time (except by the Duke, who never forgave the humiliation Cockletop had caused him), the matter faded from general memory, but not from the retentive memory of His Majesty, then Prince of Wales, who had been amused by the account he had received of the Professor's eccentric conduct at the ball, and determined to test the sincerity of the opinions which Cockletop had made public in so strange a manner.

The Prince was about to dine in Park Lane, and according to custom a list of guests was forwarded for His Royal Highness' inspection. This was approved and returned. Meeting his inviter later in the week, the Prince turned the conversation to Professor Cockletop.

"I think I have met him at your house, have I not?"

"Yes, sir," replied Lord B., "and I believe Lady B. has sent him a card for Wednesday evening, but of course——"

"Oh, no," replied the Prince. "On the contrary, I feel sorry his name was not on the list you sent me, as I should have been glad to meet him at dinner."

"We thought of asking him to dine, but he is so exceedingly peculiar in his ideas. You have heard about his conduct at the Duke of ——'s?"

"Yes. That is the reason I desire to converse with him. I am curious to learn in what proportions personal feeling and principle were present on that occasion."

"I will call on him this afternoon," said Lord B., "and if possible secure his presence at dinner."

On that particular Wednesday evening Cockletop was in the seventh heaven of delight. He had dined well, and for the first time at the same table as the Prince of Wales. He had been cordially received by everyone, and had been allowed to lead the conversation on several subjects. He began to think that perhaps after all the molecules which formed the universe were beginning to settle into symmetrical form. In the ball room the attendance was large, but the Prince kept the professor by his side during a great part of the evening, and the upper part of the room was kept tolerably clear, for the sets in which the Prince took part, by a red silk cord, similar to the one which had roused Cockletop's antagonism at the Duke's. The professor, however, appeared quite unconscious of its presence.

Upon leaving, the Prince shook hands with Cockletop and said:—

"Good night, professor. I trust despite my many questions on scientific subjects, and the other restrictions on your perfect freedom of thought and action, you have not been much bored this evening."

"The conversation of Your Royal Highness has been most interesting. And I am sure there has been nothing to mar the perfect harmony of the most enjoyable evening I have ever spent."

"Ah. Then your objection to that barrier," said the Prince, nodding towards the red cord, "only holds good when you are on the wrong side of it."





By OSCAR PARKER.

ANNABEL JESSON, *née* Ridgeley, has been dead three years. She was a paragon of the domestic virtues, the very wife for that cold-blooded, strictly ordered, just but exacting public man and M.P., Mr. Filmer Jesson of Overbury Towers. She kept his house in perfect order, and, as he wanted nothing more, she sufficed. She came by her British virtues honestly. Her father, Sir Daniel Ridgeley, is a pompous, narrow-minded, unsympathetic, bloodless, canting humbug, and her mother the very quintessence of British Philistinism, hard and armour-cased in prejudice. Their surviving daughter, Geraldine, has all the vices and virtues of the stock. Their son, Pryce, has all its vices without any of its virtues. The four Ridgeleys are, taken together or singly, but especially together, a dose guaranteed to curdle any generous feeling and drive any spirited soul to run amok. Mr. Filmer Jesson has married again, but the second wife is not a Ridgeley. When he finds that out, he brings Geraldine into his house to keep it in order and train up his little son—all on the Ridgeley methods, and Nina, the new wife, plays second fiddle thereafter. Naturally she does not like it, but she tries to bear it. She might have succeeded, but the three other Ridgeleys are invited to the house on the occasion of the opening of a new park, which Filmer is presenting to the town as a memorial of his late wife, the sainted Annabel. The occasion—it is the third anniversary of Annabel's

death—serves the Ridgeleys with opportunities of contrasting the peerless Annabel with the inefficient Nina. They despise her, and they show it. They humiliate her; they goad her into resentment and defiance. They remain superciliously critical of all her passionate moods, and her husband is incapable of understanding her. Even the boy catches the spirit of the others and slights her. But for one man she is in deadly peril, and that man is Filmer's brother, Hilary Jesson. He alone understands and has the will to help, but he can only counsel submission on her part while he tries to rouse in the others some sense of kindness and decency. In vain his efforts, and Nina breaks into open revolt against her husband and his first wife's family. Then she makes a discovery. The immaculate Annabel was the mistress of a Major Maurewarde, who is one of the present house party, and the boy, Derek, is his son, not Filmer Jesson's! Conceive how this discovery puts into her hands the absolute command of the situation. Would any woman, treated as she has been, be blameworthy for using it to humiliate her humiliators and recover the position from which they have degraded her? But Hilary persuades her to forego revenge and to give him the compromising letters. We who look on at this tragi-comedy of life are disposed to resent the renunciation, so potentially have our chivalrous sympathies been wrought upon. Are the inhuman Ridgeleys and the callous husband to know no punish-

ment? But consider. Suppose she degrades the saintly Annabel's memory; she has her revenge, but how will the act place her in her husband's estimation? Being what he is, would not his mind be softened towards her by her renunciation, but more deeply embittered if she had disclosed her discovery? It seems to me that Mr. Pinero has never shown a subtler and a truer reading of human nature than just at this point of his brilliant play. It is the culmination of a story of rare dramatic power. Hilary keeps the compromising letters and, hopeless of winning justice for Nina otherwise, himself at last tells his brother the truth about his first wife, and puts the evidence in his hands. After the first overwhelming shock, Filmer's first thought is, "It was kind of Nina to give them up—it was kind of her"; and it is permitted to hope that out of this consciousness of his wife's magnanimity—out of her recovered pride and sense of right-doing—out of their mutual sharing of a secret that makes her in all real essentials the worthier wife, true happiness will come for them both.

"His House in Order" is in Mr. Pinero's best manner. By an unconventional device the situation is sufficiently expounded without prolixity, and thereafter his audience is at once put *en rapport* with the motive of the play and the chief personages who are to interpret it. The author has never shown his skill in developing a situation, his feeling for dramatic effect, his command of the art of concentrating the sympathies of an audience where he wills, more surely than in the play at the St. James's. There are two or three occasions when he seems to falter. One is the quite unnecessary palaver over the cigarette case. And the story of the French *chef* put into the mouth of Hilary Jesson is prolix and has the air of being somewhat tawdry in comparison with the situation that prompts its recital. It is admirably delivered, however, by Mr. Alexander, whose part as Hilary is quite in the actor's vein. If his speeches are sometimes rather long, they are delivered with point and dignity. Throughout the play

is adequately cast, and its already long run shows no signs of coming to an end.

The Court Theatre closed an evidently successful summer season with a revival of Mr. Bernard Shaw's play, "You Never Can Tell," not an inappropriate prelude to and accompaniment of the follies and frivolities of the holiday month of the year. The idle futilities of a fashionable seaside resort have some affinity with a play wherein a real domestic tragedy is made the background of light-hearted raillery and finally fritters out in pure rollicking farce. None of Mr. Shaw's plays affords a better illustration of his inability to find anything in human nature, except the ridiculous or the futile. Apparently his fellow-creatures goad him into a passion of cynical merriment; their most serious moods are nothing but a pose, and tragedy is a sort of culminating joke. Of course we laugh—laugh consumedly. There is no better fun in the world than the mordant jest at the expense of character. We are even broad enough to enjoy it, though we may feel the shaft quivering in our own flesh. Humanity, nowadays, in decadent London at least, is fairly conscious of its own fatuity, and is not a bit shocked or embarrassed when it is found out. If the exposure is clever and adorned with wit, we enjoy it. Only—*cui bono!* I put it to Mr. Shaw—*cui bono?* Is it worth while labouring so much merely to entertain? He neither points to other worlds, nor leads the way. Not to go beyond "You Never Can Tell," does not that play justify me? For here are husband and wife, now in middle life, separated for eighteen years past by incompatibility of temperament. The three children have been left with Mrs. Clandon, the wife, and exhibit, according to their diverse natures, the results of a training at the hands of a mother who has fantastic theories on this subject, such as that all emotions should be suppressed, and that everyone has an unquestionable right to double-lock his or her experience against any outside intermeddling. The eldest daughter has turned out an iceberg, constantly



Photo by]

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AND MR. DAWSON MILWARD.

In "His House in Order."—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

[Dover Street Studios.

threatened with the irruption of an internal volcano. The younger daughter is an irrepressible hoyden, and the son a prig, but a prig with some saving sense of natural humour. This family came to England from their home in Madeira, and meet a Mr. Crampton, the husband and father, of whose existence the children have been kept in entire ignorance. The younger children patronise him; Gloria, the elder daughter, is cold and repellant; the wife is irreconcilable—a self-centred and apparently heartless woman. Mr. McComas, the family solicitor, tries to effect a reconciliation and calls in a rather truculent barrister to assist him. Does he succeed? I defy anybody to find out. At the moment when the solution should come, the barrister dons a comic fancy dress; Dolly Clandon appears as Columbine, her brother Phillip as Harlequin; the solicitor and the lonely father, who has been separated from his wife and children for eighteen years, threaten to follow their example, and the domestic embroglio which we have been following through three-and-a-half acts with some sort of interest, is suddenly eclipsed in a harlequinade as thaumaturgic as any that ever followed a pantomime transformation. I have said nothing of the love episode between Gloria and a young and impecunious dentist, if that can be called a love episode, in which the girl shivers with shame because she has been kissed, and the lover woos with a prudishly tight rein on his emotions. But of the love episode, as of the domestic fate of the Clandons, "You Never Can Tell" what the end is at the final fall of the curtain. Thus does Mr. Shaw flout us once more, but he does it with a brilliancy of wit and banter, of paradox and irony that keep us in the best of spirits throughout the performance. And what can be said of the acting, except that it is as near perfection as any of us can hope to see? If Mr. Shaw's plots are usually left in a hopeless muddle, his characterisation is as clean-cut and unmistakable as an intaglio. The actor is left in no doubt about the author's meaning, and in the cast of "You Never Can Tell" every character of the play has an absolutely

faithful interpreter. Mr. Louis Calvert impersonates the old waiter, his unctuous, dry, deprecating manner, his shrewd and witty observations on men, women and life, with masterly skill and sympathy. Miss Lillah McCarthy's Gloria is an extremely fine interpretation of a difficult part to make convincing, and Mr. Henry Ainley's Valentine stamps him as equally effective in the well-defined paths of realism and the more subtle definition of character. The Phillip Clandon of Mr. Norman Page is an amazingly clean-cut study, and Miss Margaret Busse gives full force to the lively and voluble Dolly. If ever a playwright was fortunate in his interpreters, Mr. Bernard Shaw is that man.

The autumn season at the Court opened with "John Bull's Other Island," which will be followed, as announced, with "Man and Superman," in October.

Is "Raffles" a travesty, or a phase of summer madness, or an honest piece of melodrama, or a prize problem, or a farce, or—what? At all events it proves that the theatrical manager "never knows his luck" till he strikes it, and the Comedy Theatre has struck it this time and no mistake. I think it must be that mysterious grandfather clock that does the business—it seems impossible not to drop into easy slang in writing about "Raffles"—for not until the clock confesses what an empty fraud it is do we begin to see exactly where we are, and then the play is over. We go out feeling that we have been the victims of a huge practical joke, and, of course, try to persuade all our friends and acquaintances into the same box. Well, if our friends and acquaintances have a sense of humour—if they like the shock of the unexpected deliverance from bewilderment—if they have leisure to enjoy the experience, they will thank the authors for "Raffles," and us for directing them thitherward. "Raffles" can be compared to nothing more apt than an American mixed drink; a base of fiery spirit tempered with plenty of cracked ice, a dash of sour and lots of sugar, some Angostura bitters and an ameliorating strawberry, violently hostile flavours com-



Photo by]

MR. LOUIS CALVERT.

[Ellis & Walery.

In "You Never Can Tell."—COURT THEATRE.

U. S. N.

pounded to a seductive relish in a "shaker," and an after effect of sublime indifference to mortal ills—until the reaction comes, when, as I have said, we invite our friends to sample the same dose. Everybody is supposed to know by this time that "Raffles" is a gentleman by day and a burglar by night, the victim of an unconquerable passion for hazardous crime, with whom the most charming women fall desperately in love; the modern substitute for the romantic highwayman. Given this melodramatic figure disguised in evening dress; a devoted male friend; a sweet young girl whom the cracksman loves, and who loves him; a woman with a past who can "give away" Raffles if she chooses; and, above all, a cute American detective who sees through Raffles with optics that realise the miraculous powers of those which Sam Weller disclaimed possessing, and anyone can see that the mixture is bound to be a little "heady." So it is, and confusing to the analyst. It is full of puzzles. We do not know whether to admire Raffles or detest him, to sympathise with Gwendoline or congratulate her, to laugh at the detective or worship him. But at the very last the clock solves the whole bag of mysteries—how, I shall not say; it must be seen to be appreciated. Mr. Gerald du Maurier plays Raffles, but the authors, Messrs. E. W. Hornung (who created the character in fiction) and Eugene W. Presbrey are responsible for the indefinite and puzzling sketch of their hero, not Mr. du Maurier, who is very much alive when, in the last two acts, he is supposed to be fighting for safety against the detective's wiles. Mr. Dion Boucicault makes a very mild and impenetrable detective. We are left in much doubt whether he is ever accomplishing anything, in spite of his assurance, but that again is the fault of the authorship. However, I have sufficiently indicated, I hope, why all shortcomings in the quality of the various ingredients are disguised in the combined flavours of the beverage.

If you visit the Criterion Theatre during the run of "The Prince Chap," you

must go prepared to be confronted with every subtly calculated device to stir up the founts of tender sentiment within you. The steel-clad cynic will smile, no doubt, and murmur in disgust, "Dickensian twaddle," and generally entertain a very low opinion of his sentimental fellow creatures. The author of "The Prince Chap" would, as doubtless, not care a rap for this opinion of the cynic, because he knows that nine out of every ten persons has a deep well of salt tears they are only too willing to have tapped. And tears and smiles chase each other through the whole of the three acts, or if they do not it is not the fault of "The Prince Chap." Childhood plays a great part in the play. In the first act little Claudia is five, and she comes on just after we have seen her mother die in the arms of the struggling young sculptor, and, of course, the first thing little Claudia does is to ask for her mother, and then we all catch our breath. The sculptor adopts her, and in the second act Claudia is eight and there is a Christmas tree with heaps of presents, all quite in the Dickens vein, and the bigger Claudia finds out there is a Princess Charming for the Prince Chap (who, of course, is the struggling sculptor, getting richer and less struggling with each act), and little Claudia doesn't cotton to the idea of any Princess coming into that little family, which to her mind is quite large enough, and then we see there is to be rivalry between the little eight-year-old orphan and the grown-up Princess. In the third act Claudia is eighteen and the Prince Chap, no longer struggling, is nevertheless very much disturbed in his mind and, when he kindly but firmly rejects the most unladylike advances of the Princess, and sends her packing, we understand at once that he is really in love with his *protégée*, but hasn't as yet the least suspicion as to what ails him. Like many another stage guardian before him, his eyes are opened partly by another man's proposal for Claudia's hand, but even more by Claudia's giving herself away, so to say. It is a melting play, and the silly lump keeps coming into the throat, but it is not a great play nevertheless. It is as though one took a novel



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[Dover Street Studios,

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER AND MISS SARAH BROOKE

In "Raffles."—COMEDY THEATRE.

U O P M

and chopped pathetic lumps out of it and made an act of each lump. It is even pathetically old-fashioned; all the characters ought to be in mid-Victorian costume. A comic "slavey" is very much in evidence in the first two acts, very dirty and an iconoclast of the indubitable stage type. In the third act she just calls in, quite resplendent, to tell us she is going to be married. Of course, a great deal can happen in fifteen years, the time covered by the play, and we ought, no doubt, to be grateful to the author for his restraint. Naturally, Claudia is represented by three different persons, and I am bound to say that all of them, even the youngest, are very capable indeed. Mr. H. R. Roberts plays the chief part, the sculptor, William Peyton, and is quite adequate to the demand upon him. I shall not be surprised if a play containing so much emotional sentiment has a long and successful run.

In "Amasis" at the New Theatre the musical play seems to be swinging back to the simpler and sturdier form of comic opera, a movement of which there are a good many symptoms, and very welcome they are. Mr. Frederick Fenn, the author, has hit on a genuinely humorous idea—humorous by reason of the essential incongruity between the sanctity that hedged the cat in the days of the Pharaohs and the Twentieth Century irreverence for feline warblers; but Mr. Fenn does not seem to have made as much of his idea as he might, and sometimes the fun becomes a little thin, not to say childish. Prince Anhotep has come to Memphis to wed the Princess Amasis, daughter of the reigning Pharaoh, and has the misfortune to drop a brick on one of the sacred cats which was rash enough to disturb his slumbers. Presumably this was pussy's ninth and last life, for it never rallied from the shock, and the punishment for so appalling a desecration is death. Prince Anhotep does not lose his life or his bride, however, and his deliverance supplies the motive for all the humorous inventions of the author which make up

the two acts. There are two or three features which emphatically raise "Amasis" from the ruck of musical farces of the past few years. Its central idea has force enough to seize the imagination in the first place, and it is carried consistently straight through the play. Then there is introduced a serious element in the love of the poor scribe, Cheiro, for the Princess, whose happiness he would secure by taking on his own shoulders the crime for which her lover has been condemned. Cheiro's self-sacrifice gives occasion for a very dainty and charming *finale* of really serious interest, of which the composer, Mr. Philip Michael Faraday, has taken full advantage. Indeed, Mr. Faraday's work is admirable throughout, perhaps a trifle too reminiscent at times, and often very suggestive of Sir Arthur Sullivan's work in this field of composition; but it is imaginative and vigorous. Miss Ruth Vincent as Amasis has some charming songs, to which her full rich voice gives admirable effect. There is a topical solo for Mr. Rutland Barrington, with chorus, that recalls the old Savoy days. Mr. Barrington's style is quite in the true comic opera vein—funny, without being grotesque or buffoonish. The latter element is amply supplied by the Court Embalmer and the Keeper of the Crocodiles.

London would scarcely know itself without a "Hall of Mystery," though it is some time since I have dropped in at St. George's Hall to be bewildered by those weird magicians, Mr. J. N. Maskelyne and Mr. David Devant. Doubtless by the time these notes appear they will have invented new and even more startling mysteries to supersede what I saw; but I was quite satisfied. The combination of Eastern magic and Western science, of oriental craft and occidental resource, is of marvellous potency, and produces some extraordinary results. The "Mascot Moth" floats visibly in the air one moment, a living thing in the form and with the face of a beautiful girl, poised on gossamer wings, and in the next



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MR. H. R. ROBERTS AND MISS BETTY GREEN.
In "The Prince Chap."—CRITERION THEATRE.

[Dover Street Studios.

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instant, in a breath of time, has vanished utterly into the void. Miss Dora Devant, under the hypnotic control of her brother, interprets the minds and will of the audience with a precision that is startling. Mr. Maskelyne presents to us his lively and volatile "New Page," human and solid to all appearances, but gifted with a quite ghost-like capacity for inexplicable appearances and disappearances. If one has any desire to live for two-and-a-half hours in an uncanny other-world than the prosaic and strictly-ordered sphere of our experience, he will obtain it at St. George's Hall

any afternoon or evening in the week. Nor do these infractions of what we call natural law make up the whole of a St. George's Hall entertainment, for the world seems drawn upon for the most expert jugglers and equilibrists. A rose tree grows from nothing but a tub of sand, as nearly as possible before our very eyes, and bears real roses to be clipped and bestowed upon favoured ladies in the audience; and a Japanese performer executes such marvellous feats upon a perpendicular rope as to prove conclusively that he cannot be subject to the ordinary law of gravitation.

I know a maiden fair to see,

Take care!

She can both false and friendly be.

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes so soft and brown,

Take care!

She gives a side glance and looks down,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee! — *Longfellow.*





The Ribbonman O'Keeffe.

By
JAMES McCABE, LL.B.

A Tale of the Irish Rebellion.

(As related by a Peasant.)

"The fox must sleep sometime, the wild deer must rest ;
An' treachery will prey on the heart iv the best."

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

D'YE see that slash up there in the face iv the mountain down apiece middle ways from the white cap iv the snow? Yes, that's it. Well, shure it's called the cave iv slaughter, an' was the hidin' place iv Jim O'Keeffe, the Ribbonman, in the dark times that's gone. There's a patch iv brown rock in front; an' iv a summer's evenin' whin the sun is goin' down, behind the shoulder of the hill there, into the Itlantic, the last taste iv a glance he throws on these parts is on that slice iv rock an' makes it as red as blood. An' the boys and girls comin' in from the fields, lookin' at it, says, blessin' theirsels an' whisperin',—

"The blood iv the Ribbonman is shinin' very strong to-night. May God purtect us from all hurt or harm."

Iv a bonfire night too, whin the boys

are haulin' down the furze an' the bog aldher an' the big bundles iv the heath to make the fire here in the *borheen*, and keep the blight off the potaty garden, I go bail there's not wan iv thim would put a bill-hook into that side iv the mountain for fear iv disturbin' the last sleep iv the Ribbonman O'Keeffe an' the false-hearted, beautiful girl who's there buried near him, or the soljers who've their lodgin' till the Last Day in the bog mould iv Corrin.

Story is it? Wisha 'tis the pityful story, an' some iv the womin don't be in the better of hearin' it, an' will set up cryin' an' *ullagonin'*, which is the nathure iv the craythurs. Faith, I hear me gran'father, forty years ago, tellin' it over an' over again, settin' down in the chimbley corner, lightin' his pipe wid a dhry potaty stalk to give a flavour to the bit iv tobaccy. Begor it's oftin it gev meself a shake thim times goin' up to bed, afterwards thinkin' an' dhramin' iv blood an' murder an' ghosts an' *banshees* : a young *gossoon* that had no sinse and

was afeard iv the shadows the heel iv the fire was makin' on the wall.

Be what me gran'father tould me it all took place after the battle iv Vinegar Hill. The ould cause was gone to the mischief, an' the poor people was slaughterin' be gangs iv soljers an' Hessians who were tramboosin' around the couthry atin' an' dhrinkin' an' murthern' be Marshul Law for satisfaction, an' to quietin' the Rebels, as they said, after the Rebellion. You couldn't call a horse or a cow or a hin or a haypurth yer own, to say nothin' iv yer sowl and body; an' the divil a snuff iv a candle could ye light after nightfall for fear iv drawin' the soljers to the house an' they hangin' ye for thrayson.

Most iv the boys around this place that wasn't shot or hung took to the mountains; livin' on the rabbits an' hares an' the dhrup iv potheen, an' takin' vingance whin they see the opportunity. Woe betide the Red Coat that would dare to show his nose up the side iv Corrin. Many's the purty light was in an' around here, I can tell you, whin the boys would stale down wid their pikes in their hands, an' take a gang iv the soljers unawares, and lave thim there wid their backs in the bog a male for the crows an' hawks. Sometimes you'd find as many as half a dozen iv the soljers hangin' from the three there beyant at the cross roads, in the mornin'; thim the people knew that the Ribbonmen were out the night before. Sometimes again 'twas some dacent father an' mother's childe from the village you'd find caught an' hanged be the soljers, or maybe lyin' dead down in a drain or a bog hole wid a gash in his breast, after crawlin' in, the craythur, for a dhrink iv wather to aise the faver that was burnin' in his inside.

The head of all the Ribbonmen was Jim O'Keeffe, a strappin' man, I hear me gran'father say, six feet in his stockin' vamps, an' a carpenter be trade. He was tidy at settlin' the handles for the croppy pikes, an' as strong an' as courageous a boy as ever took to the mountains to strike a blow for poor Ireland.

God help us, 'twas little use for him in the ind. What between the soljers always comin', no matter how many you

kilt, and pickin' off or hangin' wan man this time an' another the next time, at long last he came to have no wun only himself, an' it's up there ahide he was in the cave wid nothin' for company but his ould flint lock iv a gun. He'd creep down sometimes, an' whin the throopers was gallopin' apast on the road there'd be the report of the gun, an' wan saddle would be a bit lighter, or maybe two if he got the chance, and the Sassanach soljer would have a could restin' place on the side iv the road wid his brains in the ditch, for O'Keeffe couldn't afford to miss a shot, not havin' the powdher to spare. As for ketchin' him, wanst he had the start thro' the bogs an' the hills, faith! you might as well think iv ketchin' the lightnin'. If he got his heels into the shaky bog they couldn't follow him because there was only one way thro' it, an' they didn't know that; an' if you missed yer footing goin' after him, you'd be swallowed down and niver heard of again. The shaky bog ran up to the foot iv the mountain—there! you can see it yerself stretchin' away there beyant the fields.

At length an' at last the Goverment said, I suppose, they'd stand it no longer, seein' all their soljers goin' for nothin', an' bate be wan man; an', faith, they put out a reward for O'Keeffe, dead or alive, and sint a half a regiment of soljers into the village to take him be fair means or foul, and find out where the divil he was hiding at all.

Howsomever, wid all the searchin' an' cross hacklin' an' rewards, no wan would tell through the manes iv bein' so fond iv O'Keeffe, an' havin' the name iv an informer that runs down wid curses through the seven generations. Moreover, they didn't know where he was hidin'; no wan knew that but his sweet-heart, Kathleen O'Moore—an' shure 'twas the misfortunate day for him that he had anything to say to her.

Kathleen was as han'some a girl as ever stepped on the pink flowers iv the heath; tall and straight as the mountain ash, wid a shapely face the colour iv the red apples in autumn, an' eyes as black as the sloes on the blackthorn whin the first touch iv the frost is hardening the



"I'll stand my ground and die like a man."

heads iv the curly cabbage. She was dairy maid up at the great house kept in thim times be wan Mr. Delany, a dacent man altho' a Protestant an' a magistrate to boot; an' he used to interfere to save the poor people from the soljers whin it could be done, which, God knows, wasn't very oftin.

Herself an' O'Keeffe were very great wid wan another before the Rebellion, an' whin he took to the mountains many's the time he stole down in the dark night to have a word, or maybe a kiss, from her; runnin' his neck into the halter for that same. Twice or three times in the week she'd slip out in the night time, or in the mists in the mornin', across the passage iv the shaky bog that he showed her, and bring up the mouthful of dacent vittles undher her cloak, or maybe the little dhrop to keep up his courage. People said that only for her he'd be gone away to France long ago in a ship that used to run in the keg of brandy below the rocks for the gintry, be smugglin', an' the devil a word said about the duty, thraison or no.

The neighbours niver cared very much about the same Kathleen, she was so flighty and quare in herself—always thryin' to put on the airs iv the quality, an' dhressin' herself up out iv all raison wid the gowns that the young Mistesses used to give her whin they'd come down from the Castle afther the Lavees, or whatsomever they call it. She used to say, she was as good a lady as any iv thim, an' han'somer be far if she only got the chance iv showin' herself off. People thought it was very bad naythur iv her to be talkin' like that, and every wan in such a state of throuble an' misfortune, thro' the manes iv the soljers, an' the hangin', an' the shtarvation, an' the devil knows what, that was goin' on at the time, an' that 'twas no good luck she'd bring to Jim O'Keeffe in the long run.

The soljers, as I say, come for the takin' of Jim O'Keeffe, because the Government were gettin' in dhread iv him; an' the man who had charge iv them was Captain Lennox, a tall, han'some Englishman, wid his long boots, an' his red coat all covered with gold lace, an' a three corner

hat on his head, an' a long sword hangin' be his side. Oh, there's no two ways about it, he was a grand man entirely! He see a lot of fightin', 'twas said, in France an' Spain an' other foreign latitudes, an' was a regular devil at dhrinkin', an' all sorts an' sizes iv rakin' an' roguery; an' as for the girls, the deuce a wan iv thim iver set eyes on him that wouldn't climb the hobs iv Hell to get a smile from the Captain.

He was stoppin' at Mr. Delany's house while he was hereabouts; scourin' the country all day for poor Jim O'Keeffe, an' drinkin' an' dancin' an' card playin' all night, an' 'twas there he first sat eyes on Kathleen O'Moore; an' bad luck to him for his throuble anyhow.

Thin quare stories began to be goin' around, about the Captain meetin' Kathleen outside in the grounds an' whisperin' to her; an' her airs were gettin' grandher every day; an' she was tyin' up her hair like the young Mistesses, an' talkin' Englified like the Captain; an' sayin' it's not the likes iv Jim O'Keeffe she need be dependin' on; an' people began to thrimble for the Ribbonman, an' the foolish girl that had his life in her hands.

All at wanst she dhropped off goin' next or near O'Keeffe, an' the talk about herself an' the Captain got loudher and loudher. Iv course not a sowl dare to say "boo," for fear iv bringin' the soljers down on theirself, and thin 'twould be only the rope an' the branch iv a three, an' no more law or logic about it. No wan could see the Ribbonman, aither to give him the beck or put him on his guard, nor raily knowin' where he was, an' in dhread iv bein' followed if they went lookin' for him. The upshot iv it was that, I suppose, he got tired iv bein' be himself all day in the mountains, thryin' to snare a rabbit or stale on a plover; or he was unaisy in his mind about Kathleen, thinkin' she was kilt, maybe, or in some throuble; anyways, he slipped down wan night, pickin' his steps wid no more noise than a shadow. He crossed the shaky bog, frightenin' the snipe, an' thin wint over the ploughed fields an' across the road into the grove back iv Mr. Delany's house. He climbed

up the wall iv the demesne as smooth as a cat afther a blackbird, an' hidin' among the ivy, looked over into the lawn to see if the coast was clear, so that he'd give the screech iv the curlew three times, which was the token he always gave whin he wanted her to come out.

Just as he peeped in he see the glitter of a goold uniform, for the night was beginnin' to get lightsome, tho' the moon wasn't due for another hour at laist. He made out the figure iv a tall soljer crawlin' along the shrubbery, houldin' his sword under his arm, an' pokin' his way, afeard iv makin' a noise. O'Keeffe got a start whin he see this, an' put his hand on the long knife that he had stuck in the belt under his waist. But, no; the divil a notice the other took iv him, only stood on dher a three near at hand, an' gave a whistle, an' a couple iv minutes afther a woman walked aisy an' quiet down the grass iv the lawn, an' joined the soljer on dher the three. Who was it but Kathleen O'Moore! The Ribbonman held his breath, an' couldn't believe his eyes; still, there she was, an' sure he ought to know her before anyone else in the world.

"They were talkin' a plice in whispers, an' thin they moved over near where he was doubled up in the ivy iv the wall, an' he could hear what they were sayin'."

"Oh, Captain, jewel," says Kathleen, "I'm gettin' uneasy in me mind; afeard we'll be found out. How is it goin' to ind at all?"

"Don't you throuble yer purty head, me darlin' girl," says the Captain (for faith, it was Captain Lennox himself).

"They had more whisperin', an' the Captain stooped down an' kissed the girl. The Ribbonman's heart stopped, an' he was ketchin' his knife wid a sevale grip.

"You know where the dam Rebel is hidin', Kathleen," says the Captain. "I hear be all accounts that he was a lover iv yours."

"He used to be, Captain, dear," says Kathleen, "but shure that was before ye put the come-hither glance on me, an' stole me heart from him altogether. I don't care now if I never saw him again."

"Very good," says the Captain, "I'll

tell ye what we'll do. I'm anxious to get out iv this boghole iv a country, an' marry you and take you over to England; an' it's the fine life an' dhresses an' all sorts iv grandheur you'll have, an' nothin' to throuble you for the rest iv yer life."

"An' will I be with yer aquills an' all the grand ladies?" says the foolish girl.

"Aye, that you will," says the Captain. "An' it's a finer lady you are than the best iv them. Howsomer I can't stir a peg until we ketch O'Keeffe, an' if you sho' ed us where he was it's not long nor laisy we'd be in surroundin' him, an' thin you an' meself we're off to England wid no wan a bit the wiser iv it."

"Shure, if I bethrayed him," says Kathleen, "it's hangin' him ye'd be, an' what would he do thin? I don't care much about him now, Captain, but I wouldn't like to see him hung for all that."

"That's the mistake you're makin'," says the Captain. "He won't be hung at all, if you show us where he is. Out iv regard for yerself I'll spake to the Goverment an' get him only transported, an' he'll be left out again afther a year or two; but if we take him be any other means it's hung or shot he'll be without any purleying."

"An' I'd be only saving his life to be giving him up?" says Kathleen.

"That's all," says the Captain; "an' the day you do we'll get married an' set sail for Ould England."

"An' suppose I was goin' to see him in the mornin', when the mist is on the mountain, an' that you an' yer men followed me, an' found him out, shure, thin it wouldn't be my fault," says the Judas iv a girl.

"That's exactly how it would be managed," says the Captain, wid a laugh.

Just thin the Ribbonman was loosenin' wan iv the top stones in the wall to send it crashin' thro' the Captain's skull, whin, as bad luck would have it, it slipped away an' down into the lawn, makin' some noise.

"Stop, stop," says Kathleen, "what's that?"

"Oh, it's only an owl, or a cat, or



"Fire!"

somethin' in the ivy," says the Captain. "Howsomever we'll see," an' drawin' his sword he walked over an' dhruv it into the ivy.

But the son iv the mountains, wid the feet iv the weasle an' the sinews iv the red deer, swung himself clear iv the wall, an' clingin' his leg into a young fir three dhropped out into the grove, not stirrin' a lafe, as light as a bird.

He walked off undher the threes without a sound an' out on the road again, an' across over the ditch into the fields. Here he stopped for a piece, dhravin' his breath hard an' his head sunk down on his shoulders like as if he was stuck wid a knife, an' he looked back wanst wid

a groan an' wiped his eyes wid the sleeve iv his coat; thin he walked away slow to the shaky bog.

No wan could tell the quare sights an' sounds the Ribbonman see an' heard that night. The moon was just climbin' the back iv the mountain, which was all dark yet, wid the rays shinin' out on aich side lookin' like a big black figger wid two white arms stretchin' out to welcome home the broken-hearted outlaw. As he passed undher the threes be the road-side the big owl that comes out in the night flapped her wings into his face. A moanin' sound was spreadin' in the tops iv the branches that

shivered before it an' began wailin' around him, an' he knew 'twas the Banshee singin' the mourmin' keen for the last iv his race. While he wint across in the yellow light, he met the Foxy Woman that walks the ploughed fields in the Spring, wid her long shawl covered be her red hair, an' her corpse face and her

starin' eyes lookin' at the moonlight; an' shure seein' her manes sudden death. Goin' into the shaky bog the snipe rose up wid a screech, an' whirled about wid the moon shinin' on their wet wings, an' thin dhropped down again like fallin' stars (shure his star was fallin' too!); an' slippin' up the side iv the mountain he sees the white fog that the sou'-west wind was blowin' in from the Itlantic spreadin' over the land like a windin' sheet iv the dead. But he walked into the cave wid a hard look in his face, an' didn't mind the warning that his dead an' gone relations was sendin' him iv his doom.

The place was all dark inside, so he struck the flint an' steel, an' went over to

a corner an' took up a han'ful iv the "bochaleen" that was lyin' there, an' made a bit iv fire for himself, an' he sat down on the stone overright it.

"I don't care whether they see the fire or the smoke to-night," says he, "or whether they take me or not. Lave thim take me an' hang me; it's no heart I've for anything else, only I'd like to strike wan blow fust. Och, she sowl'd me to the Sassanach, an' shure I'd have laid at her feet an' given her me heart's blood if she only said the word."

Then he took a pull at the "potheen" (an' shure the craythur wanted it) an' sat down on the stone again, lookin' hard at the blaze wid big tears runnin' down his brown cheeks, an' he snufflin' an' tryin' to keep thim back. He began afther a piece hummin' wan iv the ould tunes and batin' time wid his leg agin the floore, bringin' back the times whin himself and Kathleen were dancin' at the cross roads wid the light iv love an' fun in their eyes, and Thady Murphy, the piper, squeezin' the bag and blastin' out the finest jig that ever woke up merriment in boy or girl. Now an' thin he used to wipe the tears off his face an' give a bit iv a moan, an' thin he'd take a pull always at the potheen. By an' bye the mist stole up the mountain an' he see it standin' at the openin' iv the cave like as if it came to keep company wid him in his sorrow, for they had spint night afther night together on the heath, an' many's the time it rose an' consayled him whin the Hessians or the Sassanachs were stalin' on his thracks.

He must have gone to sleep thin, because the next thing he sees was the bright mornin' straimin' in an' Kathleen standin' in the fog at the entrance iv the cave wid a basket in her hand.

"I'm afther comin', Jim," says she, "wid the bit to ate for you. I wasn't able to be here at all, all the week; an' Jim, ashore, how are you?"

He got up straightenin' himself an' looked at her as she tried to smile the lie out iv her face.

"I don't want it, Kathleen," says he; "I'll niver take the bit an' the sup out iv yer hands agin."

"What ails you, Jim?" says she,

noticin' his dhrawn face an' the terror iv his eyes. "Heavens! yer hair is white." An' so it was, as white as the fog that was peepin' over her shouldhers.

He walked over to her an' looked into her face, an' the big tears rolled down his cheeks. As she looked at the splendid man standin' like a statue in cold despair, an' see the tears tricklin' away, she thought iv the joy iv the ould times, an' the way his footstep in the borheen in the evenin' used to make her heart bate, an' thin her treachery to him leaped up blazin' before her eyes, an' her head hung down in horror an' shame.

"Run, Jim," says she all at wanst, ketchin' him be the arm an' thryin' to drag him like a mad woman, "run for the love of the Blessed Virgin. You're sould; the soljers is comin'. Oh, God forgive me! Run, ashore, and save yerself; I'll stop here; shure lave them kill me."

"No," says the Ribbonman, wid a touch iv pride in his voice, "I'll not run; I'll stand me ground an' die like a man. Run? an' lave you to be—God iv Heaven—what? . . . Ah, Kathleen! you'll never kiss the Sassanach soljer again."

An' sayin' this, he drew the knife out iv his belt an' dhruv it into her heart. She slivered an' thried to spake, but the blood rushed out thro' her mouth, an' she fell to the floore dead.

He stopped for a minnit lookin' at her wid the same wild stare in his eyes, an' thin softened a bit an' stooped down blinded wid the tears an' kissed her forehead, for the blood was flowin' from her lips. Thin he leaped to his feet an' ran over an' took up his gun an' his powder horn an' made out.

The mist was risin'. He crawled over an' lay down behind a big lump iv a rock, consaylin' himself as well as he could, an' peeped out; there, shure enough, climin' up the pass was a body iv soljers headed be the Captain wid his sword in his hand urg'in' thim on. They didn't see O'Keeffe yet, as far as he could make out, for they niver stopped. He waited until they came within range iv his ould flintlock and thin he covered the Captain an' fired. Down fell me bould

Captain, tumblin' out iv the path to be made smithreens iv be the sharp edges iv the crags below. The min stopped an' fired at O'Keeffe, for satisfacshun, but 'twas no use. They came on agin; he fired an' down goes another, an' in this way they were advancin' an' he firin' an' killin' a man at every shot. At long last his powdher was gone, an' they were nearin' an' nearin'.

On a suddint he threw down his gun an' stepped out to the front iv the ledge overright thim. He tore open the breast iv his waistkit, an' standin' there he

called out in a voice that was heard almost down in the village:—

"Fire!"

The soljers stopped. It was so onexpected it gave thim a start; or shure maybe it was in admirayshun iv his courage; for a soljer is a soljer no matter what colour he has on his back. Thin they all raised their muskets an' fired together. Whin the smoke riz they see there lyin' on the free mountain, torn and gashed to pieces be the bullets, wid his face half turned toward; the cave, the last mortal remains of the Ribbonman, O'Keeffe.

BREAKERS, HO!

By LILIAN ELEANOR BARLOW.

THE ocean in a strong east wind
Is a giant of power and might;
How coldly gleam its waves blue-green
As they fall in shimmering light!
Then, hey, for a dash,
And, ho, for a splash,
As it flings against the rocks with a crash!
As the foaming sea
Roars in angry glee,
Sing ho! for the jolly wild breakers, O!
There's not an inch of tossing wave
But is flecked with the fairy foam;
From far away, with no delay,
The restless surges roam.
Then, ho, for a fling,
And, hey, for a swing,
As Neptune's fountains rise high on white wing!
As the salt sea brine,
Wets your face and mine,
Sing ho! for the jolly wild breakers, O!





THE BUILDING OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

AFTER Westminster Abbey no ecclesiastical edifice in England is so conspicuous at once for its beauty, its antiquity, and the innumerable associations historical and traditional which cluster around it, as Canterbury Cathedral. In general interest it must ever hold the first place in the esteem of the British people. Here the first Christian Church in England arose, and the advanced position achieved by Canterbury in the early times is still maintained. The earliest episcopal city in England, it is at the present day the "mother city" upon which the other episcopal cities are in some sense dependent. Its archbishop, besides being "metropolitan," and having suffragan bishops subject to him—a privilege which is also enjoyed by the Archbishop of York—has the special distinction of being primate of all England, and the

first peer of the realm. No English cathedral so completely dominates over the surrounding town as that of Canterbury; and no religious house in Britain can assert a superiority over all other establishments of the same kind with the same claim of right.

The interest of this splendid foundation, being thus of the highest order, it is with confidence that a brief sketch of its history, and a rapid survey of its historical associations and traditions, are offered to the readers of THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Whoever was the actual founder of the Church in Canterbury it has, at least, been well attested that two churches had been built by the Christianised Roman legionaries who occupied this part of the country, and had been used by them for the purposes of Christian worship.



S.E. TRANSEPT AND NORMAN TOWER.

These structures were still standing at the time of Augustine's mission into Britain for the conversion of the British Saxons in 597, though many years before the last of the Romans had left our shores to aid in defending their own country against the Goths.

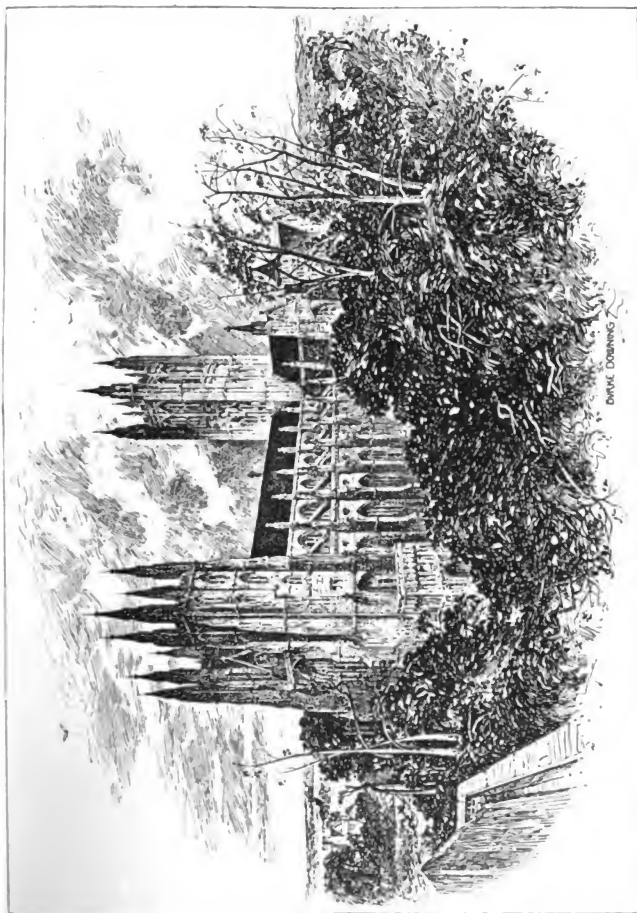
But the celebration of the Christian worship was not extinct merely because the faithful Romans had departed. Ethelbert, King of Kent, had married Bertha, daughter of Cherebert, King of France. The Saxon King adhered to the heathen superstitions of his ancestors—the French Princess, like all other members of the French Royal family from Clovis downwards, remained a Christian. On the marriage of Bertha with Ethelbert, she stipulated for the free exercise of her religion, and was accompanied by a chaplain and a number of minor ecclesiastics, who performed their devotions in one of the Roman churches referred to. It will thus be seen, that though the gloom of Norse superstitions still hung over the country, there was one spot in which a steady light still

shone—one fold in which a "little flock," kept together by the Queen of Kent, still assembled. The entire honour of having converted the whole of the inhabitants of Britain cannot therefore be awarded to Augustine—although all active and effective measures towards this end date from the period of his mission.

The story of the visit of Augustine to Britain, so picturesque and surprising in its incidents that it would read like a romance did not the sacred character of the expedition itself, and the stupendous results which flowed from it, compel us to regard it in the gravest of lights, is too intimately connected with the history of the See of Canterbury to be passed over here without some notice. Pope Gregory the Great, prompted by his zeal for the propagation of Christianity and compassionating the state of the Anglo-Saxons, then dwelling in the outer darkness of heathendom, resolved to attempt their conversion, and for this purpose commissioned Augustine and forty other monks to visit Britain, and carry with them the gospel of Christ. The monks landed in the Isle of Thanet, and a messenger having informed King Ethelbert of their arrival and of their purpose, that prince received them favourably—here we may trace the winning influence of the gentle Queen Bertha—and assigned them a residence in Canterbury, "the metropolis of all his dominions." Ethelbert was soon converted to the new faith, and subsequently manifested his piety and zeal by



THE CHOIR AND ANSELM'S TOWER.



DRYDEN DOUGLAS

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

extending the privileges of the monks, securing to them their possessions in perpetuity by a charter, and giving them liberty "freely to preach and build and repair churches in all places." The Pope addressed a letter to the Kentish king, and accompanied it with presents. Augustine was directed to ordain twelve bishops in his own province, and to send one to York. At the same time the church

at Canterbury was made metropolitan, and Pope Gregory declared it to be paramount to all others in the kingdom; "for," said he, "where the Christian faith was first received, there also should be a primacy of dignity." The ecclesiastical rank of the See was further confirmed by Boniface the Fifth, who, in a communication to Justinus, the fifth in succession from Augustine, wrote:—"We will and command you that the metropolitan See of all Britain be ever hereafter in the city of Canterbury: and we make a perpetual and unchangeable decree, that all provinces of this kingdom of England be for ever subject to the metropolitan church of that place."

Having given to Augustine and his followers the Christian church in which Queen Bertha worshipped, Ethelbert enjoined the clergy to continue in their monastic mode of life; hence this

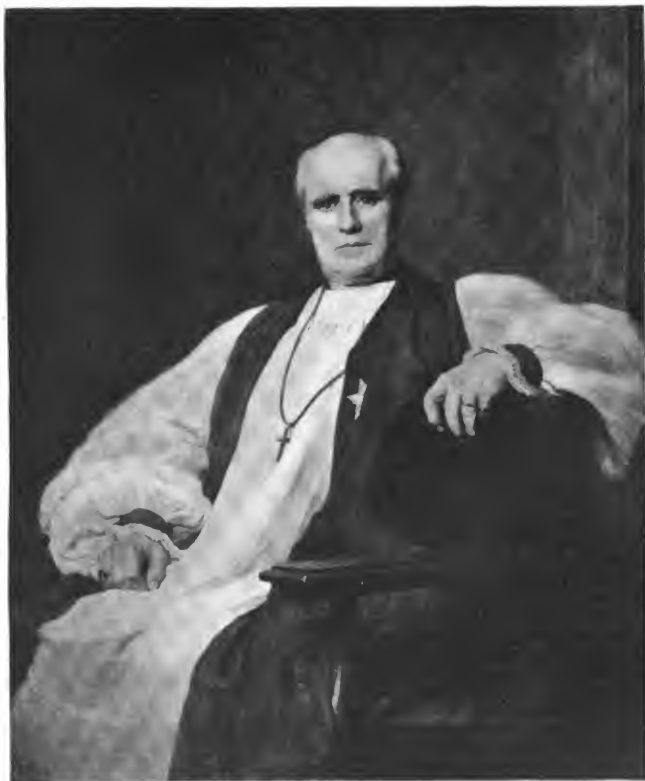
establishment became what is called a "cathedral monastery," where the bishop was practically abbot, though the duties attached to the office were performed by a subordinate person, presiding more immediately over the monks. This monastery was governed according to the rules of St. Benedict, and was the first settlement of that order in Britain.

On the death of Ethelbert, and the

succession of Eadbald, his pagan son, Christianity in England was threatened with almost total ruin. The reigning King of Kent had sunk into heathenism, pagan enemies raged on all sides; the Bishops of London and Rochester, who had been appointed by Augustine, abandoned their charge and left the country, and Bishop Lawrence, Augustine's successor, was preparing to follow their example and



forsake Canterbury. This catastrophe, however, was prevented by the occurrence of a miracle—real or imagined. The story of the miracle runs thus:—"On the night before the day of his intended flight from Canterbury, Bishop Lawrence slept in the church. While he slept the Apostle Peter appeared, and after upbraiding him in no measured terms for his intention of deserting his flock, the vigorous vision proceeded to administer a most severe castigation to the



THE MOST REVEREND RANDALL THOMAS DAVIDSON, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., THE ARCHBISHOP
OF CANTERBURY.

From a painting by Hugh G. Riviere, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1905.



STEPS TO TRINITY CHAPEL.

prelate. Even this very active form of impressing advice upon an unwilling ear might have been disregarded by Lawrence had he not, on awaking, found that the dream which had been acting in his mind had been also dramatically performed upon his body. His shoulders he discovered to be rigid with weals, and severely lacerated. Much astonished, and not a little pained at what had occurred, the bishop repaired to the apostate king, Eadbald, and, laying bare his lacerated shoulders, he told the story of his vision. The king's doubts of the Christian religion vanished at the sight of the stripes, which could not be accounted for except as having been inflicted by miraculous agency, and he now gave that countenance and support to the infant Church which he had formerly withheld from it."

The Church of Canterbury had suffered much during the sack of the town by the Danes, on which occasion the archbishop and monks were all massacred. In expiation of this ruthless deed the Danish Canute caused the sacred edifice to be repaired, restored to the monks the body of their murdered archbishop, and hung up his own crown as an offering in the nave. But this edifice was fated to

undergo many vicissitudes, and in the troublous times of the Conquest it was completely burned down — its entire collection of the bulls and privileges that had been granted to it by successive Popes and kings being destroyed by the flames.

Of this first church, which may be named Augustine's Church, no fragment remains; but certain memorials of the ancient Saxon building are traceable, as, for instance, in the name Christ Church (the old building consecrated by Augustine being named St. Saviour's) in the crypt, which occupies the site of the earlier one, and in the southern porch, which was the principal entrance of the former, as it is of the present, edifice.

From its antiquity Canterbury Cathedral may be taken as an illustration of the styles of architecture that have flourished in England, from the Saxon period to our own age. The diversity of the architectural features is naturally due to the successive restorations of the structure rendered necessary from decay, and the accidents of war and fire. Lanfranc (1070-1089), the first archbishop after the Conquest, finding his cathedral church completely in ruins, pulled down the few remains of his monastic building, and reconstructed both church and monastery



BLACK PRINCE'S TOMB.

from their foundations. Under Anselm, the next archbishop, the choir was rebuilt in such a style of splendour that, according to William of Malmesbury, "it surpassed every other choir in England," particularly in the transparency of its glass windows, the beauty of its marble pavements, and the curious paintings of the roof. Under the next superior, Prior Conrad, the chancel was finished and decorated with so much magnificence as to warrant the name by which it was henceforth known as "the glorious choir of Conrad." With this latter restoration the church was considered finished, and it was dedicated, in 1130, in the presence of King Henry of England, David King of Scotland, and all the bishops of England; the most famous dedication, says Gervase, "that had ever been heard of on the earth since that of the temple of Solomon."

It was in this church that Becket was murdered (1170), and it was in Conrad's choir that his body was watched by the monks on the night following. The story of this notorious crime is too well known to be repeated here.

In 1174, the church again suffered by fire, when the whole of the choir was



CHOIR AISLE.

destroyed. In the restoration both the French and English architects were consulted—the plans of William of Sens being eventually approved, and the work put into his hands. A fall from a scaffold, fifty feet high, interrupted the bold and artistic improvements projected, and in part carried out by this architect, who was succeeded by William Anglus, or English William, under whom the choir and eastern buildings beyond it were completed in 1184.

Later improvements were carried out by Prior Challenden, who took down Lanfranc's nave and erected a new one with transepts (1378-1410), and by Prior Goldstone, who added the great central tower about 1495.

The Canterbury Cathedral of the present day consists either of portions, or of the whole, of the different structures erected by the architects just named, and the edifice thus exhibits specimens of nearly all the classes—ranging over an era of nearly four centuries—of pointed architecture, the principal being Transition, Norman, and Perpendicular. The continual enlargements and additions made to the main building arise principally from the circumstance that the



THE CORONA.

church was continually acquiring valuable relics, for the display of which sufficient shrine-room had to be provided. But with all the alterations, it is to be remarked that the existing cathedral, although of such various dates, covers, as nearly as can be ascertained, the same ground as the original building of Lanfranc, with the exception of the nave, which projects to a greater length westward.

The interior will be found to be much more impressive and interesting than the exterior. It is in the form of a double cross, and consists of a nave and aisles, a short transept of larger dimensions, with two semi-circular recesses on the east side of each, and two square towers to the west. East of the choir is Trinity Chapel, with Becket's shrine and the corona, with the monument of Cardinal Pole.

Canterbury stands alone among English and foreign cathedrals in the circumstance that the choir rises to a very unusual height above the crypt, and is reached by a stately and imposing flight of steps. This magnificent and lofty approach, combined with tall and massive piers breaking up from the pavement, like some natural forest of stone, has, in every age, elicited the admiration of visitors.

Among the lists of those who have done much to add interest to the cathedral of Canterbury, must not be forgotten the name of the poet Chaucer. The "Canterbury Tales" have sent as many

pilgrims to visit the ancient shrines of this edifice as the most sacred of relics. But Chaucer, whose mind was, in an artistic sense, so subtle, and at the same time so singularly candid and direct, dealt with the materials which he had to hand with justice and fairness.

The shrine of Thomas a'Becket was the chief attraction of pilgrims to Canterbury Cathedral during the middle ages, and but for the accident of the murder of the great archbishop here in 1170, this church would never have acquired its fame or its wealth or its lavish artistic decoration. It would never have become the Mecca of the English pilgrims but for this circumstance, nor probably would it have suggested the series of "Tales" in which so many generations have delighted. The murder of Becket was the most momentous and important event that ever occurred in connection with the cathedral; and it is a notorious fact that the monks of Christ's Church converted the ghastly incident into a source of vast revenue and extended popularity. It is no wonder that the shrine and chapel were adorned with splendour, pomp, and parade; nor can we wonder much, considering the customs and the religiosity of the age, that "Canterbury Pilgrimages" were frequent and numerous. The paving stones round the shrine of "St. Thomas the Martyr" are said to bear evidence of the frequency of devotional kneeling, by being nearly worn through.



THE CONFESSIONS OF A WANDERER. By MAURICE CARBERRY.



XIV.

I HAD, of course, to give an account of the reasons which had compelled me to leave Short so suddenly. I half expected to get marching orders, but it seemed that the temper of the man was well known, and from the first it was not expected that he and I would get on together. The wonder was that we had kept together for a fortnight.

"I expect that your own temper is as bad as Short's," said Mr. Bailey. "You haven't forgotten, I suppose, that the very first week you were with us you committed an assault on the innkeeper at Sabadell?"

"Not until he had nearly assaulted me," I answered, "and as for my temper, though it may be hot enough on occasions, it is never roused except under the stimulus of injustice."

"And Short was unjust to you?"

"Oh, as far as he is concerned, it is his language that I complain of—that is, when applied to me. What he says to other people does not trouble me."

"And you could not manage to put up with him?"

"Not under any circumstances."

Mr. Bailey thought for a moment, and then began to examine my face curiously. I believed that he was trying to read my

thoughts, but his next question gave me a more correct idea.

"Do you greatly value that moustache of yours?" he asked.

"It is the only one I have ever had," I answered.

"But you would not mind cutting it off for a consideration?"

"Not for a consideration."

Of course I now knew what he was driving at, but did not pretend to do so.

"I think the best thing to do with you will be to make you a Wanga yourself—how would you like it? Remember, it will then be your turn to swear."

"I should try to avoid that," I answered. "Certainly I should never swear at anyone who happened to be under me, whatever I might be tempted to do in regard to those above me who gave themselves airs."

"Oh, but you'll have to swear now and again to make matters run smooth. I often swear."

But in that I think he did himself an injustice, for though once or twice I saw him angry, his anger did not on these occasions, at least, find vent in words.

"Let me look at your teeth," he said presently, very much as if he wanted to reckon my age by the method in vogue

in regard to horses. He found me defective in that department; a kick from a pony in South America having left a gap at the top.

"However, that's easily remedied," he said. "You will find an American dentist in the Rambla who will be able to fix you up in a couple of days. You will also want a frock suit, and then—off with the moustache!"

The terms on which I was to enter on this new occupation were, four pounds a-week, first-class hotel bill, first-class railway fare, and a liberal allowance of pocket-money. I was to have a commission, too, on all takings above a certain sum—I forget the exact amount—so that I saw myself in a fair way of saving some money, a habit to which so far I had not been much addicted.

All the preliminary preparations for the campaign, with one exception, were pleasant enough. I hated the idea of having my moustache shaved off. All the same, seeing that I had resolved to make the sacrifice, I was very curious as to how I should look. But I greatly feared that, as the ladies say, I should be a fright. As a boy my lips had been too thick, and now, as I brushed the moustache away as far as I could, they seemed to be too thick still. I walked up and down past the barber's shop for an hour before I dared venture in, very much like one trying to enter a pawnbroker's for the first time, and then I did not go in after all. Instead I went to take coffee at the café in the Plaza Real. My mind was so entirely taken up with the ordeal before me that I scarcely knew what I was doing, and I'm sure that the coffee on that occasion had no taste for me. In Barcelona, brandy, rum, or gin is served free at the cafés, left on the table in small decanters, and it was a small measure of one or other of these liquids that finally gave me resolution to get up from my seat and walk resolutely towards the house of the *peluquero*. But I had not gone far when I was almost swept off my feet by a fierce wind which had sprung up without a moment's warning. I did not have time to be astonished, for at the same moment came a tremendous explosion which sounded—well, as such

explosions generally do sound. They have been so often described by imaginative journalists that everyone knows everything about them. I did not indulge in any speculations as to what could be the cause of it all, for at the first sound I knew it to be an anarchist outrage. The Plaza Real is at all times a very quiet square, and fortunately on this occasion it was particularly so. Some of the buildings were badly damaged, but no one was killed, and only three or four injured.

I only mention the matter here because it was the beginning of an unexpected adventure on my part.

It was not until late that night that I visited the barber. He was a most conscientious barber, and protesting that my moustache was *bonito*, he almost refused to cut it off. He was curious, too, and wished to have some reason why such a handsome ornament should be sacrificed.

"Hush, don't tell anyone," I said in a whisper, "I want to disguise myself—it was I who exploded the bomb in the Plaza Real!"

He looked at me curiously, apparently not knowing whether I spoke in jest or earnest, and then having made up his mind one way or the other, he took the scissors and the sacrifice was complete.

I was afraid to look at myself in the glass. I almost blushed when I thought of the probable appearance I would present. I could not look the barber in the face, lest he should indeed consider me a fright. But in the end I lifted my head to the great mirror and saw a complete stranger before me. If I had met myself in the street I would not have known myself. But, oh, what a blessing! The transformation had been effected, but, judging myself critically and impartially, I did not seem a bit worse looking than when the ornament covered the whole of my upper lip and part of the under lip. If I had been blind from childhood I could not have lingered longer in front of the mirror. I examined myself from every point of view, and with a good deal of self-satisfaction. But in the end, for very shame, I had to stop the scrutiny, only, however, with

the intention of renewing it as soon as I got to my own room at the hotel.

I had not been there long when a knock came at the door, and the knock startled me. It was long past post time, and besides, by now, I knew the sound of the camarero's knuckles. That it was not he, nor yet one of the waiters, I felt sure. Well, the easiest way to settle the question was to open the door, and this I did. Two men, perfect strangers to me, were standing outside.

"Will the señor have the kindness to come with us?" said the foremost.

"Where to, and who are you?" I asked in a breath.

"Oh, it is a mere matter of form," said the man, who was a detective, "you are wanted as a witness in connection with the outrage in the Plaza Real."

Then I thought of the foolish words I had spoken to the barber, and cursed myself for letting my tongue wag so thoughtlessly. I was not afraid, however, knowing pretty well that I could clear myself. What troubled me most was that I had to present myself before the head Wanga in the morning, and if these fellows, or those that sent them, were not satisfied with my explanation, I might be prevented from doing so. However, there was no remedy but to accompany them, and the quieter I did it the less likely would I be to attract attention.

When we got outside they turned to the right instead of the left as I had expected.

"Where are you taking me to?" I asked.

"To the governor, señor."

"But you are going wrong—the governor's house is over there."

"At the moment his Excellency is at Montjuich," returned the detective, "and to Montjuich we are directed to lead you."

Most people since that day have heard of the hilly fortress overlooking the town and bay of Barcelona, where so many anarchists, or suspected anarchists, are said to have been tortured. Frankly I do not believe in the tortures, and I speak as I have found things. I have visited many Spanish prisons, and have

always found them, if they erred at all, to err on the side of leniency. Where prisoners smoke cigarettes and play cards in an open courtyard cannot be such an unbearable place. In the time of the Inquisition Spaniards are said to have been very cruel. They may have been, though I doubt it, but they are not cruel now. They are, on the contrary, a singularly tender-hearted people, long-suffering, patient, who only give way to passion after having endured more than most other people would endure. The bull-fight is said to be typical of their character, but that is absurd. As a matter of fact the English in Spain, in proportion to their numbers, patronise the bull-fight to twenty times the extent that the natives do. The vast majority of Spaniards pass their lives without ever seeing a bull-fight; the vast majority of the remainder only see one; it is only the comparatively few who are regular patrons of the sport, if sport it may be called.

But I am on the way to Montjuich, that "grim, frowning fortress," as it has been so often called. I know I am a prisoner, but I am not in the least afraid. My captors treat me with the utmost courtesy, and I treat them to *ajenja* and cigarettes. We understand each other, I believe, and are able to joke over the predicament in which I find myself. But all the same, when the big gate of the *castillo* closed behind me, and I had to pass by a score or so of sentinels, I did begin to feel something like fear. Awe would, perhaps, be the better word. We passed through several doors and along a corridor of interminable length, which ended up in an ante-room where I was told to wait until the governor could see me. There were several other people waiting, some detectives, some prisoners; but there was as little of restraint or fear in the attitudes of one as of the other. They conversed freely, bandied witticisms with each other, and laughed so loudly that every moment I expected to see a messenger from the governor with orders to put an end to such untimely mirth. But some of those whose laugh had been loudest wore a very different expression after their interview with the governor.

The expression on one or two faces seemed hopeless, as they were led off to cells, pending further inquiries. At length my turn came, and one of the detectives politely held the door open for me to enter. At sight of me the governor gave a start of recognition.

"I have seen you before," he said.

"Yes, your excellency."

"Where? I cannot recall where I have seen you."

"Some weeks ago I had the pleasure of acting as interpreter between your excellency and an English naval officer."

"Ah! yes, I remember; but your face is changed. Is it that—but, no, I understand. Pray, how long have you been in Barcelona?"

I gave him the date of my arrival, together with the name of the ship on which I had travelled. He whispered a word to his secretary, who left the room immediately, only to return a minute later with a list of the passengers who had disembarked from the *Santa Fé*. The governor cast his eyes through this after having inquired my name.

"I see that your name does appear," he said, "which is so far satisfactory; but there are one or two things you will have to explain before you leave here. You were leaving the Plaza Real to-night at the moment of the explosion?"

I bowed my head.

"And pray what had you been doing in the Plaza?"

"For more than an hour, excellency, I had been drinking coffee in the Café Moka."

"If I am informed rightly, several times you started up from your seat as if about to depart, and then sat down again. You looked, in fact, like a man who had some great project on hand, but could not make up his mind to accomplish it."

"Ah! so I was watched? It was scarcely worth while; but the detectives' observations were quite correct for all that. I had a project on my mind, and although it was far from being a great one, it took me some hours to decide whether it should be carried out or not."

"And that project was?"

"To have my moustache cut off."

In spite of himself the governor smiled,

and I felt more convinced than ever that my case was not a serious one.

"And now, can you give me any good reason why you should have got rid of what was, by all accounts, a very effective adornment?"

"Most excellent reasons, señor, and all the more excellent because they can be measured in pesetas. At a modest calculation I reckon that I have sold my moustache for a thousand dollars."

"*María Santísima!*" cried the governor, flinging up his hands in astonishment. He looked, indeed, as if he would sacrifice his own moustache for half the amount. In reply to further questions I explained the whole situation to him; how, since coming to Spain I had been employed by the Wanga Company, and had just arranged to be a Wanga myself. As all those who bore the name were supposed to be brothers, the rule was made that each should be clean-shaved, so as to present, in one respect at least, a similarity of aspect.

The governor now asked me to show the contents of my pockets, and as I carried a number of letters directed to me from the Wanga offices, my case was taken as established. Had I ever been seen speaking with known anarchists, or associating with them in any way, I might have had more trouble in establishing my innocence. As soon as we reached this point the governor threw off his official attitude, and began to ask me questions about the Wanga remedies. Were they any good? Were the advertised cures so many impostures? I told him that as far as I had seen I believed in the Wanga treatment, and that if the thing were a fraud I would have nothing whatever to do with it. Then of a sudden our relative positions changed—I began to examine the governor! For two years, he told me, he had been troubled with pain and stiffness in his right knee, and he wished to know if I could cure him. I at once put on the professional attitude I had lately been trying to acquire, and began to examine the governor's knee. I felt for the little knobs which I had been told were evidence of rheumatism, and started to bend the knee, slowly at first, but finally with

a jerk. He uttered a scream of pain which echoed along the corridor outside.

"Great God! you are killing me," he shouted.

The door was flung open, and the guard rushed in, expecting, I believe, to see the governor weltering in his own blood. But by this time the momentary pain had passed and he waved them out of the room.

The upshot was, that I undertook to cure the governor's knee, and made an appointment to call upon him at his house next day. On taking leave of him he gave me a cigar, of the very finest, as he said, and it surely must have been fine, for it was grown on the special strip of land in Cuba which had always been reserved for the governor of that island, and was of a quality which could not be bought for money.

Though for more than an hour next morning I had passed myself in review before a mirror, it was with a shamed face I presented myself at the Wanga offices. The first man I met was Mr. L., who mixed the drugs of which the remedies were composed, and it was a great relief to me to hear him express the opinion that I was "a jolly fine Wanga."

Such, too, was the opinion of Mr. Bailey, the manager, and I felt that the ordeal was over.

"You must be ready to start to-day," he said, but I told him that such speed was not possible to me.

He looked at me in surprise, as a commander might look at a soldier who had threatened mutiny. I had a joke at the

back of my mind, but did not let it appear at once.

"And why can you not start to-day," he asked, crossly.

"Because I have made an engagement to treat a patient privately."

It was against all the Wanga rules to treat anyone in private. Mr. Bailey himself would not do it, or said he wouldn't, and that I, who only twelve hours before had been an ordinary man with a moustache, should thus begin by setting all precedent at defiance was



The guard rushed in, expecting, I believe, to see the governor weltering in his own blood.

a thing unheard of.

"Now, have I not told you a dozen times that you must treat no one privately—no one, mind you."

"But it is the governor," I said.

"What governor? Has your father turned up? By George, it is about time that someone came here to look after you."

"I mean the Governor of Barcelona," I said with dignity, for I dared not have prolonged the agony any further.

Mr. Bailey looked incredulous, whereupon I recounted the events of the preceding evening, in which he saw a great deal more humour than had been perceptible to me at the time. When I came to the part where I examined the governor's knee, causing him to cry out in agony, Mr. Bailey slapped his own knee and burst into a roar of laughter.

"Oh! you are beginning well—excellent, splendid," he said, "and you must, of course, treat the governor. But, mind you," he added after a pause, holding up his finger to emphasize the words, "you must get a testimonial out of him."

But though I treated the governor and got rid of the pain and stiffness, for a time, at least, as well as instructed his own man how to continue the treatment, I could not succeed in getting the testimonial out of him.

He offered me money which of course I refused, and when I persisted in my request for the testimonial, he said I was *muy pícaro*—in other words, a very big rogue.

We were now on good terms, and I told him that wherever I went I would boast of having cured him; whereupon he threatened to have me arrested for high treason.

The next day I set out for the town of Rubi, not far away from Sabadell, where I had got my first insight into the Wanga business. As it happened, I had a more difficult rôle to play than any of the others who wore the buckskin and sombrero. Being a stranger to the country, as, of course, Wanga was, I was supposed not to know a word of Spanish, and like the rest was expected to lecture and do my business through an interpreter. The man who filled the latter function was a Hungarian from Buda-Pesth who had lived for many years in South America, and spoke both Spanish and English with great fluency. He was a stout man with a hooked nose, a bald head, a wig, and a temper which, though generally placid, was liable to break into sporadic outbursts of ill-humour. Just about then, too, the medical authorities in Madrid

began to be stirred up by the prestige or clamour associated with the name of Wanga, and as it was a law of the country that no one but a certified practitioner could give medical advice, a doctor had to be engaged to accompany each expedition. The man allotted to me was a Doctor Guerrero, a native of Mahon in the island of Minorca. He also was a pleasant fellow, though he and the Hungarian often quarrelled over cards, with which they whiled away some hours every night. The doctor was a mesmerist and, though much against my wishes, he got into the habit of experimenting on some of the patients. One day, as the result of his hypnotic influence, a woman sank into sleep in the consulting room, and it was only with the greatest difficulty she could be awakened. When she did awake, she fell into violent hysterics, throwing herself on the floor, and screaming so loudly that her voice was heard by the waiting crowd outside.

But I have very little to tell about Rubi. The expedition was scarcely a financial success, principally because the town was so near to Sabadell, and most of those who suffered had already seen the other Wanga and tried the remedies. We had the usual cure and the usual crowd every night, however, and I, of course, became very popular. Too popular, indeed; for wherever I went I had the unoccupied eyes of the place watching me. Every day, too, I received a batch of love-letters. But even had not other considerations intervened, I had seen enough of the effect of such epistles to be warned against taking notice of them. One girl particularly was very persistent and, though I had taken no notice of her letters, she came to the hotel to present me with, of all things in the world, a prayer book. Another had a terrible pain in her shoulder, and she was entirely convinced, some inexplicable instinct told her, that only my hands could cure her. Indeed, an impression got abroad that it was in my hands and not in the remedies that the virtue lay, and scarcely a day passed when I did not receive tempting offers to treat rich patients at their own homes. I resisted

the temptation, however, though I had afterwards to set myself down as a fool for having done so. The other Wangas—the old hands—would not have turned away from a five-pound note for an hour's work.

One of the most curious, and often trying, experiences I had at Rubi was to sit at the dinner table or in the café, and hear everyone talking about me. As everyone supposed that I knew nothing of the Spanish language they thought they could do this with impunity. But for the most part I heard nothing but flattering things about myself. One day, towards the end of my stay, as I was sipping coffee in the casino, I heard some people discussing a project for getting up a performance in my honour at the local theatre. It was not a bad idea. The proceeds were to go to charity, though the function was to be in my honour and under my most distinguished presence and patronage. Later on I heard of the affair officially, and, of course, gave my permission at once, though I greatly feared I would be expected to subscribe to the charity in question. The performance was an amateur one, though, upon my word, the acting seemed to me to be as finished as anything I have seen at a West-end London theatre. At the end, an address to me as Don Mauricio Wanga was read, and many pretty girls came forward to present me with bouquets of exquisite flowers. The table at which I sat presented the appearance of a tropical garden. Another kind of present was also tendered to me, by goodness knows how many people—a pigeon with a little note tied to its leg. Need I say that some of the notes were of an anorous



Some of the women kissed my hands, and I felt as if I could cry myself.

description, though the majority of them came from grateful patients.

The address had to be replied to, of course, and I got upon my feet amidst the applause of the whole audience. As I rose, so did Don Federico Hoffman, the interpreter, but I was determined to create a sensation that night, and I had really no use for him.

"Viva Wanga! Viva Wanga!" they cried, and then I heard a voice expressing a very high opinion of the amiability of my character, together with a vast regret that I could not speak to them directly in their own tongue. This was my cue, and I at once joined in the regret, using my choicest Spanish. It had always been a pain to me, I said, that I spoke the noble Castilian language so haltingly that I considered it better not to speak it at all, but let my eloquent friend, Don Federico, interpret my sentiments. For a moment the people were thunderstruck with astonishment. It seemed as if one dumb from childhood had begun to speak, but when the surprise had passed

the warm-hearted audience broke into a very uproar of applause. I had to go on speaking, praising the Spanish people, of course, and doing it sincerely; thanking them for their courtesy, and hoping that I would return to see them all once more before I died. A lot of the women (most of them, I believe) were crying, whilst some called upon me not to leave them, to stop for ever in Rubi.

I suppose the scene had its comic side, but I know I was greatly affected by the enthusiasm, and when some of the women, with tears dropping down their faces, kissed my hand I felt that I could cry myself, but, most of all, I felt that I was a great humbug.

Next day, after many faithful promises to return, if only in my private capacity, I left Rubi, and I have never seen it since. That I was not entirely forgotten, however, I had reason to know a couple of months later. A letter, written by the girl who had presented me with the prayer book, was sent to me at Barcelona and forwarded to Palma in the island of Majorca where I was then staying. The letter stated, in more or less hysterical language, that a rumour had got about in Rubi that I had been poisoned in Majorca, and the writer implored me, for the love of God, if I was still in the land of the living, to let her know. Otherwise the rest of her days would be passed in misery.

But in justice to the Spanish women, whose emotional nature is well known, I must say that from all I heard, English women were quite as silly in regard to the Wangas. Some of the men I met in Spain told me that they had received hundreds of love letters in England,

quite as silly, quite as reckless, as any Spanish woman could write.

I forgot to say that, as in England, some of the Wangas had the habit of beginning the performance by drawing teeth for nothing. Mr. Bailey and one or two others were experts at the work, but some beginners were almost as bad as murderers. Short, for instance, got a case of instruments at San Feliu, and after he had practised on as many as would trust themselves to him at the consultations he began to draw in public. But why I introduce the subject here is to recount an amusing experience I had later on at San Feliu. Returning from Villa Franca to Barcelona I broke the journey at San Feliu, and arrived there in the midst of the carnival. As my moustache had been shaved off since my previous visit, no one seemed to know me, and I was able to pass amongst the crowd unnoticed. I was not, however, at all prepared for some of the fun in store for me. In the most prominent part of the town, I saw a gilded coach, a very passable imitation of those used by the Wangas, and as I stood to watch, I witnessed the most grotesque and laughable caricature of the show it would be possible to imagine. There was Wanga himself pulling teeth with a blacksmith's pincers, and the interpreter muttering the most horrible jargon, through which every now and then one could distinguish the words "Wanga's Indian Lotion." At last some one more acute than the rest recognised me, and, when the word went up to the cart that Don Mauricio was present, the performance became more grotesque than ever, and was carried on with renewed vigour.

(To be concluded.)





By ALFRED WILSON
BARRETT.

“WOMAN’S nerves?” said a young doctor to me the other day, “Bah! Tender, sensitive creatures? Bosh! They haven’t any nerves, and they haven’t any feelings, except on the surface; they can’t have! Listen to this: ‘The Ladies’ Dissecting Class at the Northern University is now full.’ Now, you know what that means! You were a doctor yourself once. Oh, you may say dissecting is only cutting up a dead body after all; and that one’s horror vanishes in the excitement of hunting out the red arteries, and shining muscles, and cutting into the white flesh. That’s all very well, but you and I know well enough that there ain’t any white flesh or red arteries—you and I know well enough what sort of thing it is that the ‘lady student’ has to chop about. . . . Bah! it makes me sick of the whole sex when I think about it.”

I hastened to interrupt him. “Jack,” I said, “you have revived a recollection of something that happened to me once, and as a punishment for your abuse of the fair sex, I’ll tell you the story. It’s about a girl student I came across once in my medical days. Perhaps it carries out your argument, perhaps it doesn’t—anyway you shall have it for what it’s worth.”

Some years ago, when I was at the University in Scotland, I was appointed lecturer to the anatomy rooms. I had,

of course, dissected, more or less, all my medical life; but it’s a queer thing I never completely got over my first horror of it. It was always, more or less, a depressing task to me, and if I, a strong man, had those feelings, you can imagine what I thought when Dulcie Bell took up the study of medicine.

She was so unlike one’s idea of the modern strong-minded girl; so entirely her opposite in every way that I was puzzled.

Well, before Dulcibel (we all called her that) had been at the University six months, she was a general favourite. All the girls worshipped her, and all the men were in love with her.

I remember how hard some of them used to try to get to know her; but it was no good. She would glance up at them with calm surprise in those lovely eyes of hers, and go quietly on with her books under her arm, and they would go back and spoil three months’ dissecting with rage and disappointment, and cursing at women generally.

Well, among those who loved her and would have given their lives for her, was one Andrew Biron, a Scotch student, and the best man we had. Not that he was like the rest of them—always hanging round for a glance from her eyes, or a smile from her lips—no, he loved her too well for that, too well to show it. He was a queer chap, and from the first day he saw

her he seemed to know his love was hopeless, and to try to bury it in his work.

I never saw a man give himself up to it as he did. He seemed to turn all his love and hopeless, burning passion into work, solid work; and from his first session to his last, Andrew Biron's name was a proverb amongst us.

If a medal were offered, Andrew won it. If honours were to be taken, Andrew took them. If a prize was offered for a dissection it went to Andrew Biron, and that showed what strength of will the man must have had, for he loathed dissecting, and sometimes would come into the room and sit at his table for half-an-hour before he could begin; but when he did start, his work was something to see. They have one of his dissections up at the "College" now, and near to it is one of Dulcibel's. She was the only one who could come near him at it, and I don't think she ever forgave him for beating her. I liked Biron, and I used to try and bring them together sometimes, but she wouldn't have it. For some reason she seemed to avoid even mentioning his name, and he himself would never make an effort to win her.

He was wretchedly poor—most of the Scotch students are—and he was always a ragged, queer-looking chap. He was chaffed by the other men, and even Dulcibel used to laugh a little at him quietly with the other girls. I suppose he had seen it, and it was that which made his love so hopeless.

Well, I could do nothing, and things went on in much the same way for a whole session. Dulcibel cool, calm, and innocently lovely as ever; Biron more madly in love every day he lived; yet hiding his love, fighting with it, burying it deeper and deeper in his work till at last the end came, and, as we had all foreseen he must do, he broke down.

Nothing we could do made him any better, and he grew weaker and weaker every day. Doctors don't talk about broken hearts; it wouldn't pay them, so we agreed to put it down to overwork; but whatever it was, I began to hate Dulcibel for her coldness. It seemed to me that she might, at least, have sent to him, or done something to help him, for

she must have known well enough what was killing him, but she made no sign. I was going round the dissecting room one day, in a very bad temper; I had come upon her laughing and chatting gaily with the other girls, and it had disgusted me to think that she could be so merry while Biron lay dying for love of her, not a hundred yards away. I had determined to tell her what I thought, and I was wondering if she would box my ears before my class, when Cartle, one of the house surgeons, stopped me, and drew me aside from the students.

He was a good-natured fellow, and I could see that there were tears in his eyes as he told me his news. It seemed that Biron, believing himself to be dying, had made Cartle promise to grant him a last favour. Without thinking, he had done so, only to find to his horror that Biron's last wish was that he should be passed on to the dissecting room when he died, as he said "like any other friendless pauper."

Well, being friendless, he might have come to that in the ordinary course of things, except for our interference. That interference was now impossible on account of Cartle's promise.

"He made me swear by my m-mother," muttered Cartle. "He said S-sterne was dissected—why shouldn't he be. And I believe he's going."

Well, that settled me. To think that the best man we ever had should come to an end like that, and for a heartless little flirt like Dulcibel, made me mad, and I told Cartle my opinion of her in language that—looked at in calmer moments—was distinctly unjust.

"By Jove," he said at length, "it would serve her right if . . ."

A sudden cry behind me made me turn. It was Dulcibel. She had heard everything. I felt glad, as I looked at her face, that I had spoken, for there were tears in her eyes.

"And you can talk like that!" she cried. "What brutes men are. Oh! he's not dying? tell me! Where is he? take me to him! Which ward? Quick!" Well, we hadn't felt guilty somehow before. It was a new way of looking at it; but we led the way like lambs, for



"And you can talk like that!" she cried. "What brutes men are."

we felt we had saved Biron's life. And we had. He could hardly help getting well with such a nurse—but we had done something else, and I have never been quite certain whether it was for the best or not. You see she married him and stopped dissecting. We had been the cause of the loss to the world of a

promising "lady doctor." Now, was that right? You know lady doctors are very useful sometimes. Think of India—think of . . .

"Think of the old gentleman!" said Jack.

But I didn't. I was thinking of Dulcibel and the lady students.

ON THE MOORS

AND IN THE FIELDS



AMONG the calumnies of literature I am inclined to rank the saying attributed to the typical Englishman, "It is a fine day, let us go out and kill something." It is, at least, as true of the Frenchman or the Spaniard. Thanks to the growth of humanitarian sentiment in this country, the taste for sports involving bloodshed has almost died out. Bull and badger baiting and cock-fighting were brutal pastimes enough, though not to be compared on the score of cruelty with the bull-fighting which remains universally popular in Spain; but they belong to a bygone day.

The only species of sanguinary sport that may be said to have survived in England is that obtained in killing game, and, curiously enough, this, in the form in which it is now practised, is almost exclusively a growth of the latter half of the last century. Grouse there must always have been in this country, but it does not appear to have occurred to anybody, until the last century, to preserve them, and to let out the moors for hire in the season. If grouse were shot in former days, it was as rabbits might be now, without any special sense of reverence.

It is practically within the last five-and-thirty years that grouse-shooting has become the business it is, and that the Twelfth has been created a red-letter day in the calendar. Even so, the Frenchman is much more entitled to be reproached with the mania for killing than the Englishman. The taste for *la chasse* is of much more recent growth in France than in England, but it is undoubtedly more diffused, being participated in by all classes of the people, and by none more so than the *petit employé* of Paris and the great towns. When the Twelfth comes round, it never occurs to the City clerk to provide himself with a shooting costume of fearful and wonder-

ful cut, and a gun, and to sally forth into the country to try and bring down whatever he finds on the wing. This, however, is the great democratic pastime in France.

Undoubtedly the difference in custom between the two countries with regard to *la chasse* is the result of the administrative methods employed. In England "preservation" is carried to such an extent that even the farmer on whose land the birds are found is debarred from shooting. Owners of preserves find it to their interest to let them in enormous areas. The rent per acre of such shootings does not sound very formidable, ranging as it does from tenpence to half-a-crown; but, as a matter of fact, nobody need dream of leasing a respectable moor who cannot afford to pay £500 or £600 for it for the season. It is very different with the French *chasseur*. All he has to do is to take out a shooting-licence for the modest sum of twenty-eight francs, of which the lion's share goes to the State, and the rest to the local authority. So equipped, he can shoot what he pleases, and, apparently, with any sort of weapon. The result is that, while in the whole of Scotland there may be some two thousand shootings, each let to a tenant who shares the sport with a small party of his friends, in France the licensed *chasseurs* number at least half-a-million, and the poachers probably as many more.

For every gun in Scotland, therefore, there must be fifty in France, and less game to occupy them. Every Sunday in the season Paris pours forth thousands of sportsmen, mostly drawn from the

shop-keeping classes, who spread themselves over the adjoining departments, with dogs of every breed and guns of every make. At a low estimate, every bird slaughtered costs the sportsman five-and-twenty francs. In Scotland, to be sure, under another system, the expenditure per bird must be quite as much; but if the *chasseur* returns empty-handed from his outing, or buys a bird on his way home, in order to *étrenner* or "hansel" his beautiful new game-bag, he has, at least, had the satisfaction of having had a healthy tramp through the fields. In France, it is the State that benefits pecuniarily by the shooting season; in this country, it is the private owner.

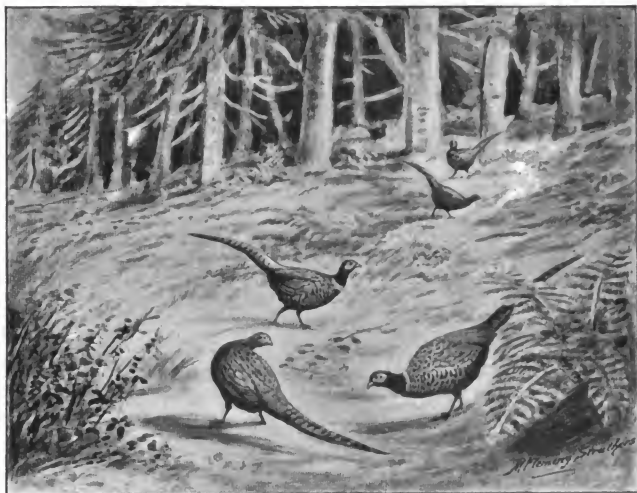
The letting of shooting properties is now an important source of wealth in Scotland, and, in an increasing degree, in parts of England and Wales. Land which is worthless in the market for every other purpose yields a handsome return as a game preserve. The grouse-shooting rental for Scotland is estimated at some-

thing like half-a-million. Strange to say, one of the many grievances under which Ireland professes to labour is that Society never goes there to shoot grouse. This injustice the finest "pesinthy" in the world have occasionally sought to redress by shooting landlords, though, in a pecuniary sense, this can hardly be considered a success.

As grouse-shooting is a practice of comparatively recent growth, the interesting question arises how long is it likely to last. He would be a bold prophet who would assert that in fifty years' time there will be the same flight of sportsmen to the moors as at present, and the same daily register in the newspapers of their achievements. Shooting, as a pastime, began very well, and indeed, has had a long run in this country as the monopoly of the landed gentry and their friends. But, of late years, this exclusive character has been leaving it. The American millionaire has found it "tone-y" to lease a moor in the season, just as at home he thinks it well



PARTRIDGES IN A FAVOURITE HAUNT.



PHEASANTS.

to add a picture gallery and a library to his possessions. The wealthy cotton-spinner and manufacturer are following in the same path. And, of course, the owner of the preserves, looking to nothing but his rent, welcomes these Greeks, who bring him presents. He is probably making a great mistake, for the moors are now being rapidly vulgarised; and when this process is a little more advanced, say in ten or fifteen years, perhaps less, Society will seek some other sort of autumn recreation, to be followed again in due time by the *nouveau riche*.

It is strange, considering how romantic are the haunts of grouse and ptarmigan, that more legends and fancies have not gathered round them. The more strange when we consider how much of the superstition and story that collectively we call folk-lore has attached itself to some other flying folk.

The cuckoo is rich in all sorts of disguises, and even in occult powers; the swallow is a fairy prince; the curlew is

an oracle; and the sea goose a changeling; but the game birds seem to have lost most of their traditions.

And it is especially those we should expect to find most rich, those that dwell all the year round on Scotch hills—grouse, ptarmigan, and blackcock, the companions of those Celtic peoples who see so easily everything eerie—that lack this feature.

The familiar and homely partridge seems to have some share of folk-lore. In certain districts it is said to fly over houses, foreboding death to one of the inmates. And in others the partridges cry out loudly when poison is being prepared in a house. Let us hope this does not occur often! There is more reason in the tradition that a man cannot die easily on a bed stuffed with partridges' feathers, for the same attaches to a bed filled with pigeons' feathers, which are proverbially so stiff and hard that the shot often glances off them as off a steel cuirass; probably the partridges also



ON THE MOORS.



RED GROUSE.

possess some quality which renders them uncomfortable to lie on, not only to die on. A more curious statement is that made by both St. Jerome and St. Augustine, that Satan often assumes the form of a partridge. But here I forbear to laugh or to comment: I am on the borders of one of those deep mysteries that hover on the confines of truth, which the human mind can dimly apprehend but cannot fathom.

Of the beautiful white ptarmigan, whose metamorphic changes might, I should have thought, have laid it open to the suspicion of necromancy, I cannot find one single folk-tale. Of the fine red grouse, the only native bird which is purely and solely ours, I am only able to find the following version of its cry. This one, a natural call for the land, where the signal "to the heather" sounded for so many ages:—

"Who goes there? My sword! My sword!"

and the following satire in dialogue upon life in general:—

"HEN: See thou yonder day and yon other day?"

"COCK: See thou yonder hill and yon other hill?"

It is probable that among the taciturn people who preserve their old traditions so jealously, both from oblivion and from the uncovering of curious outsiders, there are more legends to be learnt of grouse and ptarmigan. What, for instance, may lie at the root of the custom that makes every Scotchman so proud to carry as his badge the lyre-shaped tail of the black-cock? What, besides, of that more practical learning that enables the gillies on the moorland estates to foretell the weather by a glance at the birds?

Perhaps the two most marvellous stories of all, however, are current amongst us at this day. I think they rival the old "Magick of Kirani," and outrun any flights of fancy ever imagined.

One is the tale that most of the scientific thought of the day brings before us in one form or another, the extraordinary transformation of all forms of life from one state to another; the

development of the grouse from one original form to the variations of many species—white grouse, red grouse, black grouse—according to the requirements of their surroundings, being a favourite example of this theory.

The other is that still more marvellous transubstantiation of matter whereby the decaying carcass of the slaughtered bird—quite dead, though we must no longer say inert—becomes the life-giving particles in another living creature!

Perhaps these are folk-lore, too. I am not quite sure that we believe either of them any more than we credit the report that the feathered quail came from the maggots that fed upon a tunny. They are not proven. Yet, strange to say, though it is generally the scientists who taunt us with this horrid phrase in this case, it is we visionary folk who have to remind them that some of their pet theories are also "not proven."

Although pheasant-shooting commences on the first of October, no one expects "a big shoot" on that day, for it is not until much later in the season that large covers are disturbed. The leaf during the early autumn prevents shooting, and sport is poor, compared to what is to be obtained when rain and frost have done their work in stripping the trees. But, although the pheasant who stays in the home-covers has practically a month's or six weeks' respite, stray home birds and wild ones are less happy, for, however carefully outlying broods are sought after and brought into cover by the keepers, the sportsman may always count on a sufficient amount of sport along the neighbouring dingles and hedgerows to repay him for his trouble. Many men with true sporting instincts, indeed, are to be found who prefer the variety of early October shooting to the wholesale slaughter that takes place later



PHEASANT SHOOTING.

during a big day in cover. The necessary amount of walking promotes a keen appetite; there is sufficient shooting to amuse; the weather is often delightful; the scenery is at its loveliest; and the dogs are bright and eager.

The pheasant has been so long acclima-

It is not certain at what period it was brought into our country, but there is no doubt that it was known before the Norman Conquest, as it is mentioned in a bill of fare drawn up by Harold in 1059 for the use of a canon's household. There is authentic evidence that it was greatly



A CLIPPING "ROCKET" SHOT.

tised to our country that we are often tempted to look upon it as an indigenous bird, but it has in reality a classic origin, and though we may not believe that it was first introduced by Jason and the Argonauts, it is certain that its origin was in the swamps of the Colchian river Phasis—the modern Rion—which enters the Black Sea near Poti, and there the pure breed is still in existence.

in request during the time of the Plantagenets, and Thomas à Becket is said, on the authority of one of his monks, to have made his dinner off a pheasant on the day of his martyrdom. During the reign of Edward I. the value of a pheasant was fourpence, and under the Tudors they were included with partridges in the laws for the preservation of game.

Sixty or seventy years ago pheasant-

breeding was almost unknown, but now no man would think of inviting a party of friends to shoot unless he had extensive preserves. It has been alleged that a cover of five to six acres should contain not less than 1,000 to 1,200 birds in order to ensure a good day's sport, and when it is said that each bird brought to the ground costs its owner about half a guinea, it will be understood that it is only wealthy landowners who can afford this luxury.

The red grouse is a Britisher of the good old-fashioned type, who thinks that heather cannot grow on Continental hillsides, if indeed there be anything worth calling a hill outside of Scotland; that the laws of no other country can afford even the partial protection that it pays for so clearly in the autumn; in fact, that there is no country fit to be shot in—the grouse dare not say fit to live in—but its own.

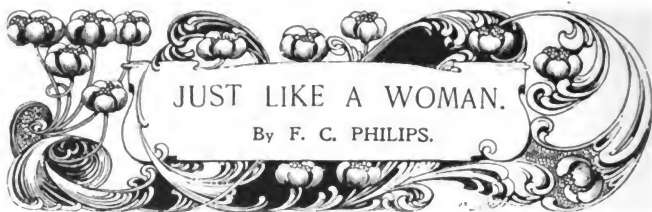
"There's no place like home" is the motto of this bird, and so it lives—in strict accordance with the traditions of

its fathers—entirely at home. At home on the heathery hillsides, where the glow of sunrise stains the blossom's pink; at home where the desolate moor stretches grey for miles, broken only by scattered grey boulders; at home in the wind that sweeps over the mountains, that sighs as it gently climbs up their steep sides, and, shouting, comes trumpeting down from the storm-clouds that rest on their summits; at home in the snow and the sleet, and the rain and all the sky sorrows that deluge hilltops with tears.

The family of the grouse includes three popular game-birds: the willow grouse, the ptarmigan, and the red grouse. The two former species dwell on the snowy hills of all Scandinavian countries; both are exceedingly frigid, almost glacial in their tastes. Just a few of the ptarmigan find the snowiest heights of Scotch mountain ranges cold enough and wintry enough for their Arctic predilections, and there the grouse meets with its next-of-kin.



PTARMIGAN: THE SNOW-WHITE BIRD OF BLOODLESS BEAK.



L AURA WILLOUGHBY was the niece of a rector in the Shires, and the daughter of a literary man, who, dying while she was in short clothes, left her to the guidance of the invertebrate blonde who shared the responsibility of her birth. The invertebrate survivor had been an actress, in which capacity the clergyman's brother had met and married her, and when she was twenty years of age, Laura displayed a marked inclination to follow in her mother's footsteps.

As the rector was very comfortably off, and unblest by children, it was not thought needful to acquaint him with the decision his niece had come to. The worthy man had his prejudices, and the stage was one of them. He had shown a laudable affection for Laura on such rare occasions as he had seen her since her father's death, and the girl and her mother both determined it would be thankless to give him unnecessary pain. Laura obtained an engagement to go out with a theatrical company on tour; and when she had been in the profession about twelve months she committed the weakest action in her history. She married an adventurer described as Harry Fairfax, gentleman, who disappeared six weeks after the ceremony had been performed.

That he had fallen in love with her admits of no doubt, for her salary was a nominal one, and he had followed her from Bolton to Oldham and Manchester before they exchanged a word. That she had been in love with him is less certain, but he was exceedingly good-looking, and the novelty, as well as the romance of the courtship, had fascinated her.

Whether her heart had been seriously concerned in the affair or not, his inexplicable desertion temporarily shattered her health. He had suddenly announced an intention of going up to town. He had to see his solicitor, he declared, but would be back on the following afternoon. No news reached her for a fortnight; her letters to the address he had left behind him were returned with "Gone away" scrawled across the envelopes; and, the prey to all sorts of terrors, she began to think he must have died.

Then she had a line to say it was as "dead" she was to think of him.

"You will never see me any more," he wrote. "Where I am going I can't explain, but I am sending this to tell you that you are to hold yourself free. We have had a very good time together, Laura; and console yourself by remembering it, though it's all frightful hard luck! Don't consider yourself tied to me; don't live out your life looking on yourself as a married woman. We shan't meet again, and you are at perfect liberty to do what you please. If I had guessed there was any danger—" "Danger" had been scratched out, and the note, which was dirty and blurred, came to an abrupt termination.

She sobbed steadily for two hours, and then ordered a cup of strong tea, and told the manager that her husband was seriously ill, and that she wished to join him as soon as the "understudy" was able to replace her.

When the "understudy" (who was very glad, and expressed regrets which nobody believed) was letter-perfect in the "part," Mrs. Fairfax went home to her mother in London. Her mother

weakly opined that she had behaved like an absolute fool, and that "her Fairfax" was a blackguard or a convict; but she saw some sense in his message, and pointed out that the only redeeming virtue possible to Laura in the matter now was to forget all about it.

There was, however, a cogent reason why the marriage should be avowed, and they accordingly set to work to invent a fitting biography of "Laura's poor husband," his life and his death. The "widow's" weeds were pronounced singularly becoming, and when the chance came, her devotion to the "posthumous" child—"the ghastly consequences," as Mrs. Willoughby called it—was touching in the extreme.

By the time it was born, Laura had almost recovered from the shock. It was a girl, and, having a fancy in that direction, she christened it Gwendolen. Mrs. Willoughby, who was gratuitously untruthful, explained to their friends that it had been "his" favourite sister's name, and really, under the circumstances, "Gwendolen" did as well as anything else.

As the child grew, Mrs. Fairfax's sincere affection for the offspring of her ill-starred union developed into an all-absorbing passion. She was nervous when the child was out of her sight. When it had measles she wanted a consultation, and, as often as the elder woman was willing to listen, she would weave plans for its education, and speculate what the future held in store for her darling. "Gwendolen should never go to a boarding-school," she said. "She was never to be away from home." It was as if the tragedy in her own life were constantly torturing her with misgivings for her daughter's. Before it was seven years old, the child represented the one object of interest in the mother's existence. She woke up asking of it; she went to bed thinking of it. Her world revolved round the child.

It was at this stage that her uncle departed for a wider sphere, and left her sole legatee.

She was, as he had been, "very comfortably off" now, and because the country would be ever so much healthier for

Gwendolen, she removed to the parish the rector had so long adorned, and took up her residence in a charming maisonnette with a garden, and an orchard and several other excellent and delightful things. She even bought a pony for Gwendolen, because she wished her to have accomplishments in her girlhood! but then the animal looked very large to her, and the child looked very small, and she let the dealer have it back again at a loss.

When she had been living in Eightgates for three summers, and Mrs. Willoughby had joined the rector (as her daughter hoped), an unforeseen complication occurred to disturb the pretty widow's peace. She received a proposal. Sir Hector Grimsby, with a rent-roll which had been the despair of innumerable chaperons, and the ideal of more seasons of *débutantes* than the chaperons cared to recollect, asked her to be his wife. He was not impassioned—he was over fifty, and he had the gout. He acknowledged that his chief desire was to have an heir, but he coupled the confession with the assurance that he liked her very much.

The proverb tells us that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Mrs. Fairfax, who trembled at the prospect opened up to her beloved child, had the erroneous conviction that so long after as seven years—whether Gwendolen's father was living or not—the marriage would be legal. After seven years such unions are not bigamous, she had heard. She leapt at the conclusion that therefore they are valid.

So after many wakeful nights she murmured "Yes" to Sir Hector, and Gwendolen was transferred to the luxury of a young princess, and Sir Hector in due course was given the heir for which he pined. The heir passed sturdily through the successive stages of whooping cough, and chicken-pox, and scarlatina, and gave promise of becoming a lusty man. Gwendolen grew into a very lovely girl; and the parents were perfectly satisfied with their bargain.

Then, as always happens in such cases—in fiction, at all events—the other man came back. He did not come in through French windows, nor wear an Inverness



"You cannot divorce me, but there are two other courses open to you."

cape. He was shabby and colloquial. He said he had only been out of prison two months; he admitted he had behaved like a scoundrel; but he believed, under the circumstances, that Lady Grimsby might find it judicious to do something for him in the way of an annual allowance. He had had considerable difficulty in tracing her, and had been put to some expense. Tactfully he had called when Sir Hector was out. She made a little stand at first, but her illusion that he was no longer her husband he remorselessly dispelled.

She gave him all the cash she had in the house, in tears and agony, and promised to send him a cheque for a hundred pounds in a week. She kept the promise, because she preferred the risk of paying him by cheque to having him come down to Eightgates; and she had another visit from him a month later. He was much improved in appearance on his second visit; he had been to a tailor, and explained that he had found him dear. In the six months following she sent him five hundred pounds more, which exhausted her private account, and compelled her to hand him a ring to satisfy his next demand.

She was now appearing in a very extravagant light, and Sir Hector was puzzled by her frequent requests for money. Her milliner's bills, which had never been heavier than was to be looked for in a woman in her position, sounded suddenly phenomenal. He asked her to let him see one once; she made an excuse, and aroused his suspicions. On the next occasion that her Fairfax ventured to the Manor, Sir Hector saw him. He effected a little plan to see him, but that is beside the matter. He let him go away, and a few days afterward made an opportunity of examining Lady

Grimsby's pass-book. In the pass-book he found many entries which explained the "milliner's bills," and confirmed the conviction of his dishonour.

He was not a man to waste words. He told her plainly that she was unfaithful to him, waited for a moment for her answer, which was only a tempest of sobs, and went up to town to consult his lawyers.

From his hotel in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square—he had been familiar with that little hotel for years—he sent her a letter. He indulged in no reproaches; he repeated his accusation in the precise language on which he prided himself; and he formally announced his intention of applying for a divorce.

Then Lady Grimsby—or Mrs. Fairfax—made her reply:—

"MY DEAR SIR HECTOR," she wrote, "you cannot divorce me, because an essential preliminary to a divorce is a marriage. I am not your wife. The man you suppose to be my lover is in reality my husband. I imagined him long ago dead, and (I regret it as much as you can) he is detestably alive. I would have spared you the pain of the confession, but your own impetuosity has forced it on me. You cannot divorce me, but there are two other courses open to you. You can settle with the man much more advantageously than I, and pension him off, or you can create a scandal, and render your heir illegitimate. I remain (pending your decision),

"LAURA GRIMSBY."

She wrote that answer a long time ago, and, in this year of grace 1906, it is generally admitted that one of the pleasantest houses to stay at in the Shires is that of Sir Hector and Lady Grimsby with their charming boy and girl.





DEMOSTHENES PRACTISING ORATORY.

From a painting by Marcel Pille.



Photo by]

[A. Sparrow.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

The Home of the University of London.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

What it has done, is doing, and is going to do.

By GEORGE A. WADE, B.A.

THE University of London ought to be the premier one of the world.

London's position, wealth, population, and influence all demand this. But, though the University of London occupies a very high position amongst its fellows in more ways than one, even its most enthusiastic *alumnus* can hardly yet claim for it the premier position alluded to.

Let us look at its career so far, and see what it has done already. Then let us notice what it is doing now, and what work lies before it in the near future.

Only by so doing can we do full justice to the University for carrying out a most difficult rôle in the past, and for grappling now under many disadvantages with one of the problems of our age—the higher education of the immense population of London.

It would not be altogether untrue if we said that the origin of the University of London dates back to the year 1548, although only about 1836 did it really receive the Royal Charter under its present title. In 1548, Sir Thomas

Gresham endowed seven professorships, for classes to be carried on at his old residence in the City; and existing survivals of these are the Gresham lectures still given annually in London. By 1615 these lectures and classes had become so celebrated that in Stow's "Annales" of that time the author speaks of the "three famous Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London."

And later Sir George Buck enumerates the Gresham foundation; the Divinity schools of Westminster and St. Paul's; the Inns of Court, and Chancery; the College of Heralds; the School of Civil Law at Doctor's Commons; and St. Paul's School, as forming collectively "a complete academic system, lacking nothing but a common government, and the protection of an honourable Chancellor, to give it the unity and repute of a University."

This "common government and the Chancellor," however, were still lacking for a very long time after Sir George Buck's record. In 1825 Thomas Campbell (the poet) wrote a public letter to Mr. Brougham, advocating the founding of a great University in London, and so favourable was the response of the wealthy that a sum of £160,000 was contributed towards this object. In

1827 the present University College, Gower Street, was founded as a result, and was meant to be the seat of the new University; but for reasons which need not be gone into here, though this College opened with 557 students, it never actually became a University.

In 1836 a Royal charter was granted, however, which did really constitute a

"University of London," to which certain schools and colleges were to be affiliated, but whose chief power lay in its ability to examine "outside" students and to grant them degrees. To this charter there were subsequently added several others, giving the Senate various new powers. In 1867 women were admitted to University lectures, and in 1878 to full honours and degrees, just like the men. In 1867 the University was given the power to elect a Member of Parliament.



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[G. C. Beresford.

SIR ARTHUR RÜCKER, D.SC.

In 1870 the late Queen opened the new premises of the University at Burlington Gardens, and that place continued to be the centre of the work until 1900, when the removal to the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, took place.

It was just about this time that there came the most momentous change the University has seen by the formation of what is known as a "teaching University."

Hitherto the whole work of the University of London had been that of examining students from all parts of the British Empire; teaching and lecturing had been practically ignored. How efficiently it had done that examining work we shall shortly see. But in 1900 there was a federation of a great number of schools and colleges in and round London, and these became constituent branches of the University, with the right to have degrees conferred on their students after so many hours of attendance at lectures and the passing of certain examinations. These students are known as "internals," as against the other class of students from all parts and places, away to the ends of the earth, who are quite unconnected with the University, except by sitting for its examinations, and are known as "externals."

So much for the past history of the "University of London." Now, what is it doing to-day, and how is it doing that?

It has a Chancellor (Lord Rosebery), a Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Pye-Smith), a

number of "Fellows," a Senate, and a Convocation, composed of graduates of certain degrees and standing. It has a Principal (Sir Arthur Rücker, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D.), who works hard and energetically in all that makes for its welfare. Under him are various registrars and secretaries of different departments. The "internal" and the "external" portions are kept quite separate; as is also the department for University extension and teaching.

Whilst the head officials of the University are smart and efficient, one may say almost as much for the lecturers and teachers at the various schools connected with it. While these men include professors and teachers like Judd, Bridge, Ramsay, Starling, and others equally eminent in their several branches of learning, London has no need to be ashamed of its University in this respect.

Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of the buildings at South Kensington. The Imperial Institute formerly underwent much criticism as to its unfitnes,



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THE MARBLE HALL.

[A. Sparrow,

The chief Hall of the University of London.



Photo by]

THE SENATE ROOM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

[A. Sparrow.

structurally and locally, for an "Imperial Institute." But, as a centre for University work—not by location, but by structure—it is about as inconvenient as it well can be. The rooms were not built for examination-rooms, and are ill-adapted for that function. They are very draughty in winter, and very stuffy in summer. They do not allow of easy supervision of the candidates; they are not easily accessible from the outside; their ventilation needs great improvement.

It can safely be said that, had the Government not practically forced the Senate and Convocation to accept it—or nothing!—the Imperial Institute would never have been considered for a moment as a suitable place for the new location of the University of London.

So defective is the accommodation that the library is in a terribly parlous state. The books (many of them extremely valuable ones) were recently (and perhaps are yet) scattered here and there in all sorts of places. Some tied up

in brown paper, others not tied up at all; some in cases, others not; quite without arrangement of any kind; never by the slightest chance used by the graduates; a few in one secretary's room, and a few in another's. This is what the splendid bequests of George Grote, the historian of Greece; of De Morgan, the eminent mathematician; of Sir Richard Quain, the noted physician, have come to! Let us be thankful that these great and liberal men of learning never foresaw for a moment what a state their treasures would eventually be in, owing to Parliament's fear lest the whole British Empire should come to bankruptcy from the Government's allotting a few hundred pounds extra, in order to build a proper library for these valuable works!

It is almost too early yet to say much about the present "internal" work and teaching of the University, as newly constituted. Only very few years have gone by to show us what can be done. But so far as we can judge, the work is being

excellently carried on, and promises much in future. What it may become fifty years hence, who shall foretell? Other great schools of the metropolis will certainly be incorporated with the University of London, and thus help to constitute an even greater power for good than at present exists with regard to London's educational facilities.

As to the "external" work, that is, the work done in examining and granting degrees and honours to duly qualified candidates from all parts of the world, no University anywhere has surpassed that of London. At the matriculation examination in 1858 there were 299 candidates; at those of 1906, there were close upon 9,000. And this in defiance of the facts that the standard of examination is undoubtedly higher by far than that of the corresponding examination at any other British University, and that fewer candidates than ever are now passed in proportion to the number presented.

For, whereas in 1858 some 86 per cent. passed at the Matriculation, and some 72 per cent. at the B.A. examination, in 1901 there were only 50 per cent. passed at the Matriculation examinations, and only 53 per cent. at the final B.A.

Besides this, the candidates for nearly all degrees have now to undergo an Intermediate examination between the Matriculation one and the Final one, so that the actual course of study for a degree is usually prolonged at the least to four or five years, even should the student be uninterruptedly successful.

The late Earl Granville, when as

Chancellor he presented the degrees at one congregation, said: "Our *Matriculation examination* is far more difficult than, and far superior to, the *examinations for degrees* at many of the Scotch Universities; and it is equal to the present examination for degrees at more than one British University to-day." A long report in *The Times* some years ago criticised favourably the London degrees in quite as strong a strain on account of their high standard.

But this is just what has made the degrees of the University of London so much sought after and so highly valued by their possessors and the world at large. It has been said that London is the only British University that gives its M.A. after examination, solely for hard work and real merit; that no Doctorate of Literature anywhere else can be compared to that of London; that its M.D.



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[Elliott & Fry.

LORD ROSEBERY.

Chancellor of the University of London.

has long been the coveted goal of every medical man in civilised lands.

These things, which are indeed positive facts acknowledged by all competent judges, show better than mere figures what is the work that the University of London has done and is doing. Let us look at some of the men who are to-day guiding the destinies of this powerful engine for good in the heart of the Empire.

Lord Rosebery stands at its head as the ruling Chancellor. He had to follow some brilliant men; the names of Devonshire, Granville, Kimberley and others were no mere names in University work and circles. But Lord Rosebery has nobly risen to the great task before him. He gladdened the hearts of thousands of London men when he said, on one degree day, after conferring honorary degrees upon such eminent men as the Prince of Wales, Lord Kelvin, and Lord Lister, that he "did not want 'honorary' degrees to become a regular part of such days at the University of London; that he trusted the occasions when such degrees would be conferred would be rare indeed."

It has long been the boast of the University of London that nobody gets its degrees who does not evince real hard work and merit deserving of them, as against the easy "pass" degrees so common at most British universities. If London is to retain the high place it has won, the confidence of the English people that it now possesses, this state of things must continue. Not a single graduate of London is there who does not feel that his University is honoured by the membership of those famous three who received the first "honorary" degrees. But, all the same, not a single graduate is there who wants to see every political nonentity, every petty mayor, made an M.A. or LL.D. of the University of London, because some little congress or some manufacturer's beanfeast was held in South Kensington!

What the provinces owe to the University of London cannot be over-estimated. With its various examinations held regularly at such centres as Birmingham, Cardiff, Leeds, Newcastle, Sheffield,

Manchester, etc., all students have had the opportunity of obtaining a degree brought to their very doors at a small cost indeed. Without that opportunity there are now hundreds upon hundreds of graduates who must have sighed in vain for the hall-mark that sets the seal upon years of arduous study and work.

After Lord Rosebery at the head comes Dr. P. H. Pye-Smith, M.D., F.R.S., as Vice-Chancellor. What he has done for the University during his long connection with it who can say? His interests have always been legion; nothing has been too much trouble, or too difficult, if it would tend to benefit the University. As a doctor and a scholar the Vice-Chancellor's name will be remembered for long years to come; but perhaps the coming race of London graduates, internal and external, will know it even better as that of a man who did much for the University in former days.

Sir Arthur Rücker, who guides the actual working of the University, as its Principal, is a man of many parts; and he has played them all very well. He is a famous scientist; holds two or three doctorates; has been somewhat of a politician in the past; possesses unflinching tact, ability, and good humour; and is ever ready to sacrifice anything for the good of the great organisation over whose destinies he presides. You will find him in his room at the University, surrounded by piles upon piles of papers of every sort and shape, urgent and important; with secretaries and others constantly interrupting, to consult him on this or that point. But he goes steadily along with his work, and nothing seems either to upset his current of thought or his kindly humour. The right man in the right place is Sir Arthur Rücker.

And what appears to be the future of this great University in the midst of London, the "University of the Poor," as it has been well-called? There is an immense future before it, of that I am confident. London alone needs the best university in the world for its coming population, apart from provincial branches of the University's work. Can

this present University fulfil the mission? Are its officers and its powers sufficiently up-to-date for the task?

I think we may answer "Yes" to those queries. But one thing is lacking. And that is—money. If the University of London is to become what it ought to be, more money, much more money, is imperatively necessary. The buildings should be more suitable; more properly

it does its duty to the greatest city in the world, so far as this University is concerned.

Mr. Chamberlain has shown what could be done for Birmingham by one man who was thoroughly determined. The Irish members have proved what can be done for a country by a compact body of M.P.'s acting together. Mr. James Caldwell has shown how one M.P. can worry the very



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[A. Sparrow.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

Candidates examining the Exam. Lists. Have I passed?

fitted for its work. Its scholarships and prizes of value should be infinitely more numerous. Its staff should be larger and much better provided for and equipped by the Government. The latter body must be harassed unceasingly by metropolitan M.P.'s until it grants an annual sum of money sufficient to carry out efficiently all these reforms. Whether the Government be Conservative, Liberal, or anything else, matters not. London's Members of Parliament should insist that

life out of a Bill that he does not agree with. Let all the forty-eight London members once resolve that the claims of their great city and its University must be recognised by the Government of the day—or that they are going to know the reason why!—and the future triumph of the University of London can be confidently predicted. It will be such a record of educational success as the world has rarely, if ever, seen before.



THE LAST LADY ROSCARROCK.

BY FREDERIC BRETON.

ROSCARROCK HOUSE is half-way between Tregulow Porth and Trenant. It stands some way back from the sea, but the gully through which the Roscarrock River silts down to the sand is so bare of trees that the pedestrian descending to the shore from the deserted workings of Wheal Zeehan Mine on the cliff above need scarcely turn his head to see the curious building, with its pseudo-classic façade of stucco pillars, which stand out like streaks of yellow paint against the original dark-brown brick front. The house is so alien in its environment, and so naked-looking with all its pretentiousness, that it seems to shiver like an uncoated Italian greyhound in the strong Atlantic winds.

Grenville Tressilian, sitting idly at one of the front windows on a blowy November day, saw Loo Trebilcock, the pretty daughter of Jonas Trebilcock, coastguardsman at Tregulow Porth, crossing the gully on her way home from Trenant. Sick of biting his nails at the aimlessness of things in general, the young man opened the French window and ran down the hill to intercept the girl.

Loo pretended not to see him, but loitered by the deserted mine, and, leaning against the railing enclosing the

mouth of the shaft, put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"What! crying, Loo!" exclaimed Grenville. "What has brought tears to those pretty eyes? Has Steve proved false?"

"Steve's dead!" blubbered the girl. "*The Pride of Padstow* were wrecked Monday night out to Lundy, and Fly-away Jack be up to Trenant telling how every soul on board perished except himself, who could well be spared. But why beest looking at me like that, Mr. Tressilian?"

"I dare say you can guess," said the man softly, seeking to put his arm round her waist.

She flounced away.

"Thee must think a pretty lot o' me to be trying them tricks, with Steve lying wisht and gashly out on Lundy Strand, Eh! Eh!" She suddenly put her hands to her eyes.

"What now?" asked Grenville.

"Eh! It were thy face I saw so grey and dead yon evening I met thee first up to Tregulow. Happen it were a warning to me about Steve, and how I should soon be left a widowed maid!"

"You need not be that very long, Loo! You know that!"

"Nay! I do not know it. Why, thee hasn't had a word to throw to me. It were father this and father that, and smoking of tobacco, and talk of ships and smuggling and foreign parts, but never a word for me."

"But there will be now. By Jove, there will!" said Grenville, seizing the girl in his arms and kissing her fiercely. "What do you say now?"

"Let me be, Mr. Tressilian!" was the answer. "The folk up to the house will see thee, and cry shame on me."

"They won't cry long, I reckon. They daren't cry when you are Mrs. Tressilian, or—who knows?—perhaps Lady Roscarrock!"

"Me Lady Roscarrock! Thee beest making a fool of me!"

"By Heaven, I'm not! Say you'll marry me, and my wife you shall be! As for the title, who can guess what may happen? There are but two lives practically between me and the title, though I am only the outcast half-brother."

Loo paid no heed to these last words. Her true lover was drowned, and it might be long before she would get another. Grenville's offer was worthy of good consideration.

Such was the almost jocose expedition in which Loo Trebilcock became Grenville Tressilian's wife. Grenville brooked no delay, and barely six weeks later Loo was installed as mistress of Roscarrock House. Before a year had passed news was received that the death of the heir had been quickly succeeded by that of the second brother from congestion of the lungs, following upon a cold caught on suddenly coming into the night air from the heated atmosphere of a gaming house.

"By Gad!" exclaimed Grenville, "you will become Lady Roscarrock after all, Loo! There's only the old man now, and they tell me that the gout will not let him last much longer, unless he can keep from his port wine, which I know he can't and won't. I'm glad he never saw you, or, by Jove, you would have been Lady Roscarrock already—Lady Roscarrock the third. My mother was the second—poor creature!"

The husband spoke cheerily, but his wife looked scared.

"Not afraid of your new honours, are you, Loo?" asked Grenville.

"Nay! I bea'n't afraid. I mean, I'm not afraid. Lady Roscarrock or plain missus, it be all one to me!"

"Why do you seem so downhearted, then?"

"Why? I don't know. But I wish I could get quit of remembering how thy face looked down to Tregulow, that I do!"

"That wretched fancy again, Loo!" said her husband testily. "Once for all, I tell you to put it out of your head and never speak of it again."

"I can't help it," moaned Loo. "I won't speak no more of it, if thee don't wish me to, but it bides there in my mind."

"Pooh!" Go out for a blow, and let the wind take it to America. I'm going to walk over to Trenant, to see if there's a letter. Get a smile ready in case I come back to greet you as my lady!"

These were the last words Grenville ever spoke to his wife. He left the room, and five minutes later she saw him striding down the gully towards the cliff-path to Trenant. While she watched, she held her breath as if in suspense, and it was not until he had disappeared over the top of the cliff that her anxiety seemed to be relieved. Then she took out of her pocket a lace-edged handkerchief, and wiped her forehead.

"Lady Roscarrock!" she muttered. "I'd far liefer be Mrs. Stephen Beer; but I were a fool to believe such a liar as Fly-away Jack."

The handkerchief was one of half-a-dozen which had belonged to Grenville Tressilian's mother. Her initials, surmounted by the Roscarrock coronet, were worked in the corner of the cambric. In Loo's estimation they were flimsy things for the purpose for which they were designed, but she had a habit of holding one in her hand. The sight of the lace soothed her, as a doll soothes a sick child.

A quarter of an hour after her husband's departure she trod in his footsteps as far as the point where the Trenant path

branched off up the cliff to the shaft of Wheal Zeehan. There she halted for a few moments in a listening attitude, but hearing nothing beyond the dull moaning of the waves, continued her course towards the sandy beach. For the right understanding of the strange circumstances of the case, it must be explained that, besides the mouth of the shaft on the hill above, Wheal Zeehan had an outlet on a level with the bottom of the gully, intended either as an escape for the water pumped up, from below, or as a means of getting rid of "slack," a great heap of which stood by the river.

The tunnel was little over five feet high, and was excessively muddy. The entrance was partially closed by some old boards, screened by a tangle of bine-weed and Sticky Willy. Altogether, it did not seem an attractive refuge, even from the dullness of an uncongenial marriage-hearth. Local tradition, moreover, had erected a signboard against trespassers in the shape of a story that the mine was haunted by the ghosts of seven men who had been killed through the breaking of the cage rope, and that on stormy nights they might be seen rising out of the shaft, the candles, which were fastened to their caps by little cups of clay, burning blue and steadily, however fierce the gale. It was true that those who passed near the mine on such nights heard all manner of gloomy grumbings, varied by freezing whistles and hollow screams. When Loo tested her courage by venturing near the place, however, the gully was perfectly still, being sheltered by the intervening cliffs from the fresh northerly breeze, which was swishing like a scythe across the sheep-trimmed sward. Beyond the cup-like rim of the sea, the day was burning itself out in a horizontal streak of flame, against which the waves of the rising tide rode shorewards with an air of sulky triumph.

Jonas Trebilcock, Loo's father, making his round along the coast, noticed an old canvas wool-bag hanging over one of the hurdles round the shaft of Wheal Zeehan. He stooped down to leeward of the casual shelter to light his pipe, instead of waiting till he came into the windless gully,

as he had at first intended. As he halted, he heard the sound of voices rising from the shaft. The articulation was distinct, but the tones were thin and spectral.

"Nay! Thee must not walk back to thy' house wi' me in case folk should say they had seen thee."

The coastguard did not wait to hear more. Perhaps he did not wish to hear more. It is conceivable that he was afraid of hearing more.

He stumped down the path to the gully, and the sound of his heavy footsteps crunching on the broken slate must have disturbed the dull echoes in the deserted galleries underground. He crossed the plank bridge over the Roscarrock River without looking to the right or left, and climbed the slopes of Pen Graze Head without turning his head. He did not pause until he had reached his house at Tregulow Porth. By that time the daylight had all but faded from the sea, and night lay upon the land. Two hours later he heard a light tapping on the door. He opened it, and saw Loo. He held out his hand to help her across the threshold.

"For sure thy face is ghastly enough, and thy hand is cold as earth!" was all the comment he made on her sudden appearance at such a hour. Loo slept that night in her old room, and woke next morning in such a state of fever that her father started at an early hour to fetch the doctor from Trenant. On his way he called at Roscarrock House to tell Tressilian of his wife's condition. He was told that the young man had not been home since the previous afternoon. After asking the servants to inform Grenville, should he return, that Loo was lying ill at Tregulow Porth, Jonas went on to Trenant. His brother Silas, the postmaster, informed him that he had had a bulky letter for Mr. Tressilian. It was marked "urgent." He supposed it was to announce that Lord Roscarrock was dying. If that were the case, it was probable that Grenville had gone straight to Wadebridge to catch the mail car to Launceston and Plymouth, although it was strange that he had not left word to that effect for Loo. The father admitted that there was an element of oddity in the

affair, and walked soberly up town to the doctor's house. Mrs. Grenville Tressilian, possibly Lady Roscarrock by now, was worthy of any medical man's immediate attention, even though her sick-room was a bare, white-washed garret in a coast-guard cottage. Impartially kind as Dr. Penruddock was always admitted to be, he had a reverence for existing institutions, which induced him to start at once for Tregullov Porth, a seven-miles' drive by road, although it was little over five-miles' walk by the cliffs.

Loo's condition did not admit of her being removed to her own home, as Dr. Penruddock wished, and, three days later, the boy regarded as the future heir to Roscarrock was born under his plebeian grandfather's roof.

On the day that he first saw the light, a solemn-looking man in black arrived at Roscarrock House and enquired for Grenville Tressilian. He was told that the master had gone to London to attend to his father's dying bed, whereat the stranger seemed amused.

"The untruth is palpable, and, at the same time, unreasonable," said he. "I do not come in the interests of the mortgagees, but of the family. I am lord Roscarrock's lawyer. The late lord died three days ago. He sent for his son, it is true, but the young man did not heed the summons, and I was the only person present at the old lord's death, except the family doctor. You may as well tell me, then, where your master is."

The dry humour of the law was lost upon the natives of the moist climate of the west. All they understood was that Lord Roscarrock was dead, that their master was now Grenville, sixth Lord Roscarrock, and that Loo was therefore Lady Roscarrock.

The idea filled them with awe, but they were able to inform the stranger that Grenville was missing, and that his wife had just given him a son and heir. The lawyer went on to Tregullov Porth, but Loo was too ill to see him, or to answer any questions. Jonas Trebilcock said that Grenville had gone to Trenant to fetch a letter, and that, during his absence, his daughter had come to the

Porth to pay him a visit, not imagining her time was so near.

"Be she Lady Roscarrock now?" asked the old man feverishly.

"If her husband is alive she is, or even if he be dead she is, provided that his demise did not take place till after that of the late lord."

This oracular utterance did not afford Jonas much enlightenment.

"I rackon the money be right, whether she be her ladyship or not!" said he.

"I'm not equally sure, replied the lawyer. "The late lord and the late heir, Captain Tressilian, cut off the entail on Roscarrock, and the property is mortgaged up to the hilt, while the Suffolk estate passes to the relatives of the late lord's first wife, as neither of her two children survived."

Jonas did not quite understand, but he asked no further questions, feeling that, somehow or other, fate was cheating him.

The lawyer returned to Trenant to prosecute his enquiries, but all that could be said was that Grenville Tressilian had been and was not—a very accurate summary of his life-work. In consequence of an application from the mortgagees, the Roscarrock property was thrown into Chancery, and Loo Trebilcock remained at her father's house, neither wife nor widow, and until the hour of her husband's death—if he were dead—could be ascertained, uncertain whether she were plain Mrs. Tressilian or Lady Roscarrock.

So the matter remained for nearly six years, at the end of which period Loo received an imposing letter from the lawyers, informing her that as there was no longer any reasonable doubt of her husband's death, her son would be recognised as Lord Roscarrock and made a ward in Chancery.

"They won't make my boy no ward," cried she angrily. "What's he done to be locked up? He be innocent, poor lad, whatever others may be."

"They won't lock mun up," said her father. "They'll look after mun, and give mun his virtuals and all that, till mun comes o' age."

"I don't care! They shan't take my

boy from me. He's all I've got!" And Loo left the house angrily.

As she sat on the shore, she saw her boy and a neighbour's child coming down the cliff from the direction of Roscarrock. The lad ran towards her with a sparkle of triumph.

"Thee won't guess where we've been, him and me!" said the little chap. "We've been, oh, ever so far along the cliff to Roscarrock, where there be a mine and a tunnel. Thee canst go inside of mun, and me and him walked a brave way underground. He had a bit of candle, and us lit mun to see what underground was like. There be a pretty lot of bones. He says them be sheep's bones fallen from the shaft, but I say them be too fine for sheep's bones. And see, mother, what I found!"

The child held up a little lace-edged handkerchief, sodden to rottenness, and stained red and green by the action of the water.

"Give mun to me! Give mun to me!" almost shrieked Loo, snatching the frail rag from his hands. "Don't thee ever go nigh Wheal Zeelian again, and don't speak o' the bones again! I'll tell 'ee what them be! Them be bogie's bones; the bones of the big black bogie that lives underground there. Don't thee ever go nigh mun, or thee'll be never let come back to daylight again!"

The child was so frightened by his mother's words and manner of speech that he ran as fast as he could to the house, not feeling safe until he had clambered on to his grandfather's knees.

But Loo did not follow the child. She walked across the shore to the edge of the rising tide. A few feet distant from the water, she stooped and scooped a hole in the sand. In this she placed the handkerchief, and stamped it down into the soft ground with her heel. Then, after brushing back the sand over the place, she stood watching till the waves swept in and completely covered the grave containing the flimsy relic of her short-lived grandeur.

That evening there was a visitor at Tregullov Porth.

He found Loo alone, her father having gone to Trenant in the hope of picking up information about the mysteries of Chancery.

"What brings thee here, Steve?" asked the woman.

"I reckon I be tired of roving, Loo, so I be come back to ask thee to let me be a father to the lad, and let bygones be bygones. I love thee the same as ever!"

"Love!" repeated Loo bitterly. "Ah! I did love once. Thee knowest that, Steve, but all love is killed in me now, except love for the boy. I hate the very name o't between man and woman. But still, I reckon thee canst be a father to the lad, if thee carest. They wants to make mun a ward in Chancery, and give mun's vituals and that, but I wout part wi' mun—no, not if I have to bury us both in the sea. And, Steve, the boy went to Roscarrock to-day, into Wheal Zeelian. He saw bones there, an' he brought me a lace kerchief. So I reckon I'd be fain to say good-bye to Trenant shores."

Stephen Beer hid his eyes with his hand.

"*The Pride of Padstow* is up to Trenant, Loo. She be leaving wi' th' evening's tide for Bristol. I reckon we'll get ship to 'Nerica there. My savings will pay for thee and the lad, an' I can work my own passage.

When Jonas Trebilcock returned home that night, he found a letter from his daughter, which prevented him giving any information to the lawyers as to her whereabouts.

The Roscarrock title, after much litigation, fell into abeyance, pending such time as Grenville Tressilian's son should return to claim it, and the story of Grenville's disappearance has become a mere tradition. But there are still a few old men who remember Loo as the belle of Tregullov Porth, and, even now, speak of her as the last Lady Roscarrock.



From the painting by]

CHRIST BEFORE CAIAPHAS.

[H. J. Thaddeus in the possession of Mr. Paul Naumann.

THE English Illustrated Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1906.



THE ART OF H. J. THADDEUS, R.H.A. IRELAND'S GREATEST PAINTER.

AROUND few countries is wreathed more of mystic and poetic association than Ireland. Its history extends far away back into the centuries beyond the birth of written record, and is lost amid the traditions of fairies, giants, and other supernatural beings whose existence is indisputable, however we may question the stories of their lives and exploits. Ireland is a country, too, which loves its traditions, and from mythical and semi-mythical periods they have been preserved in folk-lore and folk-songs, and in the more staid records of sober history, with so much faithful veneration and loving regard, that even strenuous movements, such as the Fenian risings, have found their origin

and impulse in the spirit which animated the heroes of those prehistoric times.

Even when we come to the period, scientifically but somewhat egotistically distinguished as "civilised," we find Ireland in the van of European nations, studying and successfully practising the fine arts at a time when Britain was overrun with barbarians staining their bodies with woad and other pigments. The proofs of this fact, fraught as it is with so much importance to the antiquarian and historian, are to be found in the beautiful illuminated manuscripts and sculptures, many of which are preserved to the present day.

All this is indisputable, but while it may be a proud boast to the thoughtful Irishman, the fact



MR. H. J. THADDEUS.



ABBE LISZT.

From the painting by H. J. Thaddeus.

remains that it wholly refers to an Ireland that has passed away, although unforgettably. The causes which have left such a country so far behind in the progress of nations in regard to the fine arts, that it is practically a negligible quantity may not be far to seek, but it would be outside the purpose of this article to advance reasons for Ireland's artistic decadence. It may, however, be permitted me to suggest that one reason lies in the fact that for long all things Irish have been unfashionable, with the consequence that those of her sons who might have removed the reproach have been obliged to labour under the ægis of other nationalities in the struggle for existence, just as our native singers were obliged, until recently, to masquerade under foreign names to secure a footing.

The loss of prestige to Ireland because of this, is not, I am inclined to think, so great as the loss to art. The highest achievements are those redolent of the soil, be it a locality or a country; and while the artistic map of the world is being so swiftly allotted, it must constitute a hiatus in artistic progression that

Ireland remains an artistic Sahara, with here and there an oasis of achievement which only serves to emphasise the general aridness.

Music, literature, and painting, have served to ennoble most countries. In literature Great Britain has been parcelled out so definitely by our outstanding authors that several are regarded as having a copyright in the localities they have chosen for the scenes of their books—it will be sufficient to mention Hardy and Barrie as instances—but neither in painting, music, nor literature can be quoted any achievement which in its inspiration is distinctively Irish, although nowhere is there more poetic and historic association, or a more consistent and distinctive national spirit to arouse and inspire the artist.

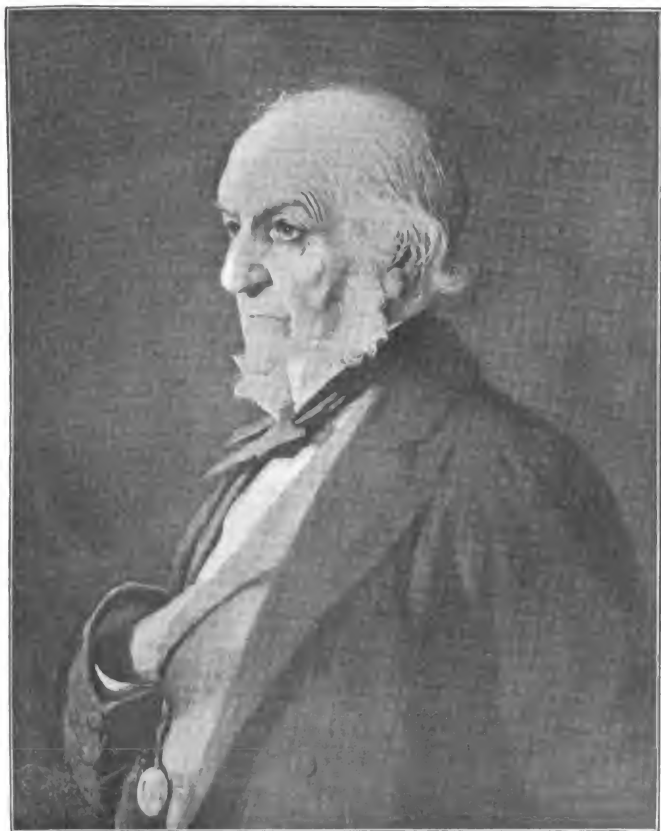
There is, I repeat, no inherent cause for this; it is due solely to the fact that Ireland and things Irish are unfashionable.

Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, made a brave and spirited effort to effect a remedy. In spite of the various political troubles which aroused so much bad feeling and estrangement, she always took a keen personal interest in Ireland,



COUNTESS BATHURST.

From the painting by H. J. Thaddeus.



IN THE EVENING OF HIS DAYS.

From the Thousand Guinea Subscription Portrait of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, by H. J. Thaddeus, in the Reform Club.

and avowed it by a kindly consideration of Irish sentiment, and by affording practical support to Irish national industries. This same much-appreciated attitude is maintained by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra and, indeed, by all the members of the Royal Family.

It is not gracious to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but it must be confessed that the patronage which has been bestowed on Ireland, since she has ceased to be regarded as a Cinderella to abuse and harry, has been in the nature of that sympathetic charity which one extends to a very poor and very helpless friend or relative. The mistake has been made all through of overlooking the fact that pride and poverty go frequently hand in hand, and are inseparable in the temperaments of ancient historical peoples. His

Royal Highness the Prince of Wales appears to have had an inkling of this, and lent his aid and patronage to a scheme for endowing Ireland with a National Gallery of Paintings. He was one of the first donors himself, and presented—to a National Gallery for Ireland, bear in mind—*two paintings by Corot*! His Royal Highness, of course, meant well, and his gift was a valuable one,

but his choice can only be construed as an expression of his belief, conviction, or impression that Ireland has not produced a painter in this generation whose works are worthy of inclusion in a thoroughly representative national collection.

In giving a brief account of the life and works of Mr. H. J. Thaddeus, my

object is—*ex pede Herculem*—to refute this idea. Ireland has produced many great poets, musicians, and painters, but where they have been distinctly national they have lived and worked, like James Clarence Maugan, in comparative obscurity and sunk into comparative oblivion, because—Ireland is unfashionable.

Mr. H. J. Thaddeus, who is still in the vigorous forties of middle youth, is a native of Cork, and at ten years of age he began his artistic studies at the Cork



SIR RICHARD OWEN.

From the painting by H. J. Thaddeus, purchased by the Corporation of Lancaster.

School of Art. There he continued till he was sixteen years of age, after which he remained at the same institution two years longer in the position of master.

After this he came to London, and being fortunately gifted with an attractive personality, an engaging manner, and no small amount of *nous*, he soon made headway, and before long enjoyed the inestimable advantage of the personal



CORNERED.

From the painting by H. J. Thaddeus.



A STUDY.

friendship and active patronage of her Royal Highness the late Duchess of Teck. His career from this moment was assured, and the young artist might easily have made a comfortable fortune. He was, however, too enamoured of his art to risk injury to his reputation by accepting important commissions without further study, and to gain the benefit of this he went to Paris.

Satisfied at length that he was competent to interpret his ideals on canvas, he announced his readiness to enter on his professional career.

His first commission was sufficient to secure him a fashionable *clientèle*: he was commissioned by Don Carlos to paint the portrait of his four children. From this moment he had as much as he could manage to do, and so was enabled to choose his own sitters. The result has been that in his comparatively brief career he has placed on canvas the counterfeit presentments of more notabilities than have,

perhaps, ever before left the studio of a single painter.

To mention his sitters would be to print a more or less comprehensive list of prominent royalties, and the leading members of the English nobility. There would be neither object nor interest in doing this, and so it must suffice to mention that during an exhibition of his works at 25, Old Bond Street, in 1895, among the lenders of his pictures from among his patrons were her late Majesty Queen Victoria, H.R.H. the Duchess of York (now Princess of Wales), Lady Howard de Walden, Lady Sykes, Lord Arlington, Lady Clifford, and the committee of the Reform Club.

Among the notable commissions which Mr. Thaddeus executed was one to paint the portrait of the late Pope Leo XIII.,



FATHER ANDERLEDY, S.J.,
General of the Jesuits.

which so pleased His Holiness that he immediately commissioned Mr. Thaddeus to execute a second and more important work representing His Holiness holding a Consistory of Cardinals. The great success of both works left such a favourable impression at the Vatican that one of the earliest personal acts of the present Pope was to honour Mr. Thaddeus with a commission for his portrait, which has been completed, and, with the sanction of His Holiness, publicly exhibited.

Another important commission was

Gladstone, to defray the cost of which one thousand guineas had been subscribed by the members.

Without in any way wishing to challenge comparison with other portraits of the revered statesman, the most notable of which is the well-known Millais portrait, now in the Tate Gallery, Mr. Thaddeus's painting has this special recommendation: that it was highly approved by Mr. Gladstone and by the members of his family. Indeed, not only was Mr. Gladstone greatly pleased with



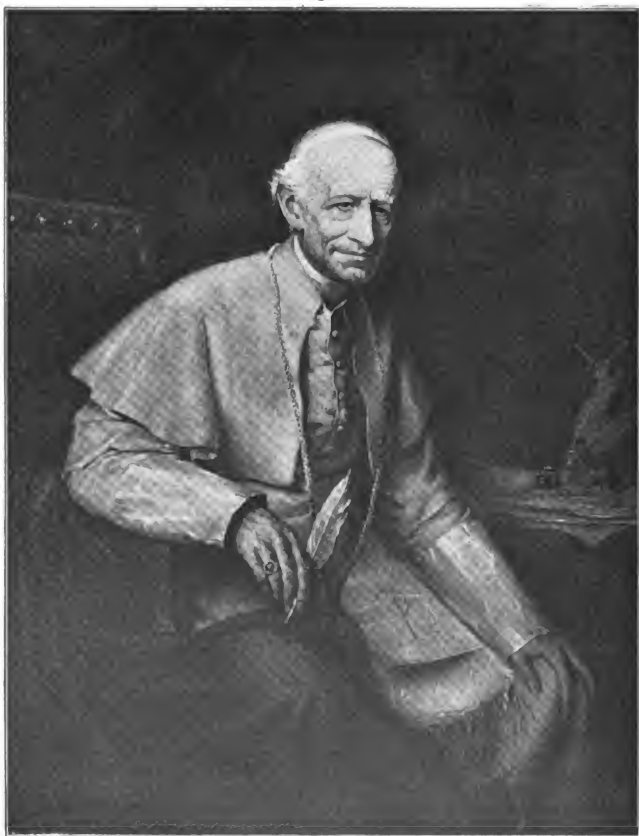
IN THE HAREM.

From a painting by H. J. Thaddeus.

that with which Mr. Thaddeus was honoured by the Khedive. Hitting on the happy idea of choosing a special portrait of himself as a gift to Queen Victoria on her jubilee, he selected Mr. Thaddeus for the work, and also honoured the painter by appointing him his special envoy to present the work to her late Majesty. It now hangs in Buckingham Palace. Another commission, which shows the high esteem in which the painter and his work are held, was given him by the committee of the Reform Club, to paint the portrait of Mr.

the painting himself, but the plate for the reproduction of the engravings being fortunately completed during his lifetime, he was enabled to convey his approval of the engraving in a most interesting and convincing manner, by autographing the first impression taken from the plate.

The portrait is half-length, and represents Mr. Gladstone in a reposeful and favourite attitude, his right hand resting lightly within the folds of his low-opening waistcoat. The expression of the face is most pleasing, being at once serene and thoughtful. At the period when the



WORK

HIS LATE HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

Reproduced by permission, from an engraving, after the picture by H. J. Thaddeus, published by Messrs. Burns and Oates, Orchard Street, W.

portrait was painted Mr. Gladstone was in the full vigour of his later period, and there is no sign of either physical or mental decay. It is, on the contrary, a most pleasing presentment of "the Old Man Eloquent," suggesting illimitable reserve power, but with the calm, serene and gentle disposition, so characteristic of his whole career, predominant.

Mr. Gladstone's appreciation of the painter and his success found expression

Newman, and Sir Richard Owen, the great naturalist.

Although essentially a portrait painter, Mr. Thaddeus devoted himself too wholeheartedly to the mastering of his art not to seek expression for his genius in different works, among which are some marvellous gems of colouring in landscapes and sea studies. His most important work is the colossal painting, "Christ before Caiaphas," which was



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X. SITTING TO MR. H. J. THADDEUS AT THE VATICAN.

From a photograph by Edwin Davies, New Town.

in another commission, which has its pathetic interest. He invited Mr. Thaddeus to Hawarden, during the period of his retirement, to paint a companion to the Reform Club portrait. This painting, which was exhibited under the title, "In the Evening of His Days," is now in the possession of Mr. C. R. S. Cadell, of the National Liberal Club.

Among other celebrities painted by Mr. Thaddeus are the King of Württemberg, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Abbé Liszt, Cardinals Wiseman and

last publicly exhibited at the Continental Gallery in January, 1901. For the composition of this picture Mr. Thaddeus travelled for three years in the Holy Land, and the types and details were studied on the spot. The incident chosen is when Christ is accused of having threatened to destroy the Temple and raise it again in three days. He is depicted as standing in the presence of Caiaphas in the coarse garb of the Essenes, His hands tied roughly behind His back; but while there is the light

of the Great Intelligence in His absorbed melancholy eyes, Mr. Thaddeus—a student, like Munkacsy, of the Natural School—dispenses with the halo of the conventional figure. The favour with which this noble work was received by the public and the Press is indicated by the fact that the late Duke of Teck, the Duke of Newcastle, and many others subscribed in advance for proof engravings at ten guineas.

Among other admired works of Mr. Thaddeus, in which the art of the portrait and genre painter are skilfully blended, are "The Origin of the Harp," presented to Princess May, now Princess of Wales, on her wedding; "The Clan-destine Lovers," "Un Bon Viseur," "In the Harem," "Playmates," and "Cornered." More or less in this spirit, too, is "Primroses," a fancy portrait of the Countess Bathurst, daughter of Lord Glenesk, who at the time held a prominent position in the Primrose League.



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

From the photogravure after the painting by H. J. Thaddeus, published by The Illustrated London News and Sketch Co., Ltd.



COUNT SPAGOLETTI.

From the painting by H. J. Thaddeus.

The whole scheme of the picture was in the primrose tints, a primrose straw hat shading the pearly purity of the complexion, endowing the face with the prevailing tone.

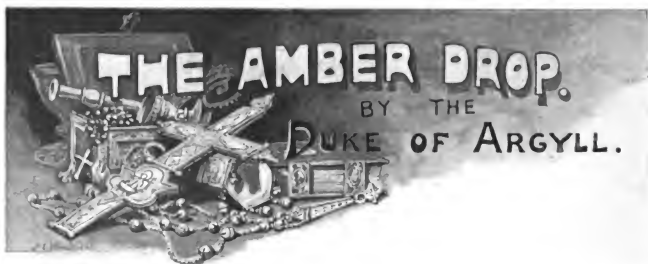
Most of Mr. Thaddeus's works are in the hands of private collectors, but it is to be hoped that some of his more important works will be secured for some public collection. One, above all, was marked out for such a destination—the portrait of Sir Richard Owen—and has recently been acquired by the Corporation of Lancaster. Measuring, as it does, seven feet by five feet, it represents the great naturalist in the very zenith of his fame, his hand resting on the anatomical fragment from which he theoretically reconstructed an unknown prehistoric monster.

Admirers of the Irish artist are prone to liken his method to that of Rembrandt. This is to an extent justified by the fact that his employment of chiaroscuro makes abundant use of shadow to emphasise the special features of the work. Be this, however, as it may, it is beyond question that Mr. Thaddeus is one of the greatest portrait painters of this age, and, undoubtedly, the greatest that Ireland has ever produced.



AN INTERLUDE.

From the painting by H. J. Thaddeus.



I.

THE steamer *Cygne* certainly started very early from Neuchâtel to Estavayer.

After mountain climbing most people preferred to rest in the excellent "Hotel Bellevue," and there were few who left by the boat for a place which was picturesque, but afforded no especial attraction to the ordinary tourist.

At the evening *table d'hôte* the frozen reserve of the English hotel guests usually gave way to the extent of allowing them to confide in each other what excursions they had respectively made during the day.

To be sure this never took place if there had been on any given evening a large influx of new comers. These always eyed each other in a spirit of cold criticism on the first meeting at dinner, but on the second and third evenings they usually, to some extent, found that they could use their tongues as well as their teeth.

But there was an exception in the person of a decidedly handsome dark lady who dressed exceedingly well, had a clear-cut straight profile, black abundant hair, well marked eyebrows, regular features, and blue eyes—unusually blue for such dark hair. Her complexion was good but very pale, and she never spoke, as far as I could see, to any one.

Like myself, she had apparently come for rest and quiet. Certainly the quiet seemed much beloved by her. Only to the servants did she ever say a word, and these cheery little Bernese housemaids said that she was very kind to them, and

that she had one of the best rooms on the first floor looking out on the lake.

I had, indeed, seen her at the window of this room gazing out over the waters, whose colour I used irreverently to compare to a turquoise turned rather green by ill-advised soap-washing. Her eyes were bent with an absent look in them (for I am ashamed to say I turned a field-glass that I had in my pocket in her direction) on the further shore, which loomed in cloud shadow over a white line at its base, stretching with pallid gleam along the green-blue lake.

The sky was full of variously lit masses of vapour, and under them, in the distance, gleamed in strange, broken, and ragged and awful shapes the Bernese Alps, sometimes lifting gloomy crags against a lighter heaven, sometimes standing out with startling distinctness in rifted perpendicular divisions, that in places were regular as organ pipes; at other times again shimmering with snow, and scarred with rocks whose whitened skeletons shone in the illuminated recesses of cloud caverns that in another moment entombed them from sight.

My glass had been used to observe the distant natural beauties, and not the nearer human beauty. Indeed, I am not a too inquisitive mortal, but retirement and seclusion always provoke pursuit and enquiry. I could not help being curious about this silent, lonely and handsome woman.

Her figure was too slight and her features too unmarked to let me believe she was more than, say, thirty years of

age, but she had an odd look of pain and anxiety in the eyes at times, and she seemed nervous, for she often twisted her white hands together in a way that did not speak of a contented spirit.

September had already begun to break in on the heat of summer. Vague veils of rain drew slowly athwart the landscape. Winds made the lake's waves speak unceasingly in splashing and regular murmur along the shores.

The hotel had become only sparsely populated. English people travelling homewards, and a stray American family alighting for a day at the end of their hasty inspection of Europe, made the evening *table d'hôte* not altogether dreary; but the first warnings of winter came to these latter just before October, and the signs were present.

Why did this silent lady amuse herself by staying here? For here she had been for over a month. What was she now thinking of as she stood at that window, as the soothing splash of the waves fell on the cooling autumnal air, and the swallows twittered as they crowded in long lines under the cornices of buildings, and on telegraph lines, or anywhere where they could talk of their coming departure, and gave forth the sounds that told of the season's change?

What business of mine was it to enquire? How ungentlemanlike! Such curiosity leads to all sorts of unwarrantable actions. I ought to be ashamed of myself. There! I won't look at her any more. I must try some day, before or after dinner, to give her a paper, or pick up her handkerchief, or hand her flowers, or recommend a new wine, or do something that would let me form an opinion as to who and what she was.

Why? I don't know. I was an idle man for the moment, and she seemed an idle woman. Like meets like. Why should I not know who my fellow holiday-maker was? It was unnatural not to ask. Such callousness would show a want of human sympathy. But did she need any sympathy? Bah! Bah! Never mind. Deuce take it—why should one bother oneself in asking foolish questions about goodness knows whom?

But what did the hotel book say?

The hotel book said, "Miss Nelson and maid, London."

Miss Nelson might be anybody—most common name—and yet she did not look at all common. Usually dressed (and how well she dressed!) in dark colours, she wore, as an anchor for a little watch she used, a beautiful large transparent amber bead or little egg-shaped piece of that lovely material, of a deep jacinth hue. It was like amber that had been formed in heat that had given it a deeper tint than is usual, and this beautiful drop burnt in her dark dress, like a bit of fiery gold. "Sea-gold" the ancients are said to have called amber. Sea-gold, held by the gray cold waves of the Baltic, and fished up and taken south, perhaps up the Rhine, up to this very Switzerland, or across Europe to what is now Trieste, down to Byzantium and Rome. A big pearl of sea-gold, better than the pretty white lacquer with which oysters conceal their defects, and which we string in rows and buy at fabulous prices.

This ornament—the sole ornament she wore—this flaming drop of amber on her breast had, when I first saw her, attracted my eye, and I had mentally called Miss Nelson "the Amber Beauty."

She had not dined every day at the hotel. On half of the days of the week, at least, she was absent. As my curiosity about her increased, I was ashamed to find myself watching to see what her maid was like. One of the housemaids told me that she was an elderly but active German. Would it be wrong to ask her questions about her mistress? Stupid fool I was to think of such things. I must take to some occupation that would prevent my thoughts running away with me, elderly fool that I was. Yes; even now that I write I become quite absent, and go on speaking of her appearance and of my thoughts of her looks, most unnecessarily. She leads me away from the main thread of my brief journalistic narrative. Where was I? Oh yes, at the starting of the *Cygne*, which leaves so early in the morning.

Well, one morning the sun shone in so brightly that I awoke much earlier than usual, and going to my window, opened it, enjoying the freshness of the dawn.

I sat and waited, reading and writing, and looking on the sparkling waters, until a steamer came into the little port below me, full of people bringing baskets of fish, and eggs, and plums, and grapes, and jars of milk and honey. These peasant merchants, disembarking, formed animated groups, and I took up my field-glass to look at them, and observe the character of the vendors and of their goods. Presently, wending her way among the groups to the *Cygne*, soon about to start, I saw my lady of the amber bead. She was alone, and had a light leather holder or bag slung over her shoulder. What could she be doing? Making an excursion only, apparently, for she was evidently only equipped for a day's expedition. She soon sat down on one of the seats under the awning aft, and as I looked at her the steamer started, and she took a field-glass from her wallet and looked towards the hotel and I confess to have felt myself blush like a child as I shut my window, for I was not yet in drawing-room costume, and turned into my room, and when I looked again the little vessel had gone.

It was a boat that called at other places besides Estavayer, which was only the terminus of her voyage. She would be back again in the afternoon, and I thought I would wait about and see if my amber lady returned the way she went. But this shutting the window caused me to question myself as to whether a disengaged lawyer on his vacation should bother his head about any one who was not a client. What was I?

Why, that was a question easily enough answered, of course. I was a solicitor—the hearts of solicitors are naturally centred in other people's affairs. They think of nothing else. Their own concerns are often left with a noble magnanimity to take care of themselves. It is of their clients they think in the sleepless night hours. It was this habit of mine which led me to think of this lady's affairs.

Besides, she might some day become a client. Yes, if I had made her acquaintance. I was sufficiently assured of the paternal respectability of my appearance. To be sure, I felt as foolish in some ways,

which need not be particularised, as I did when I was a mere youth. A man never is older than he feels himself to be. I was then, for my own purposes, young enough; but for the purpose of inspiring confidence in clients I believe I looked professionally aged enough. I wore gold-framed glasses, I know, entirely for the look of the thing, for I could see quite well; but I wore them because I found it impressed clients, and I had got quite accustomed to putting them on my nose in the most orthodox manner before I addressed people or answered them. Like a woman, a pince-nez always is as old as it looks. On the whole, I felt that I had a species of professional right, altogether apart from the warmth of heart known to be my speciality, to take interest in everybody I met, male or female.

But a family solicitor is discreet. I saw my lady was discreet, and would appreciate discretion. Therefore, I would go quietly about my enterprise and do nothing to annoy her, as the Irishman said to his landlady when he declared, at the same time, that as her tenant he felt himself obliged to shoot her husband. Not only would I do nothing to annoy her, but I must take care not to bore her. How can you best interest a person in your interest in them? Probably by showing that you can be helpful. But to show you can be helpful you must have some idea what the desires, aspirations, and occupations are in which you may possibly be of assistance.

So I was fully justified in discreetly, as an experienced solicitor, finding out what the desires were I was bent on aiding "to the best of my power," as old letters say before the signature. So I longed to write to my lady, "Your friend to the best of my power, F. N. Axme, of the firm of J. L. W. Truble & Co., Solicitors."

Yes, I could say so much for myself and firm without indiscretion.

I now rang for hot water. The maid brought it.

"Have not some people left by the early boat?"

"No—yes. I think one young English lady."

"Has her servant not gone also?"

"No, she remains at home."

"Take this two-franc piece, and ask her when her mistress returns."

She was gone and came again, saying that the lady would come back from Estavayer at 4.30 p.m. That was, then, the place she had gone to.

When the boat reappeared in the afternoon I was on the quay, and made some apparently negligent enquiries of the captain, and, turning round, offered with a bow to carry to the hotel close by the wallet that Miss Nelson brought back, which looked heavy. She at first graciously declined, but, on my persisting with a paternal persistence, reconsidered her determination. "It is not far, but as you are so good as to make the offer, I thank you."

So I took the wallet, which was not really heavy, but appeared to have stones in it. But the ice between us was broken, and I felt I might take another step in our acquaintance with safety another time. She asked me to give the bag to a porter. I did so. I walked back with her the few paces that separated the quay from the hotel.

"I have been out sketching," she said.

I said nothing except that I hoped some day I might have the honour of seeing some of her work.

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"Oh, they are hardly worth 'looking at,'" she said, quickly and modestly.

I put on my most paternal look and adjusted my gold-rimmed spectacles, and we entered the hotel. I thought the bag felt very heavy for a mere receptacle of sketching materials. People don't sketch entirely with heavy lead paints.



"Offered to carry the wallet Miss Nelson brought back."

II.
THERE is nothing so advisable as the rapid following up of any advantage you may have gained. *Frappez fort et frappez vite*, I remembered as a military motto, and, although a solicitor, I always persuaded myself that there was much of the military element in my character. If I had not turned lawyer, I am sure I would have been long ago killed in some action where the enemy, crushed and flying, only succeeded in destroying the best thing in the victorious army—namely, myself.

Yes, I lost no time. Dinner

was to be ready soon after we had got back. I was down early, and took a place near the amber beauty's seat.

Soup came—crawfish soup, very good; fish came—trout—pretty well, sauce the best part of it; then a huge dish of carrots, beans, and beef slices, rather underdone; *volaille*—excellent.

There she was, advancing from the door. She sat down with a positively

friendly inclination of the head towards me. I put down my eyeglasses and beamed.

I attacked at once, and found out a great deal hitherto unknown. She had friends in Neuchâtel. Yes, that explained to me why she was so independent of the society of others at the hotel. She loved sketching excursions. The people she knew here had been staying for some time, for the sake of health. I could not find out anything further that was of interest to me, for the rest of the talk was not of herself, but only Swiss up-and-down talk—how long it took to go up there or down here; of the food at other places being not nearly so good as here; that the so-called honey was nothing but glycerine, coloured with some stuff; on which I said that, whatever it was, it looked very nice, and the colour was almost that of the lovely amber bead she wore. At this she said the drop was a great treasure, and that it came from near this place.

The landlord interrupted us here, for, with his usual courtesy, he enquired of each of us what we had been doing, and smilingly apologised for the equinox which must soon disturb the weather. With the same happy smile he told us of a dreadful coach accident, but only the English lady had been killed; and I am ashamed to say that, as we did not know her, we continued to share in the Swiss flame that the kindly landlord's attention spread abroad like sunshine as he stood behind each of us in turn, and poured over our heads the oil of benevolent enquiry and remark.

But I noticed one thing, and that was the quick way in which my lady affirmed that she had been sketching at Estavayer. Afterwards, when the ladies went to the salon and most of the men to the smoking-room, the landlord told me that mademoiselle with whom I was speaking sometimes remained out sketching so long that she had to put up with the inferior accommodation at the little towns near where she had made her study, but that her German maid was never disquieted on that account. "Had she not invalid friends somewhere?" I asked. Yes, in the old hotel, the "Falcon," and their

presence was the reason that she did not often dine here. It was certain, he believed, that she was engaged to a young gentleman who was at the "Falcon," but only went out in fine weather, and was delicate.

I thanked him, and smoked in silence. Of course she must be engaged. Yes, and I will still continue to take an interest, a paternal interest, although her thoughts must, of course, be too much at the "Falcon" to permit her to be very good company at the "Bellevue."

The weather improved, and a brilliant day followed this dinner at which I had received as much mental as bodily food. Of course, everybody knows the position of Neuchâtel. Handsome houses on handsome quays along the blue lake, fringing a mile of shore. Immediately behind, an old church with spires, itself part of a picturesquely crowned castle, whose red-tiled roofs are imitated below by humble dwellings of the old town, huddled together on the steep approach to the complicated buildings that served as a provincial fortress above them. Behind this ancient strength and modern town the hills rise abruptly, covered for a short distance with vineyards, and then walnut-trees, and then pines and firs, that crest also the long ridges, two or three thousand feet high, that dominate the tamer scenery of the rest of the shores of the lake.

Exercise is a thing I love; especially exercise up a hill, when there is a smooth road under one's feet and occasional convenient seats. I never was an Alpine climber. I like views to have foregrounds, as I once told Miss Nelson. I always tell my friends who are so proud of the prehensile powers of their little fingers and toes, in getting them round nasty corners above precipices, that they should employ their talents in London by climbing up the water-pipes of their houses, and sitting astride of the chimney cans on their roofs. I walked on this day my usual pace, up the smooth roads between the terraced villa walls, over which hung the trailers of Virginia creeper, growing scarlet in streaks of autumnal decay. At one place I felt myself getting too autumnal in heightened

colour and noisy breath, and stopped to admire the line of the Alps which rose over the undulations of the Fribourg canton in their far-stretching line of phantom snow peaks.

Immediately below the roadside stone coping on which I seated myself was a little restaurant embosomed in shrubs, and having a *châlet* and garden, where people were resting and drinking. I could only see a few of the figures in the little terraced garden, so thick were the leaves close to me, but calls for girl waiters, and the appearance every now and then of picturesquely attired girls with trays of beer and wine, made a cheerful subdued sound rise to me from the foliage beneath.

From the single-roofed summer-house, apart from the rest of the garden, and only a few feet from me, presently I heard an Englishman's voice.

"Ah, dear Margaret," it said, "you are too hopeful. But it would be selfish in me to say more than that. You have twice the amount of life in you that I have. I often think you should not be hampered by me—that I am dragging you down with me by my ill-health, and I fear sometimes by my petulance."

Then a voice I knew—none other than that of Miss Nelson—startled me, and I heard her say:

"Edward, you have talked that nonsense before, and I have told you I forgive you only because you are not so well as usual just now. You say that I am too fanciful in hoping. Why, it is you who are too fanciful in imagining all sorts of evil for yourself. You know that the poorer you are, the more feeble you are, the more it is my right and duty to care for you. But you are picking up. You never could have come so far as this pretty restaurant a little while ago. You will soon be as strong as I, and do far more to get money."

"No," answered the man's voice; "you deceive yourself, but you can't deceive me. I have no right to impose my wretched life with its bad health on you, who are so strong, so able to enjoy life."

A pause ensued, and then, in the most earnest tone I ever heard human voice assume, Miss Nelson replied:

"Surely we have had enough of this. You know that I live in you, that without you life is nothing to me. Do not distress me by such words if you indeed care for me. Let us speak of other things. The future is in God's hands. Let me tell you of my last expedition. Do look at me, Edward; let me take your hand, and promise me you will not be so morbid, so terribly unkind again."

There was another pause, and then he said:

"Well, dearest, as you wish. We will wait and see what God sends us. Let me hear of your doings. They are, I know, quite vain expectations, but if they amuse you, all is well."

"I have not told you yet, Edward, that besides writing a novel which is to bring us in, at least, I don't know how many scores of pounds—we won't say hundreds—each, I have been dreaming such a wonderful dream. I dreamed that an antiquity seller whom I know here went with me to a place on the shore of the lake, where the ancient people lived on timber rafts lifted on piles above the water, and that we dug and found great treasure; for the lake has receded, and what was water is now dry land. Of course, part of the dream was natural enough, for I did really visit the antiquity seller—such an enthusiastic, charming man—and he told me all about his digging, and that the height of the water is not now what it was. But then he said he had never found anything but bronze and stone things, and only two little earrings of gold. But in my dream I saw a certain place as clearly as I see you, and, although I have been with him, I could not find it, but I did find the amber you have admired so much, and I would not tell you where I got it, wishing some day to take you and show you how we could get more. And do you know, I do believe to some extent in dreams, and I am going again, and when I see the place I saw in my dream, I mean to dig and find my treasure. Now, would it not amuse you to come with me?"

"My dear, I knew you as imaginative, but how can you talk such nonsense?" he replied. "First of all, first and foremost, almost all the antiquities got here

are made at Constance, some in Birmingham, others by clever fellows here who imitate the real old things so well that you can't know the real from the false. They are perfectly worthless except when authenticated, and then only fetch a few pounds if bought for a museum collection. Really, Margaret, how can you be so absurd?"

"Never mind," she replied, cheerfully, "we will go some fine day, and have such fun. Last time I went there I found this bead. We got peasants to dig, oh! ever so deep, and we came upon no end of piles where the stakes were that supported the villagers' old platforms, and there this lovely thing lay amid the clay, and just escaped being broken by one of the shovels. Of course I am imaginative. What is life without imagination?" she continued, with what seemed to me a rather forced attempt at gaiety. "At all events, as you say, it can do no harm, and I want to sketch the old town near the place where we dug and got the bead and some stone axes; so I shall not have my journey in vain, even if we find nothing."

"I fear I must leave you to your imagination, my dear," said the invalid; "for what is to happen if we get sudden rain, and this odious cough of mine begins?"

"Oh, there is a capital little inn, where one can get a room as comfortable as at the 'Falcon,' and you would not go without your servant, and I shall have another with my maid; and we will have a regular treasure-seeking campaign, and you shall write and I will paint, and we shall not waste all the time."

"Yes, dearest, you go; but I—no; I have not the spirits for it. Look at those lovely hills, Margaret; can't you sing me something?"

"No, I will not sing now—the people will hear us, and I don't think we are quite good enough this afternoon to deserve it; but I will listen to you if you will sing something in a low voice, so that we may not attract attention."

Another long pause, and then his voice said: "Listen, Margaret; this is what I feel, sad though it be:—

"Rest here a moment, while the air
Awakes the lake to deeper blue,
And on the vineyards' rocky stair,
'Mid trailing creepers' ardent hue

The singing peasants cross the view,
And chant, on this autumnal eve,
The praise of God's good gift of wine;
And ask that ne'er the grace divine
Their brave old land shall leave.

"The castles throned o'er glassy deeps,
The ancient days of strife recall.
Now timid swallows line their keeps
And twitter, as the sere leaves fall,
Of flight, e'er winter hold them thrall.
See, pale on dim horizon spread,
The snowy giants' Alpine band
Shine o'er the fields and forest land,
Like memories of the dead.

"The very gates of heaven there,
When lit with summer's rosy beam!
The very jaws of hell, where flare
Among the crags the lightning's gleam!
As fleeting as white clouds I deem
My few chance days, that now may shine,
But cannot hide the storm-split rock,
Nor stay the avalanche's shock—
Their cold and gloom are mine!"

He ceased, and I heard a sob coming from her. I thought he was really too bad to her, and rose, angry with him, and angry with myself for having overheard their talk. "I must try and do something to cheer her," thought I; and rose and went home.

III.

SHE appeared at dinner and sat down near me, looking pale and wretched, like Lady Macbeth, I said to myself, only Lady Macbeth with all the evil left out, but with much of the horror in her face remaining. I could not get her to speak except in monosyllables and with a faint smile just visible now and then—a smile that only came as an effort of courtesy to me.

"What should I do for her?" I thought over my cigar in the smoking-room. "Yes, I have it!"

I bought a lot of flowers—late roses and every sweet thing I could lay my hands on—and sent them, with my compliments, and some most captivating Tauchnitz editions of novels and essays, to the invalid's hotel. I had found out that his name was Edward Hardy—a singularly ill-chosen name for such a foolish, delicate fellow, as I thought. But I was very polite in the note that I sent, saying that the flowers and books came from a countryman who had heard that

he was staying here for his health, and with many wishes for his complete restoration to health.

I got a brief note in reply. But my object was completely attained, for next day when my lady came in to dinner she was radiant in her manner to me, and I had no difficulty in getting her to talk. She was evidently a most enthusiastic creature, full of hopes and life, and I drew her, wickedly enough, on to talk of lake habitations of the ancients, beginning on the subject of the local museum, where there was a very fine collection of things found, from amulets to skulls, and from pins to swords and mighty stone hammers. She even confided to me that she meant to go and engage men again to dig for her, for she liked the excitement, and had got sufficient last time to whet her love for curiosities of all kinds. She told me that the local antiquary desired to accompany her. I immediately suggested that I might do so once instead of him, and told her all I had to tell about myself, reinforcing in her mind the respectability of my appearance. But the flowers and the Tauchnitz editions had done the work for me; my spectacles were superfluous. I was already in her eyes an ideal respectability. She joyfully consented, and, lo and behold! the next time the *Cygne* left in the early morning she and I were both on board, with an apparatus for sketching, and plenty of francs to pay for a legion of diggers.

A charming two hours' steam brought us past the villages and little quays at the intermediate places where we touched, and she pointed out to me where she had been told were old pile-supported dwellings. They were numerous enough, but on the other side, she assured me, they were far more widespread. Finally, we neared the further shore, and landed at the end of a stone causeway built far into the lake over an expanse of reeds and swamps and flat herbage that stretched to this old lake shore—a long, copse-covered cliff, on the highest point of which was a picturesque old *château* with two tall round brick-built towers, heavily crenelated. Another, higher and stronger, and of much larger diameter, built of stone, and with a conical roof

like the smaller, rose at one end of the great building.

"That is where the Queen Bertha, the ideal queen of an ideal time in French story, lived, and sang, and spun," my companion said. "And look there."

I looked, and saw nothing but swamp on each side of us, the handsome long reeds waving their silver tasselled heads in thick array.

"Don't you see the old piles?" she asked.

And there, sure enough, in the watery mud appeared in places many old ends of what looked like decayed trees.

"Those are the piles driven into the lake two thousand years ago," she excitedly said.

So I looked and wondered, and said, to please her, that it was very wonderful, though, to say the truth, I thought the black rotting pile-heads ugly, and my gaze reached the crowded roofs of the little town around the castle's foot to see if there was a fair hotel visible. Yes, there was; and so I praised the old stakes up to the skies, or rather down to the water, and marched on and asked what she wanted to do next.

"Oh, now we are going to engage some men."

So up we went through the cobbled streets, up into still narrower ones, past curious mediæval walls to an inn, which looked clean. "We shall at all events get some milk, if we don't get curios," I thought.

I asked if they had rooms vacant.

"Oh, yes. Would *monsieur* wish one for to-night?"

"Oh, no. I only asked in case of being able to come again."

The men were soon got, and we set out along the cliff bottom, having on our right the flat of the land reclaimed from the sea. Miss Nelson looked eagerly at the reed and willow clumps; and we trudged on, she checking me rather impatiently when we had gone at least two miles, and I had said, "Won't this place do as well as any other?"

At last, with a little cry, she said: "Ah! there it surely is. Yes, it is here. There is the place—I remember. Oh, let us dig here."

"By all means," I replied, wiping my brow; "anywhere you like, so long as you don't expect me to do it."

"Yes, yes—here."

And she signed to the men, who commenced at once with an honest ardour that promised great things, if great things there were to be seen under that uninteresting flat. Miss Nelson spread out a shawl, erected a parasol, and seemed to think herself a permanent fixture, like a lovely support to one of the ancient platforms, as she encouraged the men. These worked like heroes for fully two hours. They got down about four feet deep, and cut lots of the old stakes with their shovels, for these, buried in the mud and clay, had become like cheese in consistency. Up came shovelfuls of black clay and stones, and grey clay and stones, and then pieces of horn, and every now and then, once perhaps in half an hour, a palpably shaped pebble of some hard stone with the face ground to an edge, also some flint chips—all of which seemed to please Miss Nelson much, but could hardly be called very magnificent treasure.

I am so matter-of-fact a man that I have never looked for treasures, and yet I have sufficient imagination to be able to believe that people at all times must have had something like knives to split up wood, and probably must always have had a love of killing pigs and deer, and an occasional bear or wolf; so when manifest evidences of these propensities were turned up, I thought it would have been very odd if such things had not characterised people one thousand or two thousand years ago, as now. But with this dull and commonplace way of thinking I did not vex Miss Nelson, who was evidently determined to prove plain facts up to the hilt. However, when more than two hours of this monotonous labour had continued, I suggested the men would work better still if they had some food. So we took lunch, and then they fell to their labour with greater pertinacity than ever.

She kept on repeating, "I think it's the place, I think it's the place," and so we went on until, to my horror, I found that we had been so intent on the

reappearance of half a dozen old tools and cow bones that the steamer had called and had gone away again.

"Good gracious! The steamer's been and gone," I exclaimed; but she took it very calmly, and bade the men dig on. At last, when light was failing us, she stopped them, merely observing that they would have time to-morrow until the departure of the boat at the same hour.

She was much disappointed, for we found absolutely nothing of the slightest interest. The few rough tools were not so good as those that might be bought in any Neuchâtel shop for a franc or two. I suggested, as we once more walked to the town, that next day she must begin a sketch in order that we should not have to reproach ourselves with being empty-handed. Yes, she would do that if I promised to keep a watch where the men would be again trenching. We both found good quarters, and I never enjoyed a supper more than the one we had together before we each sought our rooms. It was only of milk and cheese and bread, but I felt I was up to any amount of more mud, bones, and stones if I could enjoy such a *tête-à-tête* again. Solicitors are apt to work too hard, and it weakens sometimes their naturally hard nature. They like a reaction and a pretty face—that of a client, of course, preferred.

IV.

WHEN next morning the curio hunt began we little thought what unexpected results would follow. I wandered up the cliff and along it, to find a good point of view from which Miss Nelson might sketch the town. I had gone some little distance without satisfying myself, when, near a stumpy oak tree that overhung the cliff edge, so that its boughs happily framed in the aspect of the town, with its castle and the towers along the outer walls, I halted, thinking the spot might suit. The tree boughs hung down too much, and, to get lower to look under them, I stooped, and saw that recent rains had crumbled away the broken stone in the cliff ridge, so that it had fallen in a little landslip on to a

broader and harder and more projecting band in the horizontal lying strata of rock beneath.

I slowly climbed down this rain-broken *débris* to the harder rock below, and there the boughs did not interfere, but on the contrary were exactly arranged so as to give greater effect to the coronal of towers, with the lake and further hills beyond it. Wondering if I could persuade Miss Nelson to leave her precious diggers, I stepped up to the top of the cliff again, and going round to her, told her that I hoped she would re-

member her promise about the sketch; that the old lake margin was as interesting in its way as the lake bottom itself, and that nothing could be better for shade and general view than the spot I had found, from which she could see her diggers, and myself watching them, so that if anything were found I could hail her. After a time of fruitless digging she assented, and I piloted her to my cliff perch.



"Hullo! Look here."

She had been warned that there were adders sometimes among the rocks and broken stones of this part of the country, especially near the lake. It was this that made her turn to me, as she was preparing, with my assistance, a seat on the little landslide. I began to look around, to see if there were any of the horrid reptiles about. I was engaged in doing this, and in peering especially behind a big slab that lay against the face of the

rock, when, for my amusement, and to make sure of nothing disagreeable being under it, I pushed it off the cliff with my knee, so that it fell the twenty feet or so that separated us from the flat below.

Underneath there was no snake, but a hole in the cliff, and at the entrance of the hole, in the shade of the projecting layer of limestone, a something that glittered white. I lifted it, and found it to be a censer spoon—one of those flat and broad little spoons of silver of a form still used in Roman Catholic churches.

"Hullo! Look here," I said to Miss Nelson. "There you have been digging for the best part of two days, and have found nothing, but here is something evidently of silver."

She came and looked, and bent down and gazed into the cavity, and then rose with her face all aglow, and in a trembling whisper said: "Look there. Kneel down and look there."

I did so, and my heart seemed to stop—for there, filling up a cavity, was a heap of golden objects. I shoved in my hand and brought out by its shaft a long cross, resplendent with roughly set jewels, then a chain of gold, then another smaller cross; then the splendidly encrusted half of an old Bible, whose cover was a mass of silver, gold, and crystals. We were both as silent as the grave, but we were both breathing hard.

"Don't say a word to mortal man," I said. "We must close the place with rubbish, and quietly get it all away. It is an old treasure deposit. It can't belong to anyone except the finders, but there may be some foolish law we don't know anything about. Let's shut up (I became slangy in my excitement) and go to the men. I'll think what we can do."

She never said a word, but her eyes dilated with joy.

"How strange my dream!" she said.

"What dream?" I asked.

"It was about the flat ground, that I found a treasure among the piles," she said.

"Ah! it was not your dream, but your dread of snakes that brought this discovery," I said. "Fancy a rusty, musty, fusty solicitor like me finding such a thing."

"No, no!" she laughed at last, rather hysterically; "you only found the censer spoon, I found the rest of those. Oh, what wonderful things!"

"I shall be quite content with the spoon," I replied.

We joined the men. We assiduously and hypocritically watched them till the afternoon, and then left by steamer.

"You were away at Estavayer," said our smiling host. "Nice place—nice castle—very nice—nice little town—very nice. Castle old. They say there are vaults there with church things, precious things—very nice—hidden there."

Lord! How we both blushed in the face of the landlord as he said this; how our hearts thumped

At last I returned the smile and said, "Yes, very nice—but how impossible!"

More smiles, wreathed smiles, with his hands behind his back, as though he were a conjurer going to bring out something precious! Not he. We knew more than that—more than he, or any other.

"Vaults—castle! Impossible! Would have been found long ago," I said rather breathlessly.

"Yes," he said, "that is what they say—things buried there from time of religious war. All here on this side of the lake Protestant, all on other side Catholic. Protestant chase Catholic priests. Catholic priests, afraid of robbery, go across at night with boats, say—hide all treasures in castle."

"Dear me, is that so? Yes, I think they may be there, then," I said.

Miss Nelson was very pale, very thoughtful.

"Time of persecution," landlord went on, smiling more than ever at either the agitation of the ancient priests or at our assumed incredulity. "'Fraud of being killed, 'fraud of jewels taken away; gold and silver of all churches all taken away and hidden."

"Should get up a company," I said, "and search old castle rock; sure to be there, if anywhere. Good evening. I thank you," making a sign that the interview was ended, for Miss Nelson would faint, I thought.

Oh no, nothing of the kind. She was

all in a fever to get plans made to get the treasure away. I made her promise solemnly not to tell Hardy. She declared she had absolute confidence in me. I said she should know everything and have everything, if she would only let me act alone.

The story of the priests going over in boats at night gave me the hint. I got a boat opposite the place, and far away from Neuchâtel. The maid, Miss Nelson, and I went on a sketching excursion there. We bought sacks at a far-off village. We rowed across when it was dark. We two filled the sacks, and the following Saturday a rather heavy market basket was taken out of the Estavayer steamer at Neuchâtel and carried to the Hotel Bellevue. Thence, with the aid of the British Minister at Berne, who was given to understand that some old plate had been bought by me on commission at various places, I got a box filled with the treasure through to England. Another box followed, and another, until in the course of three years (for we took our time about it, and could well afford to

do so) several sensational sales occurred at various great auctions.

Hardy entirely recovered his health, and never scoffs at his wife's hopes, or imaginations, or dreams. He and his wife are my clients, and have made me keep a wonderful reliquary, which I tell them is the cause of all his good health. I can't inquire whose bone it holds. Certainly not that of any of the ancient lake dwellers. I wouldn't give twopence for their bones.

No more melancholy songs have been sung by Hardy, or anyone else that I know of, at that little restaurant. I did not care to see Hardy, but had to meet him to please Miss Nelson—I should say, Mrs. Hardy. They are both well off now—so am I. I am told that the Hotel Bellevue is a better hotel than ever, and that once in every two years or so a lady with an amber charm on her breast is seen with a gentleman who is robustly delicate. Nobody ever finds golden treasure now, and the greatest treasure of all is not seen there—namely, the solicitor who found so much unsolicited.

THE IDLE SHIP.

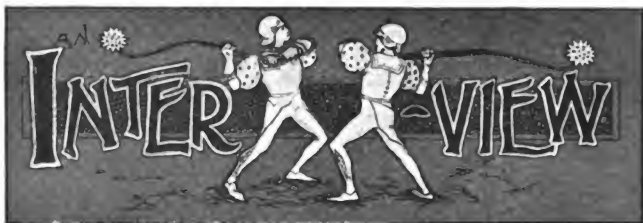
By L. E. B.

BLUE above, and blue below,
Fleecy clouds that come and go,
White waves rippling to and fro,
Anchored idly in the bay
On this peaceful summer day,
There that little ship must stay.

Still as its reflection clear,
In the water splashing near
Masts and ropes and sails appear.
Longing for a breeze from land,
Sun-browned sailors sit or stand,
Caps pushed back, and pipes in hand.

Watching seagulls skimming by,
Wishing they with them could fly,
Where their quiet homesteads lie.

Wind will come at eventide,
They will into harbour glide
O'er the tranquil waters wide.



WITH THE SAGE OF CHOBHAM.

By T. W. H. CROSLAND,

Author of "The Unspeakable Scot," "Lovely Woman," etc.

I HAD been commissioned by the Editor of the ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE to interview Mr. T. W. H. Crosland. Taking my life in my hands, I proceeded to the great man's country establishment (see view), and made humble representations to his butler. This worthy, who declined for various reasons to lend me his photograph, informed me privily that Mr. Crosland was a very "harbiterly gent," and that he (the butler), for his part, had strict orders to give all interviewers a glass of beer and as much bread and cheese as they could eat, and lead them gently but firmly off the premises. He waved away with deprecatory gesture the bright half-crown which I proffered him, but remarked that if I would kindly wait in the paddock, he would approach his lordship on the subject and see what could be done. I put a five-shilling piece to the half-crown, and in seven seconds by the clock found myself at the master's bedside.

He looked at me dourly. "Do you make affidavit and say," he inquired, "that you are a friend, and that you have nothing to do with the Income Tax?"

I replied that I did.

"Very good," he said, "you may fire away."

Being, as the reader will have gathered, an exceedingly expert interviewer indeed, I plunged at once into the middle of things.

"Mr. Crosland," I said, "have you any views about publishers?"

The floodgates were opened and the fountains of the mighty deep broken up.

"The publishers of London," whispered Mr. C., "are a fine body of men. I believe that some day every one of them will pay twenty shillings in the pound, and hence neither myself nor Mrs. Crosland have the smallest fear for our old age. The modern publisher of course labours under many grave disadvantages. In the first place, he is convinced that the reading public is entirely without taste and perennially short of money. It will read the classics, always provided that you serve them up at threepence; it will read fiction of the more sentimental order, if it can borrow it at the libraries; and it will buy fiction in sixpenny and shilling volumes if they are stout enough and put in the right covers. For the rest, there is no book-reading or book-buying public whom it will pay a publisher to consider. This view prevails to such an extent that cheap publishing is rapidly crowding out all other kinds. In consequence, numbers of reputable authors find it quite impossible to make a living with their pens, and there are even instances of authors of repute being compelled to contribute to the cost of producing their works. Books published at the author's expense are seldom pushed, and for some reason

or other they seldom succeed. Indeed, it may be said roughly that, if we except the output of half-a-dozen over-popular writers, the only books which nowadays succeed financially are those purchased out-and-out by the publishers for sums ranging from twenty-five to a hundred and fifty pounds. The average novelist makes his income out of his serial rights. The average author in other departments makes his bread and butter out of journalism, or some other profession.

"Publishers as a body are not in the least interested in the publication of new literature. They will not, knowingly, take the smallest risk, and their sole ambition is to make as much money as they possibly can and make it with lightning rapidity. The only consideration respecting any literary project is, will it pay and will it pay forthwith? It follows that the trade is becoming of smaller and smaller consequence, and in fifty years' time we shall have no really important publishing concern left. The tendency to-day is to do everything on the cheap. You begin

by giving your author fifty or a hundred pounds for his manuscript. Knowing that he would be unlikely to receive more and that his book will be read and recommended for publication by a reader who is either 'employed in the office' at two or three pounds a week, or paid for his labour at the rate of from three to five shillings a manuscript, the author simply shovels his book together as best he may, and writes it not for his own credit's sake and not with a view to captivating the public, but simply to tickle the publisher and his flat-minded reader. Having been delivered, the manuscript is rushed off to the cheapest printer's, and there set up in

page form so as to save the expense of slip-proofs. Author's corrections, unless they be of the very slightest, are either charged to the author or ignored. I have myself been charged for author's corrections without having made a single alteration on the proofs. Then as to paper, the cheapest is your only wear, and the binding is cut down to the merest percentage on the cost of the cases and labour. On the other side of the hedge there are all sorts of percentages to the bookselling trade: 'threepence in the shilling off' to the public, and the sale to the public of cloth-bound books at six-

pence and a shilling, which must have cost fivepence and tenpence in quantity. So that the people who are doing well out of books are the public. Authorship *qua* authorship, does not pay; the publishers are at their wits' ends for money, and the booksellers have to eke out their rent by selling leather purses and picture-postcards.

"For this state of affairs the publishers are, in my opinion, wholly to blame. They appear to be quite incapable of standing up for them-

selves; and they tremble continually before the bookseller. Things have come to such a pass, indeed, that in many publishing houses a bookseller's whims count for everything. The country traveller of a publishing firm will write to say that Messrs. Blithers, of Hucksterton-on-Sea, do not like the cover of Mr. So-and-So's new book. The cover is immediately altered. Messrs. Somebodyelse are of opinion that Mr. So-and-So's volume of poems should be published at half-a-crown and not at five shillings, and bound in linen and not in leather, and the publisher straightway thinks so too. Miss Thingamy's last novel did not make



Photo by]

[W. Utley.

MR. T. W. H. CROSLAND.

a fortune at a shilling, and one of the wholesale houses offers to 'stack' her if the publisher will do her at sixpence. And at sixpence she is done. The fact is, that nobody ought to start publishing without plenty of brains and plenty of capital; and there is not one publisher in ten who has either brains or capital enough for his job."

It being now high noon, Mr. Crosland expressed a desire to rise. In the palatial drawing-room a quarter of an hour later

proprietors," he said, "make the same mistake as English publishers. They believe that there is no market for good stuff, and consequently they make a point of purveying bad; and because one or two of them have come by large fortunes at the business, all the others believe that this is the only way. Here again, parsimony is the rule. Journalists as a body are scandalously underpaid even on the wealthiest journals, and sub-editors, reporters, and outside contributors lead



THE SURREY RESIDENCE OF MR. T. W. H. CROSLAND.

we sat discussing a bottle of priceless "Eau de le Puit" and the talk drifted to journalism. Mr. Crosland indulges the warmest feelings towards certain journals and journalists. His opinions respecting the noble halfpenny Press of this country are altogether admirable; though they may not be popular. Probably they do not matter. He holds that the newspaper Press of England was never in worse case than it is to-day, and that it will probably become a great deal more venal and unscrupulous before it begins to improve. "English newspaper

dogs' lives on dogs' rewards. At the office of a newspaper which is supposed to be backed by enormous wealth, a well-known journalist recently found the munificent sum of one shilling waiting for him as payment for a paragraph which had taken him half-a-day to get. Another journal owned by a wealthy member of the aristocracy, who takes pride in figuring as a patron of letters, sent a poorly-paid member of its staff to the Isle of Wight at the time of the demise of the late Queen Victoria, and allowed him the sum of two pounds for expenses,

refusing to pay a penny more; while one of the principal illustrated journals recently sent an author a cheque for five shillings for a set of verses which he had submitted before he became famous and which had never been returned to him. On sending back the cheque and pointing out that his price for the verses was three guineas and not five shillings, the editor wrote to inform him that five shillings represented the editor's view of the value of the work. The verses have not been paid for to this day.

"The man who can scratch together two hundred a year out of literary journalism, or three to four hundred a year out of ordinary journalism, may consider himself more or less fortunate, and under the present régime he is never sure of his position even at that."

"Therefore, on the whole, you would advise a man to steer clear of both authorship and journalism?"

"It is of little use to offer advice in such matters, because people who write are seldom their own masters, and their doorstep is usually adorned by a fairly healthy wolf. But I do think that authors and journalists are greatly to blame when they accept inadequate fees for their work. It is true that if you have a difference about money with a publisher or an editor, in nine cases out of ten you can never deal with him again. It is true also that there are plenty of people in the world who are quite ready to work for nothing, if they can only secure an appearance in print. At the same time, the writing animal would, in my opinion, be all the better for a little more backbone where finance is concerned. As it is, he is far too grateful for small mercies, and his anxiety to appear to be prospering makes him at once a blackleg and a lackey."

In the magnificent blackberry groves which adjoin Mr. Crosland's *château* I reminded him that he had told me nothing about himself — of his descent from the Earls of Hunslet and Holbeck; of his famous ancestor Sir Jordan Crosland; of his early education under the most proficient masters; of his bitter struggles to gain a footing on the so-called ladder of fame; of his subsequent attainment to

enormous sales and vast wealth, not to mention the close friendship of the crowned heads of Europe; of the gold watch and chain presented to him for saving the life of a policeman; of the letter he received from an old lady at Brighton, praising the whole of his books; of the numberless powerful journals he had started; of the appearance of his works in fifteen foreign tongues; of his engaging excursions into litigation, and of his ultimate and glorious translation to the Bankruptcy Court.

Mr. Crosland "tugged nervously at his moustache" — which phrase, by the way, I borrow from the newspaper reporters. "If you desire full particulars as to these things," he said modestly, "you had better turn to the files of F.A.T., which journal was courteous enough to give me a five-line paragraph eighteen months ago."

"Now as to the future — Surely you have plans?"

"Well," he replied; "other things being equal, I shall shortly bring out a new twopenny paper. The books likely to appear from my pen in the near future are "Death," which is a profound and epoch-making work; "Scotland for Ever," in which I deal touchingly with Dr. Andrew Lang, Dr. Harry Lauder, and other eminent Scotchmen, and "Glasses Only," which is an attempt to come pleasantly by the facts concerning beer. I am also writing "The Life and Times of Alfred Harmsworth," and have almost ready for publication a volume of poems and a scarifying work entitled "The Impenitent Jew."

"Then there is your palace at Chobham — Would you care to give me an inventory of the furniture?"

"No."

"Do you possess any growing crops?"

"No."

"Do you own any live stock?"

"Yes, two goats, named respectively Marie Corelli and Hall Caine; also two dogs, who prefer that their names should be suppressed."

"Of course, like every other literary man, you keep a number of motor cars?"

"Don't be rude."

"And a staff of servants?"

"Ibid."

"And you have a 'study' filled with *bric-à-brac* and objects of art, and always odorous of the flowers placed there by loving hands?"

"You can put that in if you like, but it is not true."

"You have an enormous library?"

"Yes, at the British Museum."

"Who is your favourite author?"

"Mr. William Heinemann."

"And I believe you speak and write thirty-eight languages?"

"That is so; and you may say that I think in millions."

"Have you any friends?"

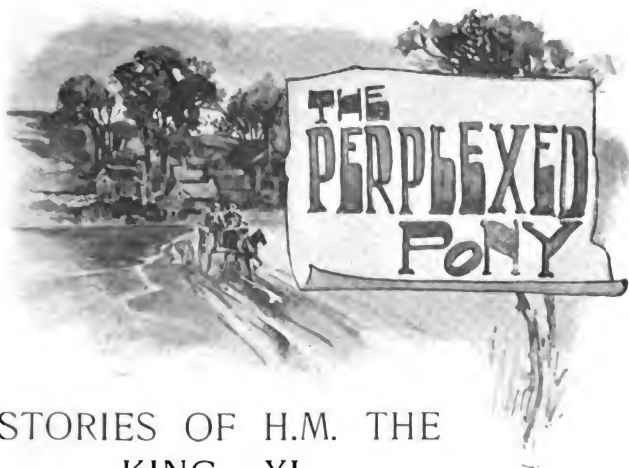
"Yes, the money-lenders."

I came thoughtfully away from that charmed spot (see view), pondering deeply

on the attributes of genius. There was this lonely man in a brown dressing-gown, whose thoughts have irritated thousands and who has papered an out-house with printed abuse of himself. What a figure! What a commentary on the times! And as I trudged steadily along the road to Woking, which is several miles distant, I wondered how long it would be before the railway company will have enterprise enough to issue cheap tickets to the Crosland Country, so that the weary City clerk and the brainy people who patronise *The Times* Book Club may have reasonable opportunities for breathing (even though it may only be for a single afternoon) the same air as this truly great and good man.



COWS AT CHOBHAM.



STORIES OF H.M. THE KING.—XI.

By WALTER NATHAN.

THE family of the Duke of R— has always been most intimately connected with all branches of sport, and the son of the present holder of the title, Lord M—, is above all a most noted whip. His coach is always among the most admired at every meet of the Coaching Club at which he is present, and his ambition is to have every point of his equipage as perfect as money, taste, and judgment can make it. His horses are usually young and high-spirited, requiring considerable skill to keep them together, and this he does to perfection, even in the bustle and turmoil of the London streets.

On accepting the annual invitation of the Duke of R— to visit him during the week in which races were held in the vicinity of the family seat, His Majesty, then Prince of Wales, personally expressed his admiration of four chestnuts which were then being driven by Lord M—, and added, "I trust on my visit I may have the pleasure

of driving them." Lord M— of course bowed acquiescence, but his mind was perturbed. No one save himself had ever handled these four horses; in fact, he would not even allow the grooms to drive them from his door to the stables, and, to do him justice, besides this rather foolish feeling of jealous proprietorship, one of anxiety for the Prince most disturbed him. He was unacquainted with H.R.H.'s capabilities as a coachman, and the horses required considerable skill in management. However, nearly a month was to elapse before the proposed visit, and Lord M— went the next day to X, and began driving his team regularly twice a day over the road which he determined should be the road His Royal Highness should drive the chestnuts, if he drove them at all. After a fortnight's careful training the horses knew the road and pace they were expected to travel quite as well as their master. He then put up his coachman and found the animals go equally well under his

guidance. Towards the end of the month the horses swept round the long carriage drive and pulled up exactly opposite the entrance with the same precision when left to themselves as when guided.

On the arrival of the Prince, an inquiry respecting the chestnuts showed that His Royal Highness had not forgotten his original design, and Lord M—— congratulated himself on being fully prepared for the occasion. Shortly after breakfast the next morning the drag with the four chestnuts harnessed thereto stood before the door. His Royal Highness mounted the box, Lord M—— being seated by his side, and the prescribed route was indicated to the Prince as being the best road and most picturesque drive in the vicinity. The drive was a complete success, the Prince declaring that he had never handled four horses that went so well together, and general satisfaction reigned. There is, however, an old proverb and a true one, which declares it never safe to holloa until you are out of the wood, and the ensuing morning, while Lord M—— was engaged on his preparations for his guests' visit to the racecourse, the Prince took a sudden fancy to order out the drag again. On mounting the box, the Prince drew up the reins, but before starting looked round the beautiful park uncertain for the moment which way to take. The matter was soon decided for him. The chestnuts at once broke into a sharp, rhythmical trot, taking the same road as on the previous day. The Prince was astonished. He had noticed these same horses in London as being particularly frisky and difficult to drive, and here they were moving along like a perfectly constructed piece of machinery without the slightest assistance from their charioteer. He held the reins in hand loosely, and allowed them to take their own course, which proved to be precisely the same as that of the previous day, taking the same turns, and drawing up at the entrance hall with a flourish which would have been creditable to the most veteran coachman. On dismounting, he called the groom to him.

"These are very beautiful horses and go together perfectly. You will be care-

ful to rub them down and see to them carefully. How old are they?"

"Four years old, your Ryle Highness," replied the man; "all foaled within a month of each other. Very young for coach-horses, but his Ludship likes to have a bit of life in front of him."

"And yet they appeared to go very steadily with me," said the Prince.

"Well, yer see, of course they was quieted down a bit by going the same journey so constant, and not too much grub either the last month."

"Then they have been trained for me?" remarked the Prince.

"Very strict indeed," said the man. "We hopes as your Ryle Highness is satisfied with them."

"Oh, perfectly, perfectly," said the Prince, handing the man a sovereign. But H.R.H. was hurt. There is an unwritten law which enjoins that in all matters of sport the Prince should be sunk in the sportsman, and although in the case of some weakening the violation of this law might be excusable, it was not so with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who is as good an all-round sportsman as these islands can show. With his usual good nature, nothing in his manner would have led an observer to suppose that anything had ruffled his temper during the visit, but he determined in his own inimitable way to read Lord M—— a lesson which he would remember.

In the winter of that year the Prince had a shooting party, of which Lord M—— was a member. On the third morning of the visit the cover to be shot lay some seven miles from the house, as a circle was being worked beginning with the outer boundaries. The Prince held Lord M—— in conversation until most of the other guests had departed, and then said:—

"I have a pony I should like you to see, and then you can drive it to cover. If," he added with a smile, "it is not beneath the dignity of so celebrated a whip to drive a pony which formerly belonged to a lady."

Lord M—— expressed his pleasure, and they strolled to the porch, where the most beautiful specimen of the Norfolk cob stood harnessed to a Ralli-car. About

14.3 in height, he was perfectly proportioned. Round barrel, short legs and head; eyes large, brilliant and almost human in intelligence, and coat which shone with the lustre of shot silk. Lord M—— expressed his admiration.

"Yes," replied the Prince; "he is a beautiful animal. Will you take the reins?" With which the Prince seated himself in the car, and Lord M—— took up the reins.

The pony started off. His knee action was superb and his pace a marvel.

"You have a treasure here, sir," said Lord M——; "I never cared much for single harness, but it is a positive pleasure to dr—— halloa! what's up?" he exclaimed, as he was nearly thrown over the front of the car by the sudden stopping of the pony, who threw his head into the air, planted his forelegs straight in front of him, and stood stock still. Lord M—— was out of the trap and at the pony's head in an instant. He walked round him. "I thought his shaft might have got in his collar, but it is all right, sir. I wonder what made him stop like that? such a beauty, too," he continued, patting the pony's nose. He returned to his seat, gathered the reins, flicked his whip and said "Gee up." But the pony had



"Hullo! What's up?" exclaimed his lordship.

turned his head round and was regarding him with a perplexed and sorrowful expression. "Clk, clk," cried his lordship, giving the off-side rein a tug. The pony's mouth might have been adamant for all the notice he took. "Clk, clk, gee up." Crack, crack went the whip, but the pony still kept his mournful glance on his driver and declined to budge an inch.

"Let me drive," said the Prince, changing seats.

He flicked the whip, saying, "Go on, Johnny."

The pony straightened himself and set off at the same admirable pace as before.

"Very singular," said his lordship; "perhaps he's a jibber?"

"I think not," said the Prince.

The pony was rattling along. "Will you allow me to try again, sir?" at last remarked Lord M——.

"Certainly," returned the Prince.

They changed seats. The pony went along beautifully.

"Extraordinary thing, stopping like he did," said Lord M——; "he goes well enough now." But the last word was jerked out of his throat by the pony again becoming a statue. Whip, voice, and rein were brought into requisition without effect. Lord M—— descended, examined the harness, picked up each foot to see if a stone was there, whistled, and patted the pony, and finally got in, took up the reins, flicked the whip, and said, "Go on, Johnny." But Johnny kept his gaze fixed on his lordship and did not go on: he only looked more mournfully perplexed than ever. "Go on, Johnny," said his lordship, in a wheedling tone. The pony began to move, but he followed the direction in which he was looking

and bent his body, as well as his head, towards his lordship; presently the strain sent the car in a circular direction backward, and the pony began moving sideways towards his driver, slowly at first, but soon at a pretty brisk walk. With the driver's efforts to get the animal straight, and the pony's endeavour to turn on his driver, their faces nearly touched. "He wants to bite me," cried his lordship, drawing over to the Prince's corner. "He never bites," replied the Prince. "This is most extraordinary," continued Lord M——; "he'll certainly break the shaft; will you take him, sir?"

"Will you not continue to drive?"

"Not unless your Royal Highness insists on it. I thought I could drive anything, but I confess this circus pony has beaten me."

"He is not a circus pony, I assure you," returned the Prince. "Until two months ago he was regularly driven by the Princess of Wales, who gave him to me on my return from X. I was so impressed with the skill by which you had turned four unruly four-year-olds into jog-trotting, staid old coach-horses that I, too, was desirous of trying my hand at amateur training. With what result you see."



THE TEA PARTY.



By OSCAR PARKER.

THERE is promise in the opening of the dramatic season this autumn.

Not that there is any occasion for extreme complacency, when we survey the field as a whole—no sudden conversion of London's six million inhabitants from seekers after frivolous pleasures to sedate apostles of culture, but the man or the woman who cares for a little solid refreshment between drinks of sweetened water—the individual who feels that he has a mind to be entertained as well as senses, can find what he wants with less seeking than has too often been necessary in recent years. I am not condemning the light-hearted entertainment root and branch, or despising all appeals to surface amusement, only the excess of it. A people who go that way persistently will find themselves in the paradise of fools eventually. They were a light-hearted people in Queen Bess's day, but good Lord, what virile and agile minds they had!

Of the new productions promised none stirred so keen anticipation as Mr. Comyns Carr's poetical drama, "Tristram and Iseult." To abet this eagerness there were the author's reputation, the glamour of the old story—its romantic and mystic charm, and the love of good work that saturates all the Adelphi does under the existing management. I think it was felt that Mr. Comyns Carr's play was in just the right hands—that on no other stage in

London would it receive quite that quality of sympathetic treatment from all concerned in its production which would enshrine the rugged elements of the tale in a glow of poetic fancy. And this presage is confirmed by the fact. The play is a triumph in the most difficult of fields. It is suffused with human passions, love and hate, envy and rivalry, jealousy and emulation, despair and high courage. Throughout there is the clank of arms and a picture of life where men aspire to deeds of valour and women to award or to revenge their heroes. But we only breathe the atmosphere of combat; we do not see it, and the rude habits of that early age are transfigured so that the story becomes the romance of humanity in all ages. Even the supernatural incidents take their place as symbols and do not destroy, therefore, or weaken the human quality of the play.

Mr. Comyns Carr has varied the legend with a consummate sense of dramatic values. King Mark inflamed with envy of the great repute of Sir Tristram of Lyonesse, consents to his voyaging to Ireland to seek at the hands of Iseult healing for the wound he received from the poisoned spear of Iseult's brother whom Tristram had killed in combat. The enemies of Tristram, knowing that a price has been set on his head in Ireland, urge on this enterprise, hoping thus to be rid of the great knight. Tristram sets sail and engages to ask

the hand of Iseult for his master, King Mark. He lands in Ireland so sorely stricken by his wound that he forgets his name and mission, but at King Gormon's Court, where he is hospitably entertained as the "Unknown Knight," he is healed by the King's daughter, Iseult, who falls in love with him and he with her. It falls out, however, that a Paynim knight has overcome all the knight's of King Gormon's Court in the lists and demands the hand of Iseult as the gage of victory. Tristram, learning this, challenges the Paynim and conquers him. On his return from the lists he is received with acclamations, and King Gormon engages to bestow upon him any award he may ask. He is about to ask for the hand of Iseult, but bethinks him in time of his pledge to his own Sovereign, and asks for Iseult for King Mark. The third act takes place on the ship conveying the lovers back to Cornwall. Tristram is in despair because he thinks Iseult hates him for the murder of his brother; Iseult is in despair because Tristram has asked her hand not for himself but for King Mark. Iseult's handmaiden is carrying a love-potion to Cornwall which she has secret instructions to administer to Iseult and King Mark on their wedding eve. Tristram and Iseult believe it to be a death potion and drink it on the eve of landing. Then the scales fall from their eyes and everything is forgotten in the love that possesses them. In Cornwall Iseult is lodged in a bower in the wood, and here Tristram visits her. Their meetings are betrayed to King Mark. He surprises them together. Tristram draws his sword upon his sovereign, and is stabbed in the back by the King's cousin, Sir Andred.

Mr. Comyns Carr's blank verse is at once vigorous and tender. He has the power of rendering it sympathetic to the dramatic mood of the moment. It is replete with fine imagery and suffused with poetic fancies and lends itself to effective declamation. Such lines as

"The conquered waves went sobbing back to sleep"

charm the ear and cling to the memory, and the poem is full of such lines. Rarely

too do we hear blank verse spoken on the stage with so much feeling for its beauty as by the company engaged in this production. As I have said before, earnestness is the key-note of all the work of the Adelphi company, and in nothing they have done has this quality been more manifest. Miss Lily Brayton gains in power and subtlety of art every year. Her Iseult is a masterpiece of acting and elocution. Mr. Matheson Lang's Tristram is a noble figure, a complete realisation of the faultless knight of Lyonesse. And King Mark in the hands of Mr. Oscar Asche is an equally finished picture, while all the supplementary parts are admirably rendered. In truth "Tristram and Iseult" at the Adelphi is very close to events that mark epochs.

An obvious "moral" attaches to Mrs. Henry de la Pasture's play of "Peter's Mother," with which Wyndham's Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Otho Stuart, opened its autumn season, a moral enforced unnecessarily by an occasional tendency towards preaching. On the whole, however, the lesson is rightly left to be taught by action rather than disquisition, and the result is a comedy of the domestic type, somewhat fragile it may be, invoking no great strain on the emotions, but agreeably stimulating our sympathies on the one hand and our chivalrous indignation on the other, and leaving us in a glow of satisfied anticipation of the future happiness of all concerned. Moreover, the comedy is extremely well acted, and is, therefore, an artistic delight.

The play presents to us a not uncommon situation in life—a wife and mother, young, eager, bright in temperament, by nature joyous and keenly responsive to love and tenderness and all that makes for happiness, married to a prim, exacting, selfish, self-centred martinet. He dies at the end of the first act, but the mantle of his offending qualities drops on the shoulders of his son and heir, Peter. At the commencement of the second act his mother has been a widow over two years. Peter resents her wearing bright dresses, resents her going into society, resents her



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MISS LILY BRAYTON AND MR. MATHESON LANG.

[Ellis & Walery.

In "Tristram and Iseult."—ADELPHI THEATRE.

making the house pleasant ; is indignant at the idea of her marrying again, prescribes the dower house and a mournful retirement for her, and as he proposes to marry and travel a good deal she must stay at home and look after the estate for his autocratic highness. As she is only thirty-seven or so and has effaced herself all her life for her husband's and son's whims, it is a rather hard fate for her, but the habit of self-sacrificing loving is strong in her and she prepares to give up the man she loves and the life of freedom that seemed at last to be possible. Peter's conversion and her emancipation are brought about by an ingenious and quite plausible device of the author, one more-over in the true vein of comedy.

As I have said, the cast of "Peter's Mother" is exceptionally adequate. Miss Marion Terry has never had a part that suited her better. To its every mood she brings a consummate power of interpretation, and like all super-sensitive natures her Lady Mary sounds the whole gamut of womanly emotions, joyous and tender, pathetic in her unappreciated loneliness, exquisitely maternal in her solicitude for her son, bountiful in love, gracious in self-surrender, radiant in happiness—Miss Terry holds us enchanted at every moment when she is on the stage. Mr. Norman McKinnell is seen in but one act, but as always his method is sound, and Mr. Matthews plays Peter with fine judgment and discretion.

The curtain-raiser at Wyndham's deals with a gruesome tragedy in the Black Forest. Mr. Cecil Hamilton has dubbed his play "The Sixth Commandment," which sufficiently inscribes it. It is a strong piece of work, inasmuch as, though the murder has taken place some time ago, we seem to breathe the very atmosphere of the crime and to share the emotions of the actors in the tragedy. This effect is, of course, largely owing to the skill of Miss Maude MacIntosh, Mr. Walter Hampden and Mr. F. Percival Steyers, who impersonate the three principal parts.

The pastoral quality in Shakespeare's tragi-comedy, "The Winter's Tale," is,

like the bloom of the peach or the perfume of the hidden violet, the first appeal to our sensuous appreciation. The dire catastrophe at the Sicilian Court—the mad, unreasoning jealousy of Leontes ; the condemnation of his innocent queen ; the death of his son and heir—is a nightmare, a travesty of sane life, unreal because no adequate cause exists. The story itself repels us. It is savage and primitive. It lacks dramatic stiffness from the weakness of its base. Othello's jealousy is explicable ; it is built up block by block by the master hand. We are fain to confess that we, too, might have been deluded by the same chicanery and circumstance. But the jealousy of Leontes is gratuitous. Nevertheless, it is not impossible. Minds less noble than the noblest may fall a prey to the insidious suspicion and let it riot in the blood to the pitch of suffocation. When that happens, however, we have no pity for the self-deluded. Othello's madness never stops our flow of sympathy, but we despise Leontes. When his punishment comes upon him, our rejoicing has no alloy. And so ends the tragedy with the gracious Hermione cast out by her lord, his son dead, his daughter abandoned, his guest and his trusted counsellor driven from his Court, his own life blighted by his senseless suspicion, and nothing left him but endless remorse. It is the gloom of tragedy, and intensely irritating because baseless and unrelieved by artistic symmetry.

Then we pass into a different atmosphere, a pastoral calm and pure content, the smell of flowers, the song of birds, the sweetness of young love. The setting of this pastoral scene at His Majesty's Theatre is of great beauty. After the storm and stress of the first act, it comes like a benison and a promise of joy. It restores our emotional balance, tricks us into a charitable mood and resigns us to receiving even Leontes, duly penitent, into favour once more. Miss Viola Tree's Perdita, winsome and joyous, just blossoming into womanhood, is pitched to the exact key of the scene that frames her. She romps, dances, scatters flowers in a spirit as blithesome as the birds, as restless as the singing brook. She is in



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MISS ELLEN TERRY.

[F. W. Earford.]

As Hermione in "The Winter's Tale."—HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

love and the world is most fair. Her Florizel is very handsome; what cares she what else he may be? (For our part we wish Mr. Basil Gill might be a little more real—a little less conscious of his Princedom or the dignity of blank verse, or whatever else it is that puts a certain stiffness into his manner.) When the check to their happiness comes, we cannot be much concerned. This is comedy—the end must be joyful. And so the lovers dance off on their way to Sicily, and take no luggage but the bird in its wicker cage. This is the merry, unthinking hey-day of life, Perdita's blossoming—who was born in the midst of grief and tragic wrong. The whole scene is so blithe and simple and pure that it is like a reincarnation of the human passions, a purging of their grossness. With one exception, Autolycus, in Mr. Somerset's hands, is not the merely merry scamp, trolling his devious way bithely, but a rather turbid kind of rascal. He is not quite in tone with the picture. He has a conscience and ignores it, whereas Autolycus the real had no conscience whatever, an irresponsible rogue.

I think all London will wish to see Miss Ellen Terry in the play in which, as the little Mamillius, she made her *début* on the London stage fifty years ago. Hermione is not a severely exacting part. While the action is taking place in Bohemia, she makes no appearance. During the sixteen years—an interlude quite fatal to dramatic unity—while her daughter is growing up, she is supposed to be living in strict seclusion, while Leontes supposes her to be dead. Miss Mary Anderson, it will be remembered, doubled the parts of Perdita and Hermione, a feat which the structure of the play permits, but a most exacting undertaking. Hermione has but one great scene, where she is called upon to defend herself against the unjust charge of her husband; but Miss Terry, from her first appearance in the play, paints with unerring touches the character of the Queen, the devoted wife, the fond mother, the gracious hostess, in whom a noble dignity of character consorts with all the sweeter feminine graces. When, like a bolt from the blue, her hour of sorrow

comes upon her, she is still the queen, though stunned by the unjust calumny. She pleads without rant or passion, but without humility, and with the accents of proud grief in every word. And, again, in the concluding scene, when mother, daughter and husband meet once more, there is the same charm of gracious, forgiving, beneficent womanhood. A very strong impersonation, too, is Mr. Charles Warner's Leontes. He makes no attempt to soften its uncompromising harshness and barbarity—no appeal to our sympathies; but he is dignified, kingly in the autocratic vein, consistent with himself in his diseased state of mind, and so convincing. He is a splendid foil to the gentle and sane Hermione. The Paulina of Miss Tree is also full of vigour; she declaims her invective upon Leontes with a spirit and earnestness that finds a hearty response in the minds of her audience. The play is very beautifully mounted and embellished with those realistic aids to the illusion which we are accustomed to see introduced at His Majesty's with a prodigal hand.

Between "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and "The Sin of William Jackson," produced at the Lyric in September, there lies a gulf spanned by only one bridge. That one connecting link is ingenuity of invention. The Baroness Orczy and Mr. Barstow, the joint authors of both plays, can weave a plot of melodramatic texture, with bold and unexpected devices that stir the pulses. They accomplish even that rare thing in melodrama, a plot in which the incidents serve to unfold and emphasise character. Both "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and "The Sin of William Jackson" have these qualities, but otherwise they lie far apart. The earlier play is suffused with romance; the latter moves in a sordid and vulgar atmosphere. Its title is repellent at the very start, and too obviously thrusts upon our attention the sombre story we are to witness and its colourless environment. These are not things that make for success with a British audience. We have no class of play-goers to whom drama appeals as drama irrespective of



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MISS RUTH VINCENT.

In "Amasis,"—NEW THEATRE.

its atmosphere; and to set a play in the slums, or in a place but one remove from the slums, is to offend the sensibilities of every class who patronise a West-end theatre. Of course, this ought not to be. Life is not all Belgravian, and county families do not monopolise the piquant and poignant episodes of existence. Tom, Dick, and Harry and their donahs have human passions also, and their passions often lie nearer the surface and under lighter curb than do those of the higher social ranks. There is plenty of drama, such as it is, in Whitechapel and Stepney. We are told that the dramatist should be more virile than he is, more in touch with unsophisticated nature—with the primitive springs of human action. Is "The Sin of William Jackson" a response to that appeal? If so, it is one more example of the divergence between critical and popular judgment.

But whatever may have been the intention of its authors, "The Sin of William Jackson" is not in fact a play to grip the sympathies of an audience. The hero, William Jackson, is just out of prison, after serving a term of four years for manslaughter. The heroine is the wife of a bookmaker, who is a sot and a bully. She married him after the hero's incarceration because she was about to have a child by the hero and the marriage "saved the situation." Jackson comes back to her from prison to find her married, the wretched wife of a man who abuses her. He gets rid of her husband by tempting him into the apartments of another married woman whose husband stabs him, and on the very day of the bookmaker's funeral, Jackson and the widow plight their troth. I am putting the story very baldly, but gloss it as one may it remains essentially a drama of very low life and of the most primitive passions. At only one moment does it rise above that sordid level. When the widow first learns that her old love had tempted her husband to his death, a glimmer of a finer nature asserts itself, but the revulsion is brief. The cruder passion reasserts itself and she throws herself into her lover's arms. Miss Nina Boucicault played the part of Mrs. Valentine,

a part but ill suited to her naturally blithe and radiant manner, with surprising power. It was the redeeming feature of a production which was destined, from weaknesses inherent in the play itself, to but a short life.

"See-See," at the Prince of Wales's, has all the surface marks of the musical play of the period. Messrs. Fred Gresac and Paul Ferrier wrote a dainty play on a Chinese theme of eccentric humour. Mr. Charles E. Brookfield adapts it very freely in a libretto for musical setting. Mr. Adrian Ross turns out a bunch of lyrics delicate and witty. Mr. Sidney Jones sets it all to melody. Mr. Percy Greenbank writes some more lyrics; Mr. Frank Tours composes some more songs. Two beautiful scenes are designed by Mr. F. Harker and Mr. Hawes Craven. One feels that one has seen it all before—all the brilliant, fantastic, melodious, farcical melange. As a matter of fact, however, one has not. "See-See," to a certain extent, belies the evidences of its origin—of its multifarious authorship and composite style of architecture. There is a method in its madness, a manifest effort to stick to a theme—to embellish upon a root idea instead of throwing together a medley of disconnected fancies and calling the composition a play. To just the extent to which "See-See" holds together as a consistent creation, we welcome it as a presage of even better things in this field. Its original, "La Troisième Lune," had, with all its extravagances, consistency; and we can be sure that Mr. Sidney Jones is too musicianly to degrade his art to mere sensationalism. In truth he has given us in "See-See" a taste of quality to which the musical play has not dared aspire. It is a rarer atmosphere altogether, and that playgoers breathe it with such relish is evidence that comic opera does not need to sink to such low levels as it often has done to sustain an audience. There is no occasion to unfold the plot of the piece. Love is the theme, and the ingenious wiles of lovers to counteract destiny as prescribed by unsympathetic and unromantic parents.



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MISS RUTH VINCENT.

In "Amasis,"—NEW THEATRE.

Mr. Huntley Wright's humours have abundant scope, and Miss Denise Orme is a very dainty and captivating See-See, singing her songs with a charming freshness of voice. Perhaps the memory lingers even more persistently over the delightful acting of Miss Lily Elsie as "Humming Bird," with a wish that the part might have given her greater opportunities. Miss Adrienne Augarde

and Miss Amy Augarde are both in the cast, and have some effective vocal numbers. Generally speaking, the songs of "See-See" are a good deal more than mere catchy melodies, framed for immediate appreciation by untrained ear. They fit the more ambitious scheme, as do the lyrics also; but that the whole production as a unit is popular is confirmed by the continued success of the piece.

BEWARE.

By ST. G. H.

L O, the clouds close around thee,
 Though shining the sun;
 And the phantoms have found thee,
 Yet thou seest none:
 Lest Genii may doom thee
 Beware, oh, beware!
 For fear they entomb thee,
 Breathe Mahomet's prayer.

Sultana, the danger
 Thou dream'st not is near,
 E'en thy bird restrains her
 Sad song, hushed by fear:
 Thy roses are scattered,
 No wind laid them low;
 Thy lute it lies shattered,
 Yet none gave the blow.

The cypress in sorrow
 Casts shade o'er thy head,
 And in fear of the morrow
 Thy vines have blush'd red;
 Thy pets and thy playthings
 Know danger is nigh;
 So by signs they betray things
 Unseen by the eye.

These omens all ask us
 To fly while we may
 By the Mosque of Damascus
 Ere yet come the day.
 O may merciful Allah
 Guide our sheets to the main;
 So the dark-eyed Abdallah
 Shall seek ye in vain.



WARNED.

From a painting by James Clark.



“CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL,” says Southey, “is a very interesting pile on many accounts, and a much finer building than books or common report had led me to expect.” The original edifice was founded about the middle of the eleventh century, and finished before the close of it. It was burnt down in 1114, and, after being restored, was a second time partially destroyed by fire in 1186. The greater part of the original building, however, remained uninjured, so far at least as the walls and arcades were concerned. Seffrid II., who was bishop in 1199, resolved to engraft a new superstructure on the old walls, and to give to that superstructure the architectural character in style and ornament which prevailed at the time. The result was that in Seffrid’s additions there is much more lightness and symmetry than in the original structure. The work was completed about the year 1204, at which time Chichester Cathedral may be described as consisting of the nave, with its single aisles; the centre arcade, with its low tower and transept; and the choir. Further additions, including a spire, were made during the three succeeding centuries.

Occupying a confined area in the middle of a parish churchyard, and surrounded by buildings, this cathedral is peculiarly unfortunate in site and elevation. The tower, with its spire, which exhibited both magnificence and

beauty in a more or less distant view of the city, produced but a tame effect when viewed from the immediate precincts. So great also was the demolition of the external architecture of the cathedral by Cromwell’s Ironsides during their occupation, and so careless and inartistic the manner in which the restoration was conducted, that the general appearance of the edifice has suffered more than that of most cathedrals with a similar history.

The nave, which in its original simplicity must have had a fine effect, has suffered in modern times by restorations. Its proportions have been dwarfed and its tone deteriorated by the scrolls and flowers in fresco and gaudy colours with which Bishop Sherborne (16th century) caused it to be “adorned.” Here are also to be seen a number of escutcheons with legends in the Gothic character, such as—“Manners makyth Man, Quoth William Wykeham.” Chichester is, after York, the broadest cathedral in England—its nave being 91 feet broad, while that of York is 103 feet.

It is to be presumed that this cathedral remained in a perfect state, as to repair and embellishment, until the middle of the seventeenth century. But its glory was then destined to depart from it—at least for many generations. On the 29th December, 1642, the Parliamentary forces under Sir William Waller gained possession of the city. Respecting the injury done to the cathedral by the



ruthless soldiery on this occasion, an eye-witness, the then Dean of Chichester, gives the following statement:—"Sir William Waller entered the church on St. Innocents Day, 1642. The marshal and some other officers having entered the cathedral-church, went into the vestry; there they seized on the vestments and ornaments of the Church, together with

the consecrated plate, etc.; they left not so much as a cushion for the pulpit or a chalice for the sacrament. Having in person executed the covetous parts of the sacrilege, they leave the destructive and spoiling part to be finished by the common soldiers. These breaking down the organ and dashing the pipes with their pole-axes, scoffingly said, 'Hark!

how the organ goe?' They break down the rails of the altar and the tables of the commandments; and no wonder that they should break the commandments in representation, who had before broken them all over in their substance and sanction. They then stole the surplices and tore the prayer-books; defaced and mangled the kings and bishops as high as they could reach. One of them picked out the eyes of King Edward the Sixth, saying that all this mischief came from him when he established the Book of Common Prayer. After the public Thanksgiving on the Sunday following, the sermon being ended, they ran up and down the church with their swords drawn, defacing the monuments of the dead, hacking and hewing the seats and stalls, and scratching the painted walls: Sir W. Waller and the rest of his commanders standing by as spectators and approvers of these barbarous impieties. Sir W. Waller, wary man as he is, and well known not to be too apt to expose himself to danger, stood all the while with his sword drawn, and being asked by one of his troopers, what he meant by standing in that posture, answered, 'to defend himself!' . . . Sir Arthur Hazlerigg demanded the keys of the Chapter House; and having received intelligence from a treacherous servant of the church, where the remainder of the churchplate was, he commanded the soldiers to take down the wainscoat, they having crowes for that purpose. Which when they were doing, Sir Arthur's tongue was not enough to express his joy; it was operative at his very heels by dancing and skipping! Marke! What musicke it is lawful for a Puritan to dance to!"

Between 1677 and 1680, £1,680 having been contributed for the purpose, the restoration of Chichester Cathedral was begun.

Among the monumental remains of this edifice are to be noted a number of exquisite tablets by Flaxman. One of these, in memory of Collins, a native of Chichester, represents the poet sitting pensively, in one of those intervals of relief from the malady that darkened his later years, and bending over the pages

of the Bible, while his lyre and his manuscripts lie neglected by his side. The design is no less happy and appropriate than the execution is perfect in its broad simplicity and Grecian grace. To the beautiful tablet is appended Hayley's fine epitaph, concluding with the lines—

"Who joined pure faith to strong poetic powers,
Who, in reviving reason's lucid hours
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
And rightly deemed the Book of God the best."

The allusion in the last line is to the anecdote related by Dr. Johnson, who, in his biography of Collins, stated that the poet, toward the evening of his day, withdrew from study, and retained no other book, as a constant companion, but the English Testament. When Johnson took up the book, out of curiosity to see what "guide, philosopher, and friend" a man of letters adhered to so exclusively, Collins remarked, "I have but one book; but that is the best."

The "restorations" of Bishop Sherborne, of which mention has already been made, resulted in something much more serious than the burlesqueing of a nave, solemn in tone and massive in proportion, by a series of feeble scrolls and "lively" paintings. The spire of the cathedral, which was added towards the end of the fourteenth century, sprang from the central tower, resting upon the usual piers. But Bishop Sherborne, finding occasion to construct a number of choir stalls, cut away the lower portions of the north-west and south-west piers supporting the central tower, for the purpose of obtaining additional space. The whole superincumbent mass of the tower and spire were now supported partly by piers and partly, where the piers had been tampered with, by mere wooden props. When the recent restoration of the cathedral was commenced in 1859, it was consequently found that the piers of the central tower were very insecure. During the following year the piers were still further weakened by the unavoidable strain of the work of restoration. Cracks began to appear in them, the arches above were disturbed, and finally, during the gale of the 21st February, 1861, "the rubble which formed

the core of the south-west pier began to pour out, a fissure was seen to run like lightning up the spire, and almost in an instant the whole sunk gently down, like the shutting up of a telescope," the vertical position, however, being maintained to the last. No loss of life attended this untoward accident, which might have happened at any time these two hundred years, and when the building was full of people.

It was immediately resolved to have the spire rebuilt. £25,000 was soon subscribed, chiefly by the gentry and clergy of Sussex, and large additional sums subsequently flowed in. The foundations of the new piers were laid to a depth of thirteen feet in a bed of concrete, and consist of blocks of Purbeck stone laid in cement. The cathedral has a rich choir, and portraits of the English sovereigns from the Conquest to George I., and of the bishops down to the Reformation. The present spire, it may be added, is 300 feet high.

During the last decade great improvements have been wrought in the cathedral and its surroundings. The cloisters have been restored—and thoroughly well

restored. Here an old arch and there a carved door have been brought to light which had for years been hidden by lath and plaster, or bricked up and smothered in mortar. The incomparable market cross, too, has been renovated, as in places it was crumbling away with age. It stands in the centre of the town, and from it springs the four streets, north, south, east and west. On account of its great antiquity, it is as much an object of interest to visitors as the cathedral itself. Like most small country towns, Chichester is apt to go to sleep (except, perhaps, when the Goodwood race week awakes it rather rudely from its slumbers), so one hails with delight any enterprise started for the restoration of its old-world building. Another object of interest to visitors is the old city wall, which, with a few breaks here and there, goes almost round the town. It is so thick that a walk of about eight feet wide is made on the top of the wall, a portion of it running through the palace garden. It has been said that this same wall is not only a boundary to the city, but also to the ideas and interests of its citizens. Be that as it may, visitors



ENTRANCE TO THE BISHOP'S PALACE, CHICHESTER.

wishing to inspect its beauties will be exempt from criticism; as in a rookery, it is only the nests belonging to near neighbours that those mischievous birds care to pull to bits! Then there are the

old English hospital of St. Mary's, the dedication stone of a Roman temple with its valuable inscription, the numerous small, but ancient, parish churches, to fill in the visitor's stay with interest and profit.

THE WATCHMAN OF SEIR.

WATCHMAN of Seir! What of the night?

"Feeble and late;

The air is heavy, the night beasts prow!

Round the city gate;

And there soundeth a warning cry:

'Woe, woe, to the sin-wrecked town,

For its walls shall be broken down,

And its victors feast

On the best within; I declare it, I:

A priest, a priest,

Born as a voice that shall pass and die

When the cock shall crow;

Woe! Woe, to the sin-wrecked city,

Woe! Woe!'"

Watchman of Seir! What of the dawn?

"Misty and grey.

The red in the east that heralds the morn

Fades swiftly away.

See, the birds fly low o'er the sullen sea,

And the raven sits with his evil scowl,

Watching the streets where the pariahs prow!

As if 'twould cry:

'Hear, O hear ye, the voice of the priest;

The dogs and I

Wait and long for the promised feast—

Bones, corpses and rust, ashes and dust.

Ye are born but to die,

To die—to die!'"

Watchman of Seir! What of the morn?

"Peaceful and still,

The voice is silent, the phantoms gone,

As such phantoms will.

See the sun's red beam drives the mists away,

And the night beasts slink to their holes again,

While the mists of sorrow, fear, and pain

Fly like a dream.

Day's healthful radiance spreads near and far,

Wake! Live! The day is for things that are,

The night for the things that seem,

The things that seem!"



“WELL, Jim, how shall I do?” James Ainslie looked up at the boyish figure standing before him.

“Cecil, you know I do not like it.” His long, delicate fingers, an artist’s fingers, worked nervously as he spoke; his handsome face looked more careworn than ever as he repeated almost peevishly—

“You know I do not like it.”

A cool hand was placed on his brow; his hair, already streaked with grey, was smoothed back by a touch that he loved.

“I know, dearest; I do not like it particularly, but what else is there to be done? Now just look at me and tell me if anyone could tell that I was a woman.”

The man looked at the trim, slight figure, the short curly fair hair, the well-proportioned limbs, and was obliged to smile as he met the merry glance of the blue eyes.

“No one is likely to discover your sex,” he said with a futile attempt at sternness.

“‘Because that I am more than common tall,’” she quoted, drawing her superb figure up to its full height. “You need a Ganymede, Jim, to bring you the nourishing things you require after your long illness, and you know a woman is

not a proper Ganymede. There, don’t try to be cross, for you can’t succeed. Remember, we have talked it all over and over again, and I am sick of the objections made to women clerks. As a man I shall earn twice as much. It is fortunate that my name belongs to either sex, and I have managed to obtain excellent testimonials. Listen:—

“‘Cecil Ainslie has been in our employment over six months, and is a capable and efficient book-keeper.’ That is from Messrs. Triggs, and their name carries weight in the City. Come now, Jim, cheer up! You made just as much fuss when I first went as a woman clerk, but you got reconciled, you know!” In spite of “doublet and hose,” she had seated herself on his knee and put her arms around his neck.

Two hot tears fell slowly from the man’s eyes. He was still weak from his illness, and all the manhood in him revolted from his wife’s scheme.

“I am a brute to have brought this on you, I——” A soft hand was laid on his lips, in spite of which he muttered: “I ought never to have married you!”

“I have never regretted it,” she said very sweetly, clasping his neck still tighter.

"Neither do I, of course not, my darling; but still, a widower with three grown-up daughters——"

"Hush!" she said, and her beautiful face hardened somewhat as she remembered how those daughters had tried to come between her and the man she adored. The eldest, Ella, had been especially unkind, but she was married now. The other two lived with their mother's sister. Could it be that they envied her the love their father had never given them? that, remembering how little he had loved their mother, to whom his own father had married him when he was quite a boy, they were jealous for her sake?

Cecil gave a weary sigh; her step-daughters were like a nightmare to her in the midst of her happiness. For, in spite of poverty, she was intensely happy—in spite of the fact that both her fortune and Jim's had gone in trying to make the numerous inventions of his fertile

brain succeed. Jim noticed the sigh and looked at her anxiously.

"It is nothing," she said, smiling. "I am a little tired with the excitement of my new get-up. Tell me how your flying machine is getting on." And the man launched into a glowing account of the invention he was just then thinking about.

The next morning Cecil set out in quest of employment. London looked quite a different world to her, viewed from a coat and breeches. Giggling shop girls in 'buses, whom she had never noticed when in skirts, now compelled her attention by their cunning side glances at her, and made her feel she was really a very presentable young man. Once or twice she laughed aloud during the long 'bus ride from Shepherd's Bush to the City, making some of her fellow-travellers look askance at her. As she dismounted at the Bank, she murmured to herself:

"I must learn to 'outface it with semblances.'"

For Cecil was nothing if not Shakespearian.

Carrying her head higher than she had ever done when only a woman clerk, Cecil entered lift after lift and mounted to various third and even fourth floors. The search for employment is always a dispiriting one, whether one wears skirt or doublet and hose. At last, entering a shipping office in Mark Lane, Cecil met with some luck. Two girls were coming out, one in tears, the other defiant. Forgetting her dress, Cecil, always sympathetic, approached them on the landing. The tearful one smiled at the sight of so comely a comforter.

"What is the matter?" the question was asked as the office door shut with a bang.

"Matter!" exclaimed the defiant one, "our



"I have never regretted it," she said.

employer has turned us off at a moment's notice, swearing hard at women clerks all the time. You had better go in and try your luck!"

"Yes, go," said the tearful one, "and come and meet us afterwards at the A.B.C. shop up the street." The would-be fascinating smile with which this was said, caused Cecil to remember her supposed sex, and, lifting her bowler gravely, she knocked at the office door. As she waited for a "Come in!" she could hear the two girls discussing her appearance as they descended the stairs.

"What! another clerk!" growled an irate voice; "glad it's not a woman this time. Show your testimonials. Um—um—good name, Triggs, know them well. Not an undersized lad, either; well up in geography, eh? Know any foreign languages? Dutch and German? Both useful here. Give you thirty shillings to start with and rise you to £2 after first month if you're any good. Satisfied? then start work to-morrow. But ask for no days off; that's why I sent away those two girls—always wanting days off for weddings and things—ugh!" The interview was over, and with a beating heart Mrs. Ainslie went home to tell her husband of her success.

As time went on Cecil gave more and more satisfaction to her employer, who increased her pay to £3 a week. As she was an excellent manager, she and her



"Then start work to-morrow."

husband were able to live comfortably on this, and she would have been perfectly happy had Jim recovered his strength more quickly.

If he could have got change of air, perhaps! but he would not go away without her. James himself knew that he was kicking against the pricks, or, shall we say? the burrs of life. It was hateful to him to rest at home, his brain teeming with inventions, which physical weakness and want of money nipped in the bud, while his young wife, in a garb she never ought to have worn, earned bread for both.

Partly on account of his physical delicacy, he was apt to brood over trifles, but after all, our life trials are not made up of great things. So it came to pass that when his second daughter wrote inviting him to her wedding, he was inclined to overlook the slight put on Cecil by the

omission of an invitation for her, and seemed to wish to go. Cecil herself saw no slight, or, with the magnanimity of a generous nature, refused to see one. Consequently she insisted on Jim's accepting the invitation.

"It will do you a world of good, dearest. You will again see 'the blessed woods of Sussex' which you were so fond of long ago."

Would she have insisted on his going if she could have foreseen the suffering it would have entailed to both? Ah! that is a question we must leave, like all similar questions, on the lap of the gods.

It was a bit dreary for Cecil after Jim had gone. The morning ride in the omnibus, the avoidance of girls always willing to make any advance which would lead to the slightest change in their monotonous lives, the grinding work in the office, relieved only by tough bits of Dutch translation, and interviews with cantankerous sea-captains, and the ride home.

Still, hard work is easy if done for one you love, and if it is done for the only person you love in the whole world, it is child's play. So, cheered by Jim's letters, the brave little woman toiled on. She encouraged him to go to the sea, with his eldest daughter, and said nothing of her own loneliness without him. But when his letters suddenly ceased, she grew anxious.

At first they had written to each other every day, and after a week's silence Cecil, fearing she knew not what, wrote to her step-daughter. The reply was somewhat of a shock.

"Dear Mrs. Ainslie (it began),—

"Father is not well enough to write to you, so please do not expect him to do so. We think he has been brooding over your unwomanly behaviour, which he has told us about. It is not my place to make any comment, but of course you you must see that a woman who assumes the garb of a man has put herself beyond the pale, and cannot be received in any respectable house. Should father's illness take a serious turn, I will let you know, but unless this is the case, I see no need of any further correspondence.

"Yours truly,

"ELLA BARTON."

This letter awaited Mrs. Ainslie when she came home, tired after her day's work. In spite of doublet and hose, and the "swashing and martial outside," her woman's heart conquered, and she flung herself on her bed to indulge in a storm of tears. There are women who cry seldom, but on those rare occasions when the emotions are aroused to boiling point, they shed as many tears as suffice the woman who can cry easily for six months or more; but how they reproach themselves for it!

"What a fool I am! but I should not care if Jim had not betrayed me! I knew he was weak, but I did not think—oh, I did not think—" then a look at her nether garments restored her. She burst into a peal of laughter, quite startling the landlady, who was knocking gently at the door, inquiring if she would not come to her tea. For the landlady was in the secret, and her native Devonian honesty not having been spoiled by a long residence in our modern Babylon, she admired more than she disapproved.

Now, if you have lived with anyone, year in, year out, it stands to reason you cannot misjudge them long. All the little kindnesses that have occurred in your dual existence, all the silent understandings, all the little indefinables, which appear to men so little, yet mean so much in reality—all these call out against a quarrel between two friends.

And within a week of the receipt of Ella Barton's cruel letter, Cecil felt like this in her innermost heart. She would see Jim herself, she would hear his disapproval from his own mouth before she believed it. And if he were ill, she would never forgive herself. Full of this thought she arrived one morning in Mark Lane, looking pale and weary, and totally unfit for work. She told her employer that a near relation was seriously ill, and somehow the old gentleman took it into his head it was Cecil's mother. He had been an excellent son himself in days of poverty, rising early and making his mother a cup of tea before going to business, and he felt for his young clerk.

"I understand, my boy. You can go; I daresay Morrison can do your work until

you return, and the Dutch business must wait."

So Cecil went home and resumed her sex's garb. She would see her husband at any cost. There are some women in

was ill. She wanted to smooth his pillows, to place her cool hands on his forehead. He had always said that gave him relief; it should give him relief now. Then a sudden doubt arose. If Mrs



The Doctor rushed to the bell and rang it imperatively.

whom the maternal instinct predominates over all others; if they have no children to exercise it on, they love their husbands with a protecting tenderness. Cecil was one of these women. All the way to Folkestone she felt an aching longing to nurse her husband, for she was sure he

Barton disapproved so much of her working for her living as a man, would she receive her in her house? And Jim was there!

When you are longing to reach a place with an intense longing, a place which perhaps contains all that makes life worth

living, you often lose yourself in thought, so that the actual approach to it comes on you as a kind of shock. Thus it was with Cecil, and when she alighted from the train, she was only aroused from her reverie by a kindly voice exclaiming:

"Why, Mrs. Ainslie! You are the very person I am wanting most!" She looked

"swashing and the martial outside" left now, only the hidden fears of the tender-hearted woman.

"If he will have you! He is always asking for you. I told Mrs. Barton she ought to write for you. I supposed she had done so?"

The doctor said no more; he felt she had suffered as much as she could bear.

He called a cab, saw her placed in it, and took a seat by her side.

A drive of a few minutes brought them to the Bartons' lodgings.

The doctor flung the cab door open, rushed to the bell and rang it imperatively. There were three factors in his impetuosity. He was of Hibernian descent; he knew Ella Barton well and disliked her; he believed James Ainslie to be the cleverest man of his acquaintance, and such a man required soothing, and not irritating, women round him.

To say that Mrs. Barton was surprised when the doctor and her step-mother were ushered in, is to say little. She was a woman accustomed to rule, and she was amazed. The doctor did not give her much time to think.

"I told you I would bring a nurse from town. Here she is."

"But, Dr. Edgar,

you can hardly know the facts about this person——"

"The facts, madam!"—the Hibernian temper was uppermost, above the English veneering of years—"This lady is your father's wife, and he wants her; that's enough."

"You can hardly know," came in the coldest of tones, "that she has disgraced



"I told you I would bring a nurse from town. Here she is."

up. An old, rugged-faced man stood beside her.

"How is that, doctor?" she managed to articulate, recognising a friend of her husband's.

"Surely you must know? Have you not come to nurse Jim?"

"If he will have me."

Poor Cecil! There was little of the

her sex by masquerading in man's attire in the City."

"I know all about that. Come, my dear." The old man drew the arm of the modern Rosalind through his own, and led her gently to the room where her husband was.

"Cecil! I wondered when you were coming. Why should money be more to you than I am?"

"It never was, Jim!" And in the silence which ensued, the doctor crept away to give Mrs. Barton what his countrymen called "a piece of his mind." Any portion of a mind of such intellectual vigour would have been useful; at any rate, it had its effects; on the lady it was presented to. As soon as the doctor had gone, she begged her step-mother to stay as a welcome guest, and implored her not to tell either Mr. Ainslie or Mr. Barton of the letter she had written.

"Father was unconscious, and I read

the letters you sent him. That is how I knew you had dressed as a man; but I would not like him nor my Bert to know——" The sentence was concluded with a sob, and Mrs. Ainslie, always sympathetic, gave her promise to keep the matter a secret.

And, what is a great deal more to the point, the secret was kept. Here once more, Cecil Ainslie showed that she was different to the ordinary woman; for it is no easy task to keep secrets of such a nature as that.

Soon after, Jim received the greatest impetus to recovery he could have. An invention he had patented proved successful. His wife persuaded him to invest the money he made in a poultry farm, which she was able to manage, and there, amid his loved Sussex woods, he still plans new inventions, and his wife leads the active life which befits a modern Rosalind.



FEEDING THE CHICKS.



SAD peeps the moon the clouds between ;
Alas ! through countless years,
So many sighs she's heard, and seen
Sad lover's tears.

The moon behind the cold mists turns,
Veiling her icy brow,
When of ill-plighted troth she learns,
And broken vow.

But, glowing bright, the moon will greet
All loyal hearts and true,
And oh ! how fair she smiles, my sweet,
On me and you.

THE LABOUR SAVERS

BY

W G WALTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY

GEO DAVEY



THE little steamer *Polly Macdermott* merrily ploughed her way through the sunlit waves, spick and span, and glistening in all the dazzling brilliance of highly polished brass-work and new paint. On the deck of the *Polly Macdermott* a scene of rather unusual interest was going forward. It happened in this wise. Captain Fletcher had given the order to swab decks, and the hands, gathered under the guidance of Mr. Dodd, the mate, were energetically mopping and scrubbing, with the assistance of the hose-pipe. Something occurred, however, which caused the mate to turn with a sharp exclamation of astonishment.

One of the men had suddenly turned his mop the wrong way round, and was making an abortive effort to wipe the deck with the bare end of the wooden handle. Several others of the crew paused to gaze with wooden countenances, meant to be expressive of surprise. The mate glared. "Well, what the deuce d'ye fancy you're a-doing of?" he demanded.

There was no answer from the eccentric seaman, who still persisted in his endeavour to work out an invisible geometrical figure on the deck.

"George Barnes," said the mate, with deliberation, "would you be so kind as

to tell me what you fancy you're a-doing of?"

"Who? Wot me?" replied Mr. Barnes. "Wot am I a-doing of? Why, I'm a-goin' to sing Tom Bowlin', I am."

"No, George," said one of the men, entreatingly, "now don't act the goat. Be respectable, *do*."

Several of the crew began to snigger, but the mate began to get angry.

"Have any of you fellers been givin' this man any liquor?"

There was a unanimous reply in the negative. Meanwhile the erratic Mr. Barnes had struck a picturesque attitude, and begun to sing "Tom Bowling," in a voice which appeared to proceed somewhere from the inner depths of his stomach.

"Now, look here," said the mate, hotly, "you just stop that nonsense, and get on with your work; and don't let's have any more of it."

"Work!" echoed Mr. Barnes wildly. "Work! Look at the d'iamond's and gold. Look at 'em, all in the beautiful sea!" Then, to everybody's astonishment, he made a wild dash for the side.

"Hold 'im!" yelled one of the men. "He's goin' to jump over, an' he can't swim!"

Instantly violent hands were laid upon Mr. Barnes, and a desperate struggle

ensued. Some half-a-dozen men, including the mate, piled themselves on to Mr. Barnes; three tried to sit on his head at once, and the others placed their respective weights on to the other portions of his anatomy.

"Now, Mr. Dodd, what's wrong here?" demanded Captain Fletcher, appearing suddenly from below-deck.

"Barnes is wrong, Cap'en," replied the mate breathlessly, wiping the perspiration from his face. "He's got a sunstroke, or somethin', and gone stark-staring raving mad! Tried to commit suicide, he did."

"Well, get off his head, Hicks, you silly fool," said the captain, "d'ye want to suffocate the man?"

"He's very dangerous, Cap'en," said Hicks the bo'sun, "he's — *whoa!*"

Just then Mr. Barnes made a desperate effort to rise to his feet, and Captain Fletcher had to throw himself into the fray this time; and presently the combined efforts of the company succeeded in laying Mr. Barnes on his back.

"Give me a line, or a bit of cloth, or something," gasped the captain, "we must tie him up."

After another little scuffle Mr. Barnes' hands and feet were safely fastened, and he was propped into a sitting posture, still chattering and mumbling about diamonds and "Tom Bowling." The captain, the mate, and the hands stood round and gazed at him wonderingly.

"Don't you know me, George?" asked Captain Fletcher at last.

"Poor Tom 'as go-or-orn al-orft," came the musical reply.

"Oh, he's clean cranky," said the mate decisively. "First thing he did was to try to swab the deck with the wrong end of the mop. I reckon it's sunstroke."

"Well, he ain't safe like that; we shall have to lock him up. I reckon your cabin will do, Mr. Dodd."

"Thank you," replied the mate acidly, "but I've had very little experience with lunatics up to now; and I'd rather not start. No, you can share my cabin till we get to Bridgemouth. You must clear the breakables out of yours, and we can put him in there, and hand him 'is grub through the door."

After some little discussion, in which

the afflicted Mr. Barnes took no part, the matter was arranged. The seaman, who seemed to have grown somewhat quieter, was taken down below, unbound, and locked in the cabin. Directly he was in he was stamping and shouting in such a manner, that made them feel glad to think he was safely locked up; gradually, however, the awe-inspiring noises died down, and the patient was quiet. Once during the day the captain called to him to ask him if he felt better, but such a storm of raving arose from inside the temporary cell, that the scared skipper judged it best not to disturb the patient any more.

Later in the day the affair was discussed in the fok'sle cabin with much solemnity.

"Fancy poor old George goin' off like that," said Mr. Hicks, "I should never ha' thort it."

"Ah," said Gibbs, sympathetically, "strange things happens at times. I reckon it was over-work as did it."

"Wot's that?" demanded Tom Webber, rising from his seat.

"Over-work as did it," repeated Gibbs.

"Over-work," said Tom Webber, ironically, "*under-work*, you mean. Why, old George Barnes is the laziest beggar on board. 'Ceptin' pr'aps yerself, Gibbs," he added, as an afterthought.

"Thanks," said Gibbs, "much obliged to yer, I'm sure, *Mister Webber*," with a stress on the "*Mister*."

Meanwhile, Mr. Hicks (who was passing stout) had grown very red-faced owing to his exertions in examining the demented seaman's locker.

"Poor old George," he said, ruminatively, "he's got a pound and 'arf o' bird's-eye in here; I reckon he won't want any more."

Instantly there was a unanimous shout of "*Shares!*" from the company. Mr. Hicks gazed at the tempting tobacco thoughtfully.

"I reckon, mates, as it's our dooty, to —er—hinform—the—er—patient, that we are about to—er—confistycate 'is ter-backer." (Mr. Hicks was ever proud of his ability to use large words.)

"But the man's off 'is 'ead!" remonstrated Mr. Gibbs.

"I don't care. It's our moral dooty to hinform the patient that we are about to confistycate his 'backer. *James!*"

"Now then, wot d'yer want?" asked the ship's boy heatedly (he had only just entered the cabin).

"I'll tell yer wot I *don't* want, James," said Mr. Hicks severely, "an' that's impidence. Just you go to old George Barnes and ask him if he wants his 'backer any more."

"Not me, old buster, thanks. Go yerself, and ——" but before the youth could say anything further, he was precipitated up the ladder violently enough to save him the trouble of touching any of the steps.

Mr. Hicks came back, with the remark that,—"The cheek of kids in these days is downright scandal. I reckon it's too much schoolin' as does it."

Several silent moments elapsed before the boy's return.

"Well, wot did 'e say?" asked the bo'sun.

"He says, if yer do, he says he'll smash the face orf yer, he says," answered the boy gleefully.

"Poor old George," said Mr. Hicks, with a solemn shake of the head, "clean gone—clean gone. Well, mates, dividin' this 'backer fairly and ekally it'll tally out to about three ounces each."

"Wot about me?" demanded the boy.

"You," said Gibbs, placing his portion in his tobacco-pouch, "why, the idea—the idea of a boy like you smokin'! Why, yer young imp, you're a disgrace to the ship."

"Ship? d'yer call it," said the boy derisively. "This ain't no ship; this is a bloomin' thieves' den!"

This time he needed no exterior aid to get up the ladder, but disappeared just

in time to escape a heavy boot, thrown by the bo'sun, which narrowly shaved Mr. Gibbs' ear; an incident which drew a heated remonstrance from that gentleman.

"This is decent 'backer of old George's," remarked the bo'sun, after some little silence.

"Yes," said Tom Webber, "an' warnt old George enjoyin' a pipeful when I took him his grub dinner-time."



Mr. Hicks gazed at the tempting tobacco.

"Wot, smokin' was he?"

"I should think so. He was a settin' down quite comfitable, when I peeped through the key-ole; but when I shoved the door open a little ways, he sort of had another mad fit come on,—but he got 'is dinner down pretty clean tho'; I specks he'll be alright agin arter a few days' rest."

With which words, Mr. Webber knocked the ashes from his pipe, and proceeded

to turn in; an evolution soon afterwards performed by the rest of the company.

On the following morning, while Captain Fletcher was at breakfast, he was not a little surprised when the ship's boy—James—came rushing into the cabin, gasping with excitement.

"Please, sir, — please, sir —"

"Well, what is it? Have you been and got a sunstroke, now?" asked the captain, wrathfully.

"No, sir, not me. Gibbs——"

"What?" shouted the captain, jumping up, and upsetting his coffee simultaneously.

"But they'll tear one another to pieces, man!"

"Not they," said the mate, eyeing the prone Mr. Gibbs; "lunatics never fight among themselves. I know that much about insanity."

"Well, we shall have to risk it, I suppose," said the captain, after the mate had whispered something in his ear.

And as he gave the word, several of the men gathered round the prostrate Mr. Gibbs, and "frogmarched" him down to the cabin. One of the crew, nominally appointed as scout, reported all clear after a preliminary peep through the



The ship's boy came rushing into the cabin.

"Gibbs is trying to chuck the bo'sun overboard!" the boy blurted out, and darted up the companion, followed closely by Captain Fletcher, who was savagely muttering something about a "bloomin' floatin' lunatic asylum." By the time the captain arrived on deck, however, the elderly Mr. Gibbs was already conquered, and laying on the deck, babbling in much the same manner as Mr. Barnes' performance.

"He's right off," remarked the mate.

"Whatever shall we do with him?" said Captain Fletcher, despairingly; "This ship wasn't built to carry lunatics."

"We'll have to put him in with Barnes."

key-hole, by which means he had obtained a view of the afflicted Mr. Barnes, sleeping the sleep of the just. Gibbs was quickly thrust into the cabin, the door was locked, and for a minute or two they all waited in breathless suspense for the trouble to begin. Fortunately, however, no trouble occurred, and for the time being the patients were left to themselves. The keen and critical observations of the mate and captain during the next few days, resulted in the discovery of many hitherto unrecorded symptoms of mental derangement. It was observed, for instance, that both patients ate and slept remarkably well; also, that they were very quiet together; indeed, the

only occasion they had another bad attack of raving, was when the mate asked them, through the key-hole, if they felt well enough to resume work. And Captain Fletcher was ready to take his Bible oath that he had seen and smelt tobacco smoke issuing from the self-same key-hole.

Affairs had reached such a stage a day or two after, that it is believed several of the crew were considering the advisability of having sunstrokes. But as the vessel had anchored off a small sea-side village, they were interested to observe Captain Fletcher put off in a boat for the shore; they were more interested to observe him come back with four gentlemen in blue uniforms—which were all the available police force in the place, including the chief inspector himself.

"Yes," the captain was saying as they stepped on the deck, "these two fellows are fearfully dangerous, if they ain't killed each other already. Didn't one of them try to throw you overboard, Hicks?"

"He did that," assented Mr. Hicks emphatically.

Indeed, Mr. Hicks, the bo'sun, enlarged upon his imagination so wonderfully with regard to the murdering proclivities of the two prisoners, that the chief inspector was visibly affected.

The captain very politely showed him the stairs.

"We've got 'em locked up down there, so if you'll go and fetch 'em up——"

"Of course," said the chief of police, "but you had better lead us down, hadn't you? In case we miss the way, you know."

"Oh," said Captain Fletcher cheerfully, "there's no fear of that; it's pitch dark!"

This item of information, however, did not seem to make the inspector any the more cheerful, and all the crew testified to the exceedingly sanguinary character of the two lunatics. After a little further polite altercation as to who should take precedence,

the captain led the way down, followed by the police force and the crew. The exciting episode that followed was probably the smartest capture on record.

It is said that those two dangerous lunatics were bound, gagged, hustled on deck, and thrown into the boat, well under a minute-and-a-half. In a quarter of an hour they were safe in the cells of the police-station, in the little sea-side village of Sandleton. They roared like bulls the whole night long, but no one would let them out. They said they were not mad; they shouted they'd have the "lore" on somebody for this; they yelled they would take an action for false imprisonment, but it was of no avail; and it was not until four o'clock on the following afternoon, that the local doctor certified them perfectly sane in mind, though undoubtedly drunk.

The inspector, who was much chagrined to find that his two important captures were quite harmless individuals after all, dismissed them with the caustic remark that it served them right, and they'd no business to get drunk. This, in spite of their indignant protest that they hadn't touched a drop of beer for seventeen days, "so help them, bob."

Shortly afterwards the inhabitants of



Two perspiring elderly seafaring men.

Sandleton were much surprised to observe two perspiring, elderly, sea-faring men, running as fast as their dignity would permit, towards the beach; needless to say they were Mr. George Barnes and Mr. Gibbs.

Directly they arrived in sight of the sea their worst fears were realised; the *Polly Macdermott* had gone! This was amply confirmed by a seafaring gentleman, with *Skylark* embroidered across his jersey, who was sitting on a capstan, smoking a clay pipe.

"*Polly Macdermott?*" said he. "Oh, ah, she sheered off soon as it come daylight this mornin'."

"An' two weeks of my wages on board!" groaned Mr. Barnes.

"It seems to me, Gibbs," continued Mr. Barnes deliberately, "that if it hadn't a bin for you, my little lay would have come orf all right."

"Wot do yer mean—'little lay'?" said Gibbs with innocence.

"Wot do I mean? Why, d'y'e mean to say you didn't pretend to be mad, jist because I did; thinkin' you was going to 'ave an easy time of it?"

"Pretend!" said Gibbs, with a shocked expression; "pretend! why I never thort of such a thing! Wot, George, wasn't you genuine?"

Mr. Barnes was flabbergasted. "Wot, d'y'e mean to say that you *was*—?"

"Of course! oh, friend George, I am reelly sorry ter see you stoopin' to deceit, and——"

But here Mr. Barnes's exasperation bubbled over and he exploded; clenching his fists, he shouted—

"Look 'ere, you old unconverted fraud, you; wot d'y'e mean comin' interferin' with me an' givin' me away for, you——"

"'Old 'ard, mate," said Gibbs, changing tactics, and feeling in his trousers pocket, "I fancy I've got a 'tanner." And, soon after, the two might have been seen amicably wending their way towards the "*Jolly Fisherman*" to drown their sorrows in the flowing bowl.

"It was a good hidea, George," remarked Mr. Gibbs, sadly; "but we hover-done it,—we hover-done it!"



THE TRUE LOVE-SONG.

MOST lovers, not because they are in love,
Write sonnets to their lady, but because
Their part seems half unplay'd unless they write.
And though his hand fit not within the glove,
There never will be, no, nor ever was,
Lover that poetry did not indite.

Think not my songs are cloth'd in such attire,
For since my lady is so passing fair,
My thoughts must chafe their bars, and take them wings,
Nor think they are the tuning of a lyre;
Rather the full, rich chord that beats the air,
And will not be imprison'd on the strings.

W. C. M.

DUMAS IN CARICATURE.

By SIDNEY HUNT.

CLOSE on twenty-three years ago—in 1883, to be exact—at Villers-Cotterets, the native town of Alexandre Dumas, a statue of the great genius was unveiled, and at the unveiling ceremony, another great French novelist, Edmund About, to wit, delivered an eloquent speech, summing up the wonderful character of Dumas in the following words:—

"This statue," he said, "is that of an Irregular, who gave the lie direct to the rule that a man of pleasure is unable to perform great labours. He can stand as a model to all hard-working men; he was a lover of political and warlike adventures as well as of gay intrigues; he had the brain and knowledge of more than three abbeys full of Benedictine monks put together. This is the image of a spendthrift who, after having squandered millions in liberalities of all kinds, has unknowingly left behind him a king's heritage. This radiant face is that of an egotist who devoted his life to his mother, children, friends and country; of a lenient and easy-going father who gave a free hand to his son, and had, moreover, the rare fortune to see his own living genius followed by that of Alexandre Dumas *filis*, one of France's most illustrious dramatists."

The above judgment is not only that of a friend, but also the verdict of posterity on that Protean prodigy the author of "The Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," "Monte Cristo," and so many other masterpieces of historical fiction.

The grandfather of Dumas was the Marquess Davy de la Pailleterie, and his grandmother a coloured woman of the West Indies, named Louise Cassette Dumas. One son only was born to them, who, on coming of age, intimated to his father his desire for a military career. He met, however, with a rebuff, but after a while was permitted to join the colours on condition that he would take his mother's name instead of that of the Marquess. This he agreed to



ALEXANDRE DUMAS, HAVING NO TIME FOR EATING AND SLEEPING, HAS TO BE FED BY AN ATTENDANT.



A DRAWING REPRESENTING
A SCENE (EXAGGERATED
SOMEWHAT) FROM A PLAY
BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

played as a clerk in a notary's office. Through protection, he secured, a few years afterwards, a post in the secretaryship of the then Duc d'Orleans.

Hischief, we might almost say his only, qualification for this post was his splendid handwriting; for, as he himself tells us, the occupations of his youth were running about the woods in the company of gamekeepers, hunting, setting traps for birds, rather than studying the beauties of the Latin tongue.

However, ashamed of his ignorance and conscious of his failings, he determined to continue the education he had neglected in his earlier days.

"Then," he says, "commenced that voluntary and obstinate struggle, which was all the more strange, because it had no fixed object, and all the more persevering since I had everything to learn. Engaged eight hours of a day in my office, forced to return to it every evening

do, and he afterwards became one of Napoleon's veterans and father of the famous writer. The General gathered glory on many a battlefield, but saved little money, and after his death Alexandre, while quite a lad, had to work for his own living em-

from seven to ten o'clock, I had only the night to myself. It was during those feverish vigils that I formed the habit, which I have always kept up, of working during the night, and it is this habit which makes my work so incomprehensible, even to my friends, for they can guess neither the hour nor the time in which I do it. This hidden life, which escaped everybody's notice, lasted three years, without leading to any result, in which I produced nothing nor felt the need of production."

This work was not to be fruitless, however. After a few unimportant essays in the realms of drama and poetry, Dumas gave to the world on January 11th, 1829, at the Théâtre-Français, his play, "Henry

III.", which, with the "Hernani" of Victor Hugo, turned into a definite direction the tendencies of the new school of drama in France; war was declared against the classics, and suddenly Dumas and Victor Hugo appeared as leaders of the new romantic army.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS, BEING AN EXCELLENT CHEF, IS
HERE DEPICTED COOKING HIS CRITICS.



PICTURE OF A DUMAS FIRST-NIGHTER,
BEFORE AND AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.
(DUMAS'S PLAYS ARE RATHER LENGTHY.)

During the French Revolution of 1830, which resulted in the Duc gaining access to the throne of France as King Louis Phillipe, Dumas fancied himself one of the principal factors in this result; his imagination was ever a prodigious one. After the 1830 revolution he resumed work, and from that time until 1870, the year of his death, he never ceased writing novels, plays, and literary productions of all kinds, also finding time to go on long journeys to

author, made him a great many enemies, who attacked him with bitter criticism and sarcasm, to which the colossus merely shrugged his shoulders with his usual *bon enfant* laughter.

His literary style was strongly criticised, and with a certain amount of reason, as not being great literature, but Dumas never did pose as a purist. Then, again, he was accused of leaving his work to a legion of young secretaries, whose names were left in the dark under



AN INTERVIEW WITH DUMAS.

gather material for his books of travel. His record of sheer bulldog energy is probably unequalled, and, as an instance of his marvellous activity, it may be noted that in one year alone he signed and published over one hundred and sixty complete novels. One wonders if the man could have ever slept.

The enormous success his works found among the public, for their limpidity, brightness, and amusing style, as well as the daily-increasing popularity of the

the shadow of his own signature. Some names were even brought forward, Gailardet, August Maquet, and Paul Meurice among others. He certainly collaborated with other authors sometimes, but was always the first to acknowledge it and give them their due; but there is no doubt in the mind of anyone who has read the whole or even most of his works, that they all contain the very essence of his genius. In a curious letter addressed to the poet Béranger, Dumas wrote:—



A NEW PLAY BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS IS OF SO EXCITING A NATURE, THAT THE LADIES HAVE TO BE TAKEN OUT OF THE THEATRE AND REVIVED.

"And so you also have come to the conclusion that I keep a factory of novels, helped in such a work by miners who prepare the ore for me. You know what men are, and knowing them so well you are aware that reserve is not their chief virtue. Well, then, do you believe there exists anywhere in the world men devoted and discreet enough to have written the 'Chevalier d'Harmental,' the 'Mousquetaires,' and 'Monte Cristo,' and to leave to another the honour and benefit of it?"

This defence certainly hits the attacks of Dumas' enemies pretty hard. But among the most amusing vagaries of Dumas' career were the numerous caricatures which were constantly appearing of him and about him in the Parisian journals. His astonishing notoriety and industry were fine fields for the exercise of humour, and undoubtedly Dumas was just as amused to see the caricatures as the artists were to draw them. Dumas, in these pictures, was nearly always represented as a negro, and most of them were directed against the author as one who gained fame and popularity by "blowing his own trumpet."

As regards the negro element in his nature, Dumas was very often annoyed by curiosity-mongers and persons of the "priggish" type. Not that Dumas was one bit ashamed of his negro extraction, but, naturally enough, it did not please him if he suspected that anyone thought that he was ashamed of it. There is an

old story, that some of our readers may not have heard, of one of these inquisitive people who was one day in conversation with the author, making unnecessarily impertinent inquiries about the parentage of Dumas.

"Let me see," mused the inquiring one, "your father was a half-caste, was he not, M. Dumas?"

"That is so," replied the great man.

"And I believe your grandmother was a negress?"

"Yes," responded the author, whose temper was beginning to rise.

"And your grandfather——?"

"Was an APE, sir, an APE!" roared Dumas. "My pedigree commenced where yours ends!"

It is not often, however, that Dumas' good-nature allowed his feelings so much to get the better of him. As a rule, he enjoyed the numerous caricatures, in which he and his doings were represented, with, perhaps, a keener relish than those for whom they were primarily intended. These caricatures were nearly always good-natured, and were, in reality, very great compliments to the industry, genius and enterprise of Dumas. Such compliments would give pleasure to any man, especially to so good-hearted and liberal-minded a man as



ALEXANDRE DUMAS ON HIS TRAVELS.

Dumas, who had this advantage, that from his high position on the ladder of life he was not so susceptible to the ridicule aimed from below; moreover, the successful can afford to be generous.

Then again there was this aspect of the question: as a man, with a keen eye to business, he recognised the value of the cartoons as advertisements, which had the double advantage of being gratis and popular.

The chief subject seized upon for the purposes of caricature was the magnificent scale on which everything belonging to Dumas was conducted. The artists laughed at the speed of his writing, at the sensational nature and the length of his plays. (We reproduce a drawing, representing a "first-night" at "Monte Christo," a play in eleven acts!), and the size of his theatre. They exaggerated stories of his travels, they pictured him writing with many pens, and being fed by a servant meanwhile.

We see the postman with stacks of Dumas's writings, and again we find them joking about his skill in cooking, to which M. About pays a tribute in relating the following interesting incident:

We are told that M. About, about to set sail for Italy, was accosted by Dumas, whom he met by a lucky chance at Marseilles. "I'll look after you," said Dumas, "you come to my hotel and I'll make you a *bouillebaisse* (fish boiled with garlic) that will make you lick your fingers. After that you shall go to the Gymnase and join in the applause at the first-night of a new drama which I had to write in three days."

Then M. About goes on to tell of the

tremendous success of both the cooking and the drama, and that the merry-making after the latter lasted till about three or four o'clock in the morning. Thereupon the two friends go back to their hotel, M. About tired out, and Dumas fresh as if "he had just got out of bed." Quoth Dumas: "Old man, go to sleep, I'm only fifty-five, and so I'm going to write three articles which have to go off by post to-morrow, or rather to-day. If, perchance, there's a little

time left I'll finish off a piece for Montigny, of which the plot keeps running through my head."

M. About continues: "I thought he was joking, but when I awoke, there in the open room where Dumas was shaving, I found three great bundles of matter for the *Journal pour Tous*, *La Patrie*, and some other Parisian paper, and also a roll of paper addressed to Montigny, containing the little piece he had promised—a masterpiece, "*L'Invitation à la Valse*."

What a happy glimpse at the life of Dumas does this incident afford us.

Here we have, as it were, a word snapshot of Dumas taken in the ordinary course of his career, for, as we have seen, his life was one long grind, which, however, was not distasteful to him, for, when tired with almost superhuman exertions, he determined to take a rest, he set out on several tours in Europe, where he was everywhere welcomed. On these holidays he produced as much in the shape of "*Impressions de Voyages*" as any ordinary man can write in his lifetime.

At length, however, his iron frame gave way, and in the sad year 1870, in December, he died at his son's house, at Puits, near Dieppe.



THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD.



SWIFT AND VANESSA.



THE SCHOONER AND THE LAUNCH.

By F. C. PHILIPS.

I WAS living at Erith, one of the most delightful little places between London and the Nore for those who really love peace and quiet. A stock-broker, wise in his generation, had just built himself a summer bungalow there on the edge of the chalk cliff, with a long strip of garden in which he took marvellous pride. I was always going up and down the river; sometimes in a little open boat of my own, with a huge lateen sail, sometimes on a tug, sometimes in a sailing barge—for I made it my business to know skippers of every kind, and to be a welcome guest on their craft.

But there was one man whom I could never get near. He kept entirely to himself. His equals disliked him, and called him the "king of the bargemen," by way of mockery. He was a man of substance, for he owned one great billy-boy which he sailed himself, and in which he would fetch stone from Portland, or other such heavy cargoes, and occasionally, if he wanted a long run, potatoes from Cornwall or the Islands. I used to meet him here and there upon the river, and I could see that I was talking to a man who was, and always had been, a gentleman. But he did not care for conversation, and skilfully avoided the least approach to anything like intimacy. It was only later that I heard his story, and understood why he had thus become a floating hermit. I cannot, of course, say how far the tale is

correct in detail, but I know that its broader lines are true.

In his younger days he had been an artist—a long-shore artist, painting beach and river sketches, and with a pretty little yacht of his own, in which he used to potter about the coast in quest of subjects. He could paint with feeling; and with his own private fortune, and his two, or perhaps three, small pictures in each year's Academy, was comfortably off. I may add that he was married, and loved his wife. Fortunately for both, there were no children.

It was the old story. His wife was young, pretty, and weak. She liked dresses which he could not afford, and hungered bitterly for jewellery almost beyond the reach of a painter. She wearied of her quiet life and its simple pleasures—her garden, and flowers, and hot-house, and her tranquil summers in the Channel Islands or on the French coast. The end of course came. She ran away with a rich man, the son of a Liverpool cotton-broker, a mere brute with a thin veneer of education and culture upon him, who had all that "insolence of wealth" which the Greek dramatists regarded as the bitterest, upon a man, of possible divine curses. Her husband did not go to the Divorce Court. He went on painting as usual; and whatever he may have suffered, he turned out as good work as ever—some people even said better.

One night, in the middle of a driving snowstorm, she came back to a small cottage he had taken at Deal, and tapped at the window. She was alone, helpless, and evidently dying. Her cough and the flush on her cheek told their own story. He forgave her, and she died in his arms. Then he left Deal and for a year or two disappeared. When he was next seen, he had a small quick steam-launch, built almost on the lines of a torpedo-boat, in which he used to run about the coast between the North Foreland and the Scilly Islands. She was a strange craft, with marvellous speed, and when she dipped her funnel and burned smokeless coal, was hardly visible at any distance, except in the very clearest weather.

He kept entirely to himself; and some people said that his trouble had more or less unhinged his mind; others that he had turned his attention to marine engineering, and meant to make a fortune out of it; others that he had always been an odd kind of fellow, who might do anything.

His engineer and fireman were Sunderland men. His cook and valet was a Maltese, of whom nobody knew anything, except that he seemed much attached to his master, and to have a natural hatred towards the rest of mankind. The fourth hand was a boy, who, when not engaged in dirty work, was always asleep.

The Erith Yacht Club had at that time, and, for all I know, still keeps up, not only its rooms onshore, but also a floating-house moored close to the pier, from which it is entered by a gangway. It is, or once was, a topsail schooner, built for some rich man as a cruising yacht in which to visit the South Sea Islands and the China Seas, and, in a peaceable kind of way, emulate the adventures of Rajah Brooke in the *Royalist*. The masts have now been taken out, and the interior of the vessel fitted as a large saloon, with one or two bunks forward, behind a bulkhead, for members who may suddenly find themselves in want of a bed, and beyond these again, a steward's room. The coffee-room, if I may so term the saloon, is a most pleasant resort on the morning of a hot summer Sunday; and I was

seated here one day, placidly enjoying a cheroot and a brandy-and-soda, with a good allowance of ice, when I again heard somebody among those who were present use the words "the king of the bargemen." I dropped my paper and listened at once.

"It was a funny story," said one of the dozen or so of men who occupied the divans and armchairs, "his running down that yacht."

"Not at all funny, if you knew all about it," said a second.

"I don't believe anybody does know all about it, or ever will," sententiously remarked a third.

Then there was a silence.

"How was it?" asked another member, pouring himself out some claret.

"It happened upon this wise," replied the member who had been the second to speak. "I think that I can cut the story short. His wife, you see—there always is a woman in affairs of this kind—was very pretty and very extravagant, and had many more whims than he could ever have gratified, if he had made four times the money he did; and he must have made a pretty good income, too. Do you remember that odd poem of Browning's about the beautiful girl of Pornic who was buried in her golden hair?"

The members of the Erith Yacht Club are not, as a rule, readers of the author of "*Sordello*." None of those present had even so much as heard of the poem in question.

"Well," continued the speaker, with that peculiar sense of enjoyment which is the reward of imparting knowledge, and is in many respects akin to pride, "his wife, you know, bolted with another fellow—a fellow with a pot of money, who took her away with him in his yacht. I remember seeing the yacht at Cowes. A fine craft she was. When he found she had gone, and with whom, he moped for a long time down somewhere on the south coast. People say she came back to him and he forgave her. That I should very much doubt; he wasn't that kind of man. Anyhow, she died—there's no doubt about that—and after her death he gave up painting altogether.



One night she came back to a small cottage and tapped on the window.

It was rather a pity, I thought at the time, and I think so still, for very few men could touch him in his own line. Well, he had a sort of blockade-runner built for him by the Thorneycrofts. She was a venomous-looking thing, but could go any number of knots an hour, and he used to knock about the coast in her."

"I'd sooner have a decent yawl about four times the size," observed a stout member from behind a cloud of smoke in the corner of the saloon. "About a sixth the original expense, much less than a sixth the annual cost, and twenty times the comfort."

"So a lot of fellows said at the time," continued the narrator. "Anyhow he got this launch; and it is a most curious thing that, one foggy night, she happened to run into a schooner yacht and cut her down to the water's edge. Nobody knows the rights or wrongs of the collision. The launch was hardly damaged at all, but the schooner was cut down almost to her keel! for the launch had a bow like a ram, and went through the schooner's planks like a knife through a piece of notepaper. The launch stood by and picked up the schooner's crew. Oddly enough, they were all saved except the owner. He did not go down with the schooner, which was raised the next week, but his body was picked up a fortnight afterwards. The crabs and congers had been so busy with it that it would never have been identified but for the clothes and the letters in the pockets. There was an inquest, of course, but nothing came of it. I think it was what you call an open verdict. At all events, no more was heard of the matter; and I suppose the exact nautical rights and wrongs of the whole thing will, as I have said, never be settled. The only men on the deck of the launch at the moment of the collision were the owner himself, who was at the wheel, and a sort of valet he had, a fellow from the Mediterranean, who seems to have been so terrified that he entirely lost his head, and could give

no account whatever of how the thing happened. Anyhow, the crew of the schooner were agreed that the launch was not to blame; and I heard at the time that they were very handsomely treated afterwards by its owner, although really there was not the least obligation on him to do anything of the kind."

"It seems odd that only the owner should have gone down," observed the member from the corner of the room, "and nobody else."

"So it does," dryly answered the narrator. "Odd things *do* happen in this world. It came out at the inquest, when he was picked up, that his skull was smashed and all his fingers broken, as if they had somehow been jammed, I won't say hammered, but anyhow pinched and mashed into jelly. But a collision at sea, after all, is just like a collision on a railway. There may be half-a-dozen fellows in the same carriage. One has both his thighs broken, and dies then and there of the shock; another has his knee-pan put out; and the other four escape with what they call in the papers 'no further injury than a severe shaking.'"

"Who was the owner of the schooner?" asked a young member who had not spoken before.

"As bad an egg as ever lived," was the answer. "Son of some Manchester cotton-spinner or Liverpool stock-broker. Was kicked out of his regiment for something shady, and kicked out of his club, the Rag, because he couldn't explain why his Colonel was in the wrong and he in the right. Was blackballed at every other club afterwards. He was considered shady even on the Turf. One of his exploits was to run away with another fellow's wife—I can't remember whose. She was little better than a child, and as soon as he was tired of her he kicked her out into the streets, and I believe the poor thing was frozen to death in the snow. At all events she died of his ill-treatment—there's very little doubt of that. He was always a cur, and drowning was too good a death for him."



ON BOARD THE "VASNA."

FOUR hundred and fifteen miles west of Ceylon and about four degrees north of the Equator is the centre of our Eastern Eutopia, the Maldivé Islands, where all men are equal, a few rich, none poor, and all are happy; there is no money required, barter being the method of business, no crime and no police—in fact, they are an ideally happy community.

It was my luck to be able to go to this delightful place, and after about six hours' notice I was, armed with my camera, soon aboard the s.s. *Vasna* in Colombo Harbour. The cargo being stowed, and steam up, we hoisted the pilot's flag and were soon forging our way through the rolling waves.

On the second evening out we sighted the Maldives, which seemed to be groups of coral islands or atolls varying in size, the larger ones being from about three miles long, while the small ones would barely cover an acre.

The sea here is a lovely green of unfathomable depth, and Málé, the capital of the Maldives, gave us a charming impression, the glistening waves breaking over the coral reefs, and the sea studded

with little islands covered with dense tropical foliage, topped by the graceful cocoanut palms rising from the water through the brilliant coral sand.

Having safely got into quiet water directly opposite Málé, we were soon having a first glimpse through telescopes and could see the rigging of native craft lying inside Málé Harbour, and behind them the godowns or stores and the sea shore lined with masses of curious people who had not till very recently seen a steamer. We were soon aware of the Sultan's importance, and his desire to be up-to-date, by the arrival of the "port surgeon," to see if we had a clean bill of health. Having assured himself that the ship was free from plague, cholera, &c., permission was granted us to go ashore, but as it was getting dusk we thought we would wait till to-morrow to pay our respects to the Sultan. Next morning the Sultan's state barge came off to fetch us, with the interpreter on board. On landing we walked through the hot and glaring streets to the palace, followed by an admiring crowd which grew every minute, and it was very strange—looking straight ahead we could

hardly see a single person, while on turning round a sea of faces was close behind us.

With true Oriental pomp, and in order to impress us with the Sultan's vast importance, we were kept waiting in the prime minister's house while our salaams were being conveyed to the Sultan through the various ministers, and at last we were acquainted with his pleasure that he much desired an interview, but, being unwell, would be unable to see us, but hoped his ministers would see that we had everything we wanted. Having received his authority we were shown round Málé, where the white coral sand and the whitewashed mosques make a fearful glare, and throw up a wave of heat in the hot still air.

The native huts are all built with coral



THE SULTAN GOES ABROAD IN HIS PALANQUIN.

walls and cadjan roofs (plaited cocoanut leaves), and are enclosed by a fence about six feet high of cadjans, with little doors which are balanced to swing shut, and as we walked along we could see at a distance women's heads peeping out and gradually withdrawn as we approached, when they viewed us through little cracks in the fence. The women folk are very shy, and we hardly saw one close to. Sometimes if going round

a corner we chanced to meet one, she would instantly dart into one of the gardens and slam the door to, and when I wanted to take a photograph of a street next day, the moment I rigged up my camera for the purpose the people vanished like magic, and the street looked the picture of desolation.

We wended our way to the



FIRING A VOLLEY.



SWORD DANCERS,

house of the minister of finance, where we were glad to quench our thirst with water from cocoanuts, and while sitting outside the house we were for all the world like a show, being stared at by hundreds of curious natives, who were chattering away and passing remarks which would have been interesting, no doubt, could we have understood them.

The minister's house and the interior made one instinctively think of the Old Testament — the pompous Indian with the flowing robes, and the bedroom draped with brilliant and gaudy lace, and the bed littered with soft and downy pillows and hung with dainty curtains, and overhead an elaborate punkah noiselessly swinging. An old time brass lamp of oil floating on water helps also to complete the picture, which,

to my mind, seemed quite a faithful reproduction of those ancient days.

An extraordinary bustle of preparations was going on inside the house, the reason of which was explained when we were invited to take breakfast with the ministers. The breakfast, an enormous feast, was served in true Oriental style, the staple dish being curry

and rice, while dotted about the table were spices and all the tasty etceteras for curry interspersed with small dishes of native sweetmeats and chapatties (native bread). Knives and forks were provided for our use, while they, of course, like all Eastern nations, used their hands; sickly sherbet was served to us in very fancy glasses, and at the end of the meal we inwardly congratulated ourselves that we had got through it safely to ourselves,



APPARENTLY VERY BLOODTHIRSTY, BUT KEEPING WELL APART.

and, what we were more afraid of, without having hurt their feelings by refusing most impossible dishes. Although I tried nearly everything, I was invariably disappointed. One sweetmeat made from the cocoanut was delicious, and yet on the dish it looked most uninviting.

The meal finished up by a servant bringing round a brass bowl and a brass jug with a long spout to it to serve as a finger bowl.

After half-an-hour's siesta we returned to our ship, longing for a spell to collect our thoughts and ruminate over the many strange things we had seen that morning.

breakwater constructed by the natives many years ago, and it is a fine piece of workmanship, of great size, considering the smallness of the community. It is maintained by everybody. Each rich man of the Maldives has a little portion marked off which he must keep in repair and in good order.

After making a careful survey of the harbour and taking many soundings and borings, we sent in a preliminary report to the Sultan that dredging would be quite feasible, which he was much pleased to hear.

On Friday, it being the Mohammedan



A SPEAR DANCE.

During the unloading operations much amusement was caused by giving the natives small lumps of ice, an unknown thing to them. They would drop it, change it from hand to hand, blow on it, and finally the most daring put it to their mouths, and finding no evil results from it, they wrapped it up in their waist cloths to take home to show their people ashore.

The primary object of our visit was to examine the harbour to see if it would be possible to dredge it to allow the native buggalows to run right in, instead of anchoring out some distance. The harbour is protected by a long coral

Sabbath, all work was suspended, and that day is the only one on which the Sultan is to be seen. He or his kinsfolk leave the palace in state with great dignity, and go to the mosque, where a service is held of some hours' duration. A blast of trumpets and shouting herald his departure from the mosque in a state palanquin, which I snapped. A procession is now formed and goes all round the village, with a band of cornets, trombones, drums, etc., and finally arrives in the courtyard of the palace, where the dancing and festivities are to take place.

The upper rooms and the battlements

surrounding the courtyard are given over to the womenfolk and children of the islanders, while the men make a large circle in the courtyard, and at the top of the circle the Sultan's brother and son sit in state in their gorgeous palanquins, decked in silk and golden robes, with jewelled turbans on. Servants in front are fanning them with large peacock feather fans, while others slowly rotate large sunshades over the palanquins.

By special authority from the Sultan we were accommodated with chairs at the edge of the circle to watch the per-

dragging their feet heavily through the loose white coral sand, guarding and attacking alternately, and standing in most grotesque attitudes of apparent great difficulty and discomfort.

Each set of performers would after their turn salaam to the Sultan and withdraw, and other dances would commence.

The spear dancing and fencing was much on the same lines as the sword dancing, only a far more active display altogether, and the turns were consequently shorter.

What struck me most during the whole



A GROUP OF DANCERS.

formance, and here again my little camera caused much interest among the spectators.

The performance consisted of sword-and-buckler dances and spear dances, the dancing throughout always being on the same lines, the only variations being in the number of men performing. It was a long affair, taking quite three hours, which to us, sitting in the blazing sun, seemed monotonous and wearisome, although the dancing was exceedingly well executed to the music of drums, cymbals, and cornets. The sword and buckler dancers dodged about, always

performance was the exact time the performers kept, and the accuracy and uniformity of their movements.

The performance coming suddenly to an end, the bodyguard cleared an opening, and the Sultan's son and brother in their palanquins disappeared within the precincts of the palace, where they hide themselves from the public gaze till the following Friday. Owing to the fact that the Sultan and his kindred so seldom come outside the palace, their complexions are quite fair compared to the ordinary run of natives. The son, who appears in most of the dancing photos,

looked a nice, intelligent little chap, and I couldn't help feeling sorry for him that he should have to live such a cooped-up, uninteresting life.

A royal salute terminated the proceedings, and we wended our way towards our friend Mahomed Didi's house (the

admiral of the fleet), where we were regaled with tea and plantains (bananas).

Our visit was now quickly drawing to a close, and next day we went ashore and said "Good-bye" to our native friends, who had made our little visit so very pleasant.



A Mutual
Puzzle.



The WIFE-STEALER

By MAURICE JOKAI.

THE Markoffs, an Asiatic Russian family, came to Hungary towards the end of the eighteenth century; and Demeter Markoff, the third descendant of this family, was already a large landowner in Hungary, and could not speak a syllable of the Russian tongue. Demeter III. was a famous man in his time, first because he could ride down the strongest horse in one day, secondly because he could swallow the largest glass of wine at one gulp (and afterwards eat the glass itself), thirdly because, however large his income might be, he could always spend twice as much, and fourthly because, no matter what woman he met, he could always either fascinate her, or (failing that) marry her—and within a twelvemonth the lady in question would punctually be abolished from the face of the earth. When he reached his forty-eighth year he had just buried his third wife. She was a good soul, they say—never complained, and died quietly and without protest.

By his first wife he had a son, Demeter Markoff the fourth. At the time of which we write, this young man was twenty-four years of age. In many respects he

failed to resemble his father. He lacked that gentleman's heroic qualities, being a quiet and economical young man, fond of reading, painting and music. Wine and tobacco both made him sick, and if a pretty girl looked at him he would blush. Demeter III. was irritated by his son's virtues, and called him a booby; but he was his only son all the same, and he could not disown him. Paternal example had no effect upon him. In vain did Demeter III. take him to boar-hunts—the son simply began to paint the forest scenery; in vain did he give him money to spend—he bought nothing but books or pictures; in vain did he take him to places of amusement—he simply went to sleep while the fun was going on.

One day, however, Demeter III. was astonished by the news that his son wished to marry. In the adjoining county there was a charming young girl who was the youngest of the six daughters of a small landed proprietor. It was on the occasion of a vintage festival that the youth had first met her, and ever since then he had been accustomed, in the soft moonlight, to dream away his time in her company and to talk about the stars and the flowers, as respectable people are supposed to do when they are in love. The name of this young girl was Angelica.

Young Demeter Markoff now came to his father and asked him if he would be good enough to journey into the adjoining county and obtain for him the necessary consent to the projected marriage.

"With pleasure," replied his father. "Is she pretty?"

"Her beauty is transcendent."

"Ah! you think so, because she is the



"It was on the occasion of a vintage festival that the youth first met her."

first girl you have met. Is she fond of you?"

"She worships me."

"Is she young?"

"Only eighteen."

"That is the most interesting age. Don't be afraid. I will go and manage it. I will bring her back. You can consider her already here."

Demeter III. had his horses swiftly harnessed—five beautiful Arab steeds—and he drove them into the neighbouring county at such a terrific rate that they were pretty well lame before they got there. Directly he set eyes on Angelica he saw that she was indeed the loveliest of women, also that she had a deeply-rooted affection for his son.

Angelica, as already said, was only eighteen, and at that age the fancy rules over the senses. Secret sympathies and inexplicable magnetic influences operate in the soul. These things whispered to

Miss Angelica that to be drawn by five Arab steeds is more delightful than to be drawn by two, and that it was pleasanter to eat off silver dishes than off china plates; and, indeed, Demeter IV. possessed less property than his father, for while the latter owned large tracts of country, nothing belonged to his artistic son but the landscapes on canvas which he had himself painted in the paternal territory.

In one word, Angelica gave her hand to Demeter III. instead of to his offspring. The matrimonial go-between kept his word—he brought the young lady home; but Demeter IV. was sufficiently astonished when his father told him that she did not come as his wife, but as his step-mother.

The younger Demeter now found it necessary to quit Hungary altogether, for all the inhabitants were laughing at his expense. He went to Russia and lived in an old mansion of his father's at Podolia. Thence he never returned.

After that, the people at home told all sorts of ludicrous stories as to the life he was leading in Russia. Some said that he sat all day long in the corner of a room, opposite the portrait of the girl he had wished to marry; that the spiders were industriously spinning their webs over this picture; that they had almost covered it from view, but that the eyes of Angelica were still visible, and that Demeter IV. would not leave the chamber until they, too, were concealed by the filmy meshes. Others said he was making experiments in chemistry, and trying the effect of certain poisons upon dogs and cats. A third party said that he had become a vegetarian, and passed his life in weighing up the precise amount of food which he considered necessary for his next meal. But they were all wrong, and at length their statements were confuted by a letter which arrived from Demeter IV. addressed to his father.

It should be mentioned, by-the-way,

that the beautiful Angelica had indeed died within the twelvemonth. On the occasion of a ball Demeter III. was so drunk that he pointed a gun at his wife because she was chatting too merrily with a good-looking young officer. She thereupon fled from the ball-room in terror, rushed out into the cold night air in her muslin dress and satin slippers, took a chill, and shortly died therefrom. But she had attained her ambition, and if she had married the younger Demeter she might perhaps still have been alive. As Mrs. Demeter IV. she would not have been lying in such a beautiful velvet-covered and gilded coffin, nor have been drawn to her vault by five such beautiful Arab steeds.

From the younger Demeter's letter to his father it appeared that he had been so far successful in forgetting Angelica that he was about to marry another girl. Years had already passed. The elder Demeter was fifty-eight years old, while his son was still only thirty-four. Thus the latter was now in a position to write to his father in these terms:—

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I again intend to marry, and I have discovered the most

beautiful girl imaginable for my wife. I want you to be present at the ceremony. This time I am not afraid that you will carry off my bride, for ten years have elapsed, and you have now lost your power of fascination. Ten years ago I was a mere child and you were a man; to-day I am a man and you are getting

well on into childhood. Besides, my fiancée loves me with profound devotion. Therefore, if you wish me happiness, come at once to my approaching wedding.

"DEMETER."

These words inflamed Demeter III. His pride was wounded. A wicked desire took possession of him.

"What sort of girl is this your master intends to marry?" he enquired of the valet who had brought the letter.

"A most lovely creature, sir," was the reply.

"Is she young?"

"Still almost a child."

"Do they love each other?"

"Like a pair of doves."

"Well, go back and tell my son that I shall be present at his wedding."

Demeter III. lost not a moment, but travelled post haste. Reaching Lemberg he there happened to meet his son's coachman.



"She fled from the ball-room in terror."

"What are you doing here, Dimitru?" he enquired.

The servant stammered and showed that he would like to lie; but a handful of gold promptly administered induced him to tell the truth. He said that his master got quite alarmed on hearing that the father did not mind taking the trouble of journeying to Podolia, and he had therefore arranged that the wedding should take place two days earlier, sending his coachman to Lemberg to buy certain Hungarian commodities for the marriage feast.

Demeter III. leaped upon a swift horse (for his carriage was not quick enough) and galloped furiously towards Podolia. Two horses fell beneath him, and he arrived at the church just as the marriage was about to be solemnised. He dismounted, and the ceremony was inter-

rupted in order that father and son might greet

each other, while the bride remained near the altar. She was covered with a thick veil, which completely hid her features. Demeter III. looked with proud contempt upon his son, whose face was sunk with a lingering ailment, and from whose colour it could be seen how many months he had to live; whereas he, the father, was still vigorous and robust. Demeter IV. threw an imploring glance at his paternal relative, who simply received it with a smile, and then walked up to the waiting bride, and whispered in her ear:

"Beautiful woman, I am Demeter Markoff III., whilst that man is my son. His hands tremble, mine are steady; his are empty, mine are full of gold. Compare us together, and choose which you will prefer to lead you to the altar."

Didora—such was the lady's name—made her decision with very little hesitation, and it was the father whom she allowed to take her to the altar and make her his wife. She swore to him eternal devotion. Demeter III. was radiant with victory, and glanced round the church to see what had become of his son. The latter was standing with his back against a pillar, watching the ceremony from thence. He was not weeping, as on a former occasion.

As the party were leaving the church, he whispered in his father's ears: "Good luck to you, Demeter III."

The elderly bridegroom



"If he attempted to beat her, she gave him a worse thrashing in return."

took off the veil from the face of his bride. He beheld, not a thing of beauty, but an ugly, crooked-mouthed, one-eyed horror—an object so very ugly that you could not find another like it if you searched all over the earth.

From this wife he could not escape so easily as from the others. He could not drive her away from him, and she refused to die. He lived with her till his own death. She was not afraid of his anger; for she could swear better than he. If

he drank, so did Didora; if he attempted to beat her, she gave him a worse thrashing in return. Demeter found it necessary to shave off his beard, otherwise Didora would have pulled it out for him. She insisted on accompanying him whenever he visited his friends, and, being generally in drink, she would quarrel with him in their houses, and expose him to the keenest ridicule. At length he decided never to go out-of-doors again; and he died in seclusion.

AN IDYL.

By LEAH ANSON.

I WOULD I could forget!
But still the Fates decree,
I must remember
How sweet you are, and yet
How cold, how stern to me,
This drear November.

You bade me leave your side,
Nor ever see you more.
Set, stern, and sober,
You did not cease to chide,
Till I was wounded sore—
That was October.

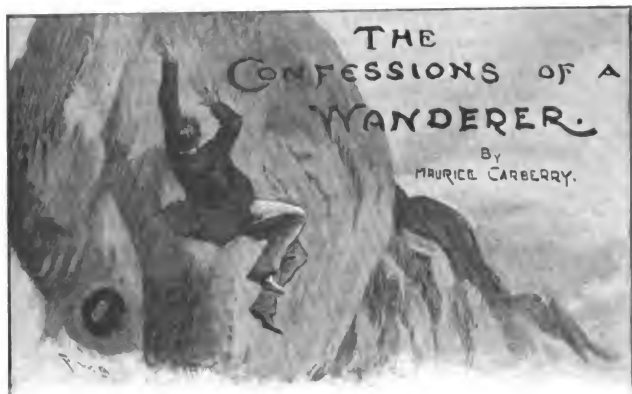
But, as I turned to go
Fancy recalled the scent
Of fresh, green hay,
Where wandered soft and slow
We two, on pleasure bent,
That morn in May.

The pastime of an hour
It was to you, no more,
That afternoon.
And I—I have the flower
That in your hair you wore,
That night in June.

Together, hand in hand,
We plucked the sweet moss-roses
Beneath the sky
That smiled on poppy-land,
And all its summer posies.
That sweet July.

You have forgot your vow,
You have denied our plight
Of last September.
My heart is broken now—
But may recover quite
By next December!





XV.

AFTER Rubi, the next town on my programme was Esparraguera, a rather small place at the foot of the mountain of Montserrat. The fame of Wanga had reach there before me, as had the gilded coach, and I found a curious crowd awaiting me.

"That is he, that is Wanga," they cried, pointing their fingers. But it was not at me they pointed, but at Don Frederico, the interpreter; he was so much more imposing, so vastly more mysterious than I. Beside him I looked very innocent and commonplace. But he put that matter right presently, pointing to me as the great Wanga, and alluding to himself as the humble medium through which my burning words would be communicated to the public. The best apartments in the house were, of course, set aside for me, and before I had been half an hour in the place I sent an invitation to the mayor, the town clerk, the sub-delegate of medicine, and other officials to come and dine with me. The invitation was rather sudden, but Spaniards do not stand on ceremony on such occasions as this. They turned up in force and, as was to be expected, did full justice

to the meal as well as to various post-prandial bottles of champagne Codorniu; we became, in fact, great friends; though to attain this end I had to throw on one side the irritating pretence of not being able to speak Spanish. I broke another rule, too, that night, for I paid a professional visit to the mayor's wife, who had been for some time suffering from rheumatism. I, of course, prescribed a series of rubbings with Wanga's Oil, to be accompanied by continuous doses of the Indian Lotion.

But couldn't I cure the lady myself? Wouldn't I be so exceedingly kind as to use my own hands in applying the oil? They had heard it stated that I was personally endowed with healing powers and that in the hands of other people the remedies lost half their efficacy. Of course, I scouted this idea, praised up the remedies as the real source of all the cures; but my arguments were of no avail, and I had finally to consent to rid the lady of her pains. Had she not been young and good-looking my decision might have been otherwise, as had I known what very stubborn pains they were it would surely have been. Three or four times a week the lady issued bulletins in her own handwriting, describing the state of her

feelings, and practically demanding my presence. In the end I began to send Lucas, my major-domo, when of a sudden the lady's pains ceased. The opening night was a good one, both as regards the patients that I cured and the money taken. If I remember rightly it was about 1,500 pesetas, which was very good for such a small place.

The very next morning I sallied out early with the intention of climbing up Montserrat, when I met with the only really serious adventure that fell to my lot in Spain. I climbed, and climbed, knowing nothing except that I was going upwards. I should, of course, have taken a guide, but I wanted above all things to be alone, to be away from the crowds, above their heads, and far removed from the smell of Wanga's Indian Lotion. The ascent was far from easy, whatever it might have been to an experienced climber. But when it came to the descent, there was where the great difficulty lay! I must have been rendered half-intoxicated by the exuberant air of the place or I would not have ventured into what was not only a serious position, but a series of serious positions. The plain truth of the matter was that I found myself at last on a pinnacle of rock from which it appeared impossible to descend. Once or twice I essayed the task, but had to give up in despair. By something like a miracle I might have got to the bottom of that particular ledge; but looking back on the difficulties I had overcome in making the ascent, I knew I could only succeed in getting back by a score of miracles. It was a very humiliating situation for one occupying in the public eye the exalted position I had lately been called upon to fill, to find oneself perched on the top of a rock with no means either of ascending or descending. As the idea of this morning excursion had come to me before anybody was astir at the hotel, I had communicated my intention to no one, so that my friends would not know where to look for me. To add to the misery of the situation I began to feel appallingly hungry. I had started out without even the matutinal chocolate, and had no hopes that my absence would be taken much into account before the eleven o'clock

almuerzo. However, there was nothing for it but to wait, and as I happened to have a volume of "Gil Blas" in my pocket I settled down to amuse myself with the vagaries of that droll quack, Doctor Sangrado. I tried to fancy that I was seated comfortably in an armchair at the hotel, but my imagination failed to respond. Every now and again I surveyed the horizon in the vain hope of seeing some one coming to the rescue. Away in the distance I could discern the road which wound along, a line of light at the base, but the people who passed there had evidently no thought of me.

Eleven o'clock came at last, and my impatience grew so uncontrollable that I determined to make the effort to descend that first stage, let the consequences be what they would. And they were what I expected, or nearly so. I missed my footing, a tuft of grass upon which I had seized gave way, and I fell. The height, however, was not a great one, but it was sufficient to stun me for a time. When I came to myself I saw a party of three or four persons leave the road and make towards the mountain. I waved my handkerchief and kept waving it until by an answering signal I knew that I was seen. A shepherd who had spent all his life on the sides of Montserrat tending his sheep and his goats soon after came to my assistance, and by means of his long pole and a coil of rope I was able to get on level ground once more. I have never since tried to ascend a mountain, and most religiously abstain from reading the accounts of those foolish people who have not learned a needful lesson from their first experience of climbing.

The stay in Esparraguera was otherwise uneventful. I may mention, however, that I nearly fell in love with a girl, the balcony of whose chamber on the opposite side of the street faced mine. Without any formal introduction, beyond the narrowness of the space dividing us, we managed to get on very good terms, and although I was not able to serenade her after the Spanish fashion, I told her she was the nicest girl in the world, with a mental reservation, however, borrowed from Micky Free—except two or perhaps three. At parting she threw her fan

across to me as a present, whilst in reciprocation I conveyed to her three bottles of Wanga's Oil and an equal quantity of the Indian Lotion. On various occasions I had urged her to acquire a few rheumatic pains, promising that for her sake I would break my otherwise invariable rule and give personal attention to her cure. But the girl was disgracefully healthy and her father was over six feet in height. Esparraguera proved to be as enthusiastic as any of the other Spanish towns visited by the Wangas. Three times the band of the regiment stationed there serenaded me, whilst two civilian bands acted as if they had been called into existence for no other purpose than to *obsequiar*—do honour to—the great Wanga. Of course, on these occasions I had to entertain the bands, which added greatly to the amount of my hotel bill. It was in the game, however, and nobody grumbled. A few months later on, I most unexpectedly came across the colonel who was commanding the regiment in Esparraguera, and he received me with as much enthusiasm as if we had been friends from childhood. Indeed, he gave me, what was for me, the greatest treat of the many treats I had received in Spain. With two companies of cavalry, he was making a forced march to some mines in Andalusia, where disturbances had broken out, and as I had nothing particular to do at the time he invited me to accompany him. This I was very glad to do, particularly as he placed an excellent horse at my disposal, and for three days I marched with him at the head of the troops.

But I am anticipating. I left Esparraguera with regret, and, as in the case of Rubi, the people of Esparraguera wished me to stop with them always. Poor innocent people! they did not know how soon they would grow tired of me.

The next town was Villa Franca del Panades, or to give it a translation in English, the Free Town of the Bakers. But here the arrangements for my visit had not been concluded. The mayor, indeed, had given us permission, but the sub-delegate of medicine representing the medical authorities in Madrid was a very stubborn individual who did not believe

in the Wanga remedies, and was impervious to bribes. I called upon him immediately on reaching the town, hoping to be able to do what the agent in advance had so far failed to accomplish.

Oh! yes, he would give permission with pleasure, but on conditions, and the conditions were that I cure privately, before beginning to work in public, certain patients of his own selection. I told him that, of course, we did not pretend to be able to cure all kinds of diseases, but that if he let me see the patients in question I would tell him at once whether the Wanga treatment would apply in their cases. We made an appointment for next day, and when I called at his house I found about half a dozen old people, mostly on crutches. I soon saw that they were just the kind of cases that Wanga could not undertake to cure, though the tradition of the firm would urge them to buy as many bottles of the remedies as their means would allow. They were mostly cases of contracted tendons or muscles, or if there were one or two instances of rheumatism they were of such a chronic character that they could only be relieved by a long course of treatment. I did not, of course, undertake to do what was impossible, nor would I make an attempt that could only result in failure, whereupon the sub-delegate smiled knowingly and said, "I thought as much." He still, of course, refused to give the permission, and after a fortnight's waiting, the attempt to work the town had to be abandoned.

In any case, I was tired of the rôle of Wanga, and was very glad when I heard that my cart was to be withdrawn from circulation.

After this I was sent to Zaragoza to collect accounts and settle up matters left pending by another Wanga whom I had never seen. In the summer the capital of Aragon is a pleasant town, but in the winter cold blasts blow down from the Pyrenees. These winds are not at all terrible to one accustomed to a colder climate, and to me, personally, they meant nothing at all, though I often found that the efforts of others to protect themselves from the cold had a very depressing effect upon me. As an antidote and to show

the people of Zaragoza what hot-house plants they were, I started to bathe every morning in the Ebro. Such a thing had never been heard of before; bathing in the snowy waters of the Ebro during mid-winter! Rumours as to this tremendous feat spread all over the town. Not one person in a hundred could believe it to be true, but as that one person knew, the arguments sometimes waxed hot. Indeed, bets were made on the subject, and one morning as I plunged into the swift-flowing river a whole con-

gregation of Aragonese came from behind the reeds to watch me. After this doubt was no longer possible. Two representatives of local newspapers came to interview me upon the subject, and, amongst other questions, asked me if the almost impossible hardihood of my nature was to be attributed to the virtues of the Wanga remedies. I did not give a direct answer to that question, though I might have told him with truth that I had never during the whole course of my life taken a single dose of medicine or



She threw her fan across at me.

swallowed a pill. Nor have I done so since, and it is one of the few ambitions remaining to me that when at the age of a hundred or so I depart this life my executors will be able to place on my tomb a deeply-graved confirmation of the above boast—"He never took medicine or swallowed a pill!"

When I got back to Barcelona I was told by Mr. Barley that there was a treat in store for me, and as such, indeed, I regarded it and found it. I was to go to the Island of Majorca as manager for a new Wanga, that is, one who was new to Spain. Mr. Horsley, as I will call him, had worked many of the English towns and was well experienced in the business. He had been, I believe, a preacher of some kind, and had sometimes a very sanctimonious air, but he was far and away—always barring myself—the decentest representative of the firm I had seen. He neither cursed nor swore. With the air of a philanthropist, which he was well able to assume, he had the manners of a philanthropist, and though anxious enough for the pesetas, he managed to avoid all appearance of greed. It was not my duty on this occasion to act as interpreter. The goods, instead of being sold from the cart, had to be passed through the local chemists and druggists, and it was my business to collect the accounts as well as to select the cases and assist in the cures. The man who acted as interpreter was a native of Gibraltar named Rios, a Rock-Scorpion, with a great flow of language and no principle. He had been employed as a missionary in Africa, as a "souper" in the West of Ireland, and though, if he believed in any religion at all it was that of Rome, he was ready at any time to denounce the Catholics, and the greater the pay the stronger would be his denunciations. The fellow was always resorting to underhand tricks, most of which I discovered, and although I knew him to have got up a regular *clientèle* of private patients, I kept the knowledge to myself. When, however, for an honorarium of a hundred pesetas I consented to treat a friend of the landlord of the hotel where I was staying at his own house, the news was

promptly conveyed to Mr. Horsley. The latter accused me of the delinquency, and as I happened to know who had given him the information, I let out the whole budget of Rios's sins. The upshot was that the latter got sent about his business and I had to play a double *rôle*.

Though one of the most beautiful places in the world, and, I am sure, one of the healthiest, there was a great deal of physical deformity amongst the natives of Majorca. I think it must have been owing to the fact of too much consanguinity in the marriages. For generations the island has been inhabited by the same families, marrying and intermarrying, so that everyone is more or less related to everyone else. At any rate we did a roaring trade, taking about £3,000 during the fortnight we had permission to work the town. So great had been the crowd attending the Market Place that both the theatres were deserted. A number of girls belonging to an opera company got stranded in the place. There were about a dozen of them, and the whole came to me as a deputation, asking me to find some means of getting them out of their difficulty. The extreme amiability of my character, they assured me, was well known, and they had perfect confidence that, without doing any injury to myself or the equally amiable Wanga, I would be able to assist them. I could not, of course, even if I had not been quite so very amiable, so *my simpatico*, have resisted an appeal of this kind, and I at once proposed that we should get up a cure-performance at the theatre for their benefit. Wanga promptly fell in with the idea, but there was a great difficulty ahead of us. On such an occasion, when all the best people in the town might be expected to attend, we should have an "extra-special" case, and we had no such case on hand at the time. But one had to be found. I took a coach and drove round to the neighbouring villages, and was fortunate to come across just the kind of cripple we wanted. He had been on crutches for fourteen years, but an examination of his joints showed me that he could be freed from his pains, at least temporarily. He had the further advantage as a case,

from our point of view, that he was well-known in Palma.

Wanga in turn examined him, and he agreed with me that we had got an ideal case.

On the Sunday evening the theatre was filled in every part. All the doctors of the town were present, as well as hundreds of other people who had not joined in the nightly demonstration in the Plaza. The curtain rose, displaying Mr. Wanga and myself standing in the centre of the stage. We were greeted with loud cheers; we bowed, and began what was a modification of the usual oration. Then we called the patient forward and put him through the usual catechism. He had been under scores of doctors, and had tried baths and mineral springs galore, but had never been able to obtain any relief. We had a few spies placed about the theatre, and one of these reported to us that the general opinion amongst the doctors was that, in the American phrase, we had bitten off more than we could chew. Our present patient could not be cured!

We asked the audience if he was known to any of them, and the chorus of "Si, si," that came in response showed that he was known, at least by sight, to the vast majority.

The curtain was now dropped, the band began to play, and Wanga and myself, stripped to the waist, commenced our cure. How we did manipulate the poor fellow to be sure! Rubbing and thumbing and pressing and bending until in the end his limbs seemed to be as pliable as those of a newly-born babe. When we had got him into a sufficiently satisfactory condition we dressed him and put him to rest whilst Wanga resumed his address. He assumed, very cleverly, a despondent air. If the best doctors of Spain and France, if the most famous springs, could do nothing for the unfortunate patient, how could it be expected that he, who had no academic distinctions whatever, could cure him in the space of one short half-hour? The doctors looked at each other triumphantly, each saying to the other, "I told you so!" The audience became gloomy, depressed. Most of them were partisans of Wanga, and they were

grieved that at last and on such an important occasion their hero should have to confess to a failure. For a full minute he remained with downcast head as if meditating on what further apology he could make. Then with a quick jerk he straightened himself up and said:

"However, let us see what we have been able to do for him."

I repeated the words in Spanish, and I am afraid a gleam of something like amusement showed in my eyes. At any rate, the tension of the audience was greatly relieved. I went behind the scenes, and brought forward the patient, walking no longer on crutches but erect as a ramrod, and with the two sticks carried like rifles on his shoulders. Then the audience burst into such tremendous cheering as I have never seen even at the most enthusiastic political demonstration. Wanga walked quickly round the stage. The patient followed him. Wanga danced a jig, so did the patient. The old fellow rose completely to the occasion, and advancing to the footlights, offered the now discarded crutches for sale. Once more the cheering broke forth; the girls of the opera came forward, each with an immense bouquet; scores of pigeons, decorated in fancy-coloured ribbons, were let loose, and the doctors became greatly depressed. That night our patient walked round to the houses upon which he had been in the habit of calling for alms, and not content with that, covered the distance of four miles between his house and Palma entirely on foot. It was scarcely to be wondered, then, that a few days later a rumour should have got round the town that the rheumatic pains had returned, and that the patient was again lying ill in bed. This actually proved to be the case, and now my task was to make it appear false. So I drove out to put him through the mill once more, and brought him back with me to Palma. When the evening function began we alluded to the rumour in regard to our theatre patient, dwelt upon his indiscretion in putting such a heavy strain on his liberated muscles, and in the end induced him once more to dance a jig in the cart.

The original permission obtained from the Governor of Majorca only allowed us a fortnight's time to work the town; but the permission was afterwards extended to a month. When the month was up, as the money was still rolling in, Wanga applied to the Governor for a still further extension of time. But this was steadily refused; whereupon I am sorry to say Mr. Horsley grew angry. He was ill-advised enough to make a speech in which, if he did not openly denounce the Governor, he made him responsible for all the ills that still remained to be cured on the island. But I had my instructions from headquarters, and instead of denouncing the Governor I translated Wanga's remarks into a strong eulogy of that official. Horsley listened attentively for the word *Gobernador*, and as he heard it often mentioned he was fully convinced that I was most faithfully translating him. At each compliment the people cheered; for the Governor was popular, and it was gratifying to the people to hear such praise of him from the mouth of a foreigner. Wanga, too, was gratified at the favourable reception given to what he thought were his own remarks, and, in an aside to me, he declared that he could carry the people of the island with him in spite of the Governor. I had my own opinion upon this point, however, but I judiciously kept it to myself. When the affair was over, and I had got on the fringe of the crowd, the British Consul came up to me and warmly congratulated me upon my interpretation.

"It was the freest and finest piece of interpretation I have ever heard in my life," he said.

Amongst the minor incidents of our stay in Majorca was a luncheon at the old monastery in Valldemosa, where Chopin and George Sand kept up for a while their joint *ménage*, and a visit to the Archduke of Austria, brother of Queen Christina. The Archduke treated us most charmingly, provided us with lunch, and got his major-domo to take our photographs. We remained in conversation with him for more than an hour, in the course of which I had something to say about the manners, or want of

manners, of certain English tourists. As an example of the kind, I mentioned to him an incident that happened to me the day before. I was sitting in a café when a policeman came to me to say that there was a countryman of mine outside evidently wanting to know something, but what it was the policeman could not ascertain. I went out and found the typical British tourist of the wealthy class, with a Murray's Guide Book in his hand and his countenance, as Ruskin has it, "red with cutaneous eruption of conceit." He had a trail of girls behind him, and they all wanted to know the way to the house where the Napoleon family had lived. They should also be delighted to obtain permission to visit the fortified Castle of Belver commanding the harbour. I told the policeman to direct them to the Napoleon house, and in the meantime I promised to obtain the permit for Belver from the Governor's secretary, with whom I was on very friendly terms. I was back at the café before the tourists returned, and then, without waiting to know whether I had got the permit or not, the head offender marched away with an imperious wave of his hand for thanks. I sent the permit after him with a not too polite note requesting him for the sake of his nation to assume the ordinary courtesy of a gentleman whenever he landed ignorant upon a foreign shore.

I had just told this story to the Archduke, when who should come up but the hero of it, with white streamers flying from his hat and the same trail of girls behind him. They were in a coach with four horses, and, to all appearances, evidently intended to take the Archduke by storm. But they did not, and I had a very neat bit of revenge. Just as they alighted from the carriage the Archduke took me by the arm and we walked with ostentatious silence away from them. The red face of the tourist—he was the owner of a fine yacht, by the way—grew redder still, and the girls blushed painfully. I felt sorry for the latter, as I am sure they were in no way to blame.

Horsley and I visited other towns but finally, when we were at Murcia, the Government stopped the further sale

of the Wanga remedies in any part of Spain. We telegraphed the intelligence on to Barcelona, whereupon all the workers and men were withdrawn; the coaches were sold for firewood, the men sent home. I made my way to the little sea-side town of Aguilar, from whence I obtained a passage to Dundee. The ship was laden with esparto grass for paper making, and the sinell, as of a hay-field, accompanied us all the way. I did not want to go to Dundee, nor to Scotland, where I knew no one, but there was no other vessel, and I had only Hobson's choice.

As it happened, however, on the very day I landed in Jute-town an advertisement appeared in the *Advertiser* which offered such an appointment as I thought might suit me. It was in connection with a newspaper, and application had to be made to a number. I applied, exaggerating my own good qualities by declaring in decent

English that I had broken the whole Ten Commandments. The boast was a borrowed one, a plagiarism from a friend, but it served its purpose and I got



The Archduke took me by the arm, and we walked with ostentatious silence away from them.

the appointment. No one, I am sure, who has followed these "Confessions" will believe that I have ever broken even half the Commandments.

THE END.



HIS NITA.

By

ALFRED WILSON
BARRETT.

*Author of "The House over
the Way," etc.*

"A H! but you should see my leetle Nita."

We were a jolly party of young soldiers, seated in a little drinking house at Carna, in Upper Egypt.

We were all young men, and we had gone out to Africa, in those days, tired of our uneventful lives in dull old England, hoping to achieve fame and fortune in that distant land. Alas! they hadn't come as quickly as we had hoped. It was the time when recruits from every part of the world were flocking to serve in the Egyptian army.

Some of them blackguards whose own country was no longer safe for them, and who sought a refuge; others young, rich and idle, longing for the excitement of an African campaign.

I won't prejudice the reader by saying to which class we belonged; it is sufficient to say that we were all welcomed, and the few of us that were chatting gaily that day in the little inn were the officers of the garrison of Carna, a town not far from Alexandria.

We had a dull time of it waiting about in that lonely place, waiting for something to turn up. We played, and we drank, and we sang, and there our amusements ended—and we could only long for the enemy to come, feeling that any change would be welcome, and that we should receive even the murderous

Dervishes with joy, whenever they should choose to favour us with a visit.

There were only seven of us altogether: Dick Teller, Henderson, Preston, myself, and three others making up the party.

One of the three was an old German who had fought his way up steadily from the ranks. He was a queer old fellow, and we were great friends—he and I.

Van—we all called him Van—was an old soldier; he had been in Egypt for nearly twenty years, and although not yet fifty, was a weather-beaten old warrior compared to us other youngsters.

He had seen more service than we were ever likely to see, in those twenty years of Egyptian life, and yet through it all he had kept his queer German simplicity and kindness of nature, and was a great favourite with us. He was a most entertaining companion, and many a long evening we had sat, as we sat to-night in that little inn, listening to his tales of battles in the desert and hairbreadth escapes, tales that—told in his simple way, with his queer accent—had an absorbing interest for us young soldiers, who had never seen an action in our lives.

To me there was only one fault in his kindly nature. A sunstroke, caught in the burning plains of the south, had weakened his head a little, and as we

used to ply him pretty freely with any kind of liquor that came to hand in those nights at Carna, and he got excited over his yarns, the drink would go to his head and he would get stupid and wander in his talk.

Whenever he got rather bad he used to wander on in a half-pathetic, half-maudlin way about his "little Nita": his wife as we all supposed, though none of us had ever seen her; and when our talk got on to the subject of the women—as it was sure to do in the course of the evening—his one remark, "You should see my leetle Nita," was always the signal for the chaff to begin.

In vain we used to implore him to let us see this divinity of domestic virtues. He lived far away in the old part of the town, and had never asked us to his house; indeed, I was the only one who knew where it was, and I was specially privileged.

"Then, why the deuce don't you let us see your 'leetle Nita'?" laughed Dick Teller that evening, for the twentieth time.

Old Van only shook his head, rather sadly it seemed to me.

"What could you want with her?" he said, "you young gentlemen"; then, as if remembering himself, and repenting of ever mentioning her name in such a place, he started another tale, and we, seeing our chaff displeased him, took no more notice for that day; only one or two of the others mentally resolved to unearth this mythical young beauty before very long.

However, like many other resolves, this one was forgotten. Van, after that evening, was much reserved, and Dick Teller and myself were probably the only ones who remembered anything of Nita or her perfections.

One day we were riding slowly through the more deserted parts of the town in rather an exploring frame of mind.

It was a neighbourhood little frequented by the English part of the population, and we wandered on looking about us, Dick chatting gaily and trying to fascinate the few pretty native girls we met.

I had never been quite certain whether

I liked Dick or not; he was certainly a general favourite wherever he went, and was always good-natured and jolly, but he had a way of talking of what he would do when the enemy came, and of boasting of his people at home, that was excessively irritating.

However, where there were only two people who spoke English at all, one could not afford to be too fastidious, and we got along together well enough.

As we rode past one of the numerous alleys which branched off from the road we were in, the sound of a female voice, singing one of our regimental songs, fell on our ears.

It was a beautiful girlish voice, and the rollicking charge sounded so queer, sung by the lovely soprano, that we turned our horses and hastened down the street.

There was quite a crowd round the singer when we got there and, dismounting, we pushed our way through the crowd of donkey boys and thieves of every description that make a crowd in dusty Carna, and managed at last to get a good view of her.

She was a lovely young girl, looking barely seventeen. She wore a loose white garment of some clinging soft stuff that left her dusky neck and ankles bare; a striped cloth was thrown over one shoulder and fastened at the waist with a belt. She wore heavy silver bracelets on her bare feet and arms, and I remember thinking as I looked at her, that I had never seen a prettier dress or a sweeter singer.

Sung by her beautiful voice, the words of the old chorus seemed to thrill one to the heart. Though evidently a native, she sang in English, and she had a pretty babyish way of shortening and slurring over her words that quite fascinated me.

"By George!" whispered Dick, "here's a find. I wonder we've never seen her before. I have quite lost my heart."

"Mind you don't lose your head as well," I whispered warningly; "there are some nasty-looking gentlemen about."

Dick laughed carelessly, and as an answer dropped half-a-sovereign in the tambourine she held out, and stared, as I

thought, rather too admiringly in her lovely eyes as she passed.

"I'm off after her," muttered Dick presently, "I'm going to see her home"; but before he could carry out his threat a stalwart form elbowed its way through the crowd, and old Van, smiling affectionately at the singer, and taking her arm, led her quickly away.

"Goodness!" gasped Dick, "old Van!—why, it must be his Nita."

The same idea struck me, too. So this was she; this was his divinity. Well, she looked a good little thing, and she was certainly pretty enough to be anyone's divinity.

"Illah, Illah, on to the cannon's mouth," sang Dick gaily, as we rode home. "Isn't it pretty saying 'Illah' instead of 'Hurrah'? I like that dear little baby way she's got of cutting her words—'Illah, Illah, on to the cannon's mouth.'"

I was silent. Knowing Mr. Dick's nature, I doubted if any good could come of this meeting, to either Van or little Nita, and I determined to warn Van at the first opportunity. I was fond of the old fellow, and I didn't want him to be robbed of his one treasure. It is possible, too, that I might have been a trifle jealous of Dick. She had hardly looked at me at all.

The next day I was taken ill, and it was nearly a week before I saw Van again.

When at last I told him of our meeting and the song we had heard, "It is my own fault," he said sadly; "I don't seem able to help the drink taking me sometimes. My head's so weak, and then I go and boast about her, though it's little I have to boast of. Mr. Teller, you say? Sir, I don't like that gentleman; he always makes fun of me, but it ain't that—I don't like his face—I don't trust him. Perhaps he'll speak to her; I won't let her sing any more," he went on hurriedly, "my poor little Nita."

"Sir, I believe you're honest—come to our little home; you shall see her, and tell me whether you think I am right to trust her or not."

I assented willingly enough, and off we went.

It was a long walk through the straggling town, but we reached his home at last. It was a little cottage at the end of a dusty lane. Van went forward to open the door, but he had hardly taken a step when he started, and turning deadly pale, gripped me by the arm.

There were two people talking in that little cottage—a man and a woman. Through the chinks in the little broken door I could see Nita, and, as I feared—Dick. Yes, there he sat, Nita kneeling at his feet, looking up at him with her lovely timid eyes—his arms were round her, and as Van stooped forward, their lips met in a passionate kiss.

Van released the grip that was crushing all the feeling out of my arm and staggered away. I thought it best in his present state of mind to follow him, but he hardly seemed to notice my presence, and for a while said nothing.

By-and-by I could hear him muttering to himself, half mechanically, "What shall I do?—what shall I do?"

"Kill him," I said recklessly, a feeling of intense pity in my heart for this homely old fellow, whose one dear lamb was straying from him. "No one would blame you in a place like this for shooting your wife's lover."

He shuddered. "Listen, sir," he said. "She's not my wife—no!"—stopping me as I was about to speak—"and she's not my mistress either. I'll tell you everything. It's two years now since I first met her. I had only just come out here then. I found her a little motherless thing in the streets with a couple of sparrows at her wrist, trying to sell them for a few halfpence, to keep herself from starvation."

"I took her to my home. She's as pure to-day as when she left her mother's breast. She's had her own little room back there in the old cottage, and she's been like my own child to me; I know it was foolish of me, but I hoped she might be something different, something more to me. I hoped some day she might grow to care for me."

"I haven't much money," he went on sadly, "and she liked singing, so I let her go sometimes; but I take her home every day myself. I taught her that little song,



Old Van led her quickly away.

and all the English that she knows ; she found it easier than the dear old German. She's all the happiness I have, and now, through the drink, I've boasted of her to your gentlemen friends, and she's going to be taken away from me—my leetle Nita. I don't care for myself, sir. I'm an old soldier, and I'll get on well enough, but what is to become of her? Will he marry her? Ah! say you think he'll marry her—he shall, sir, he shall—I swear he shall."

I comforted him as well as I could, which was not very much, and after I had succeeded in persuading him to do nothing for a day or two, I left him, promising to speak to Dick myself.

However, the next day the news came that an attack on the town was momentarily expected, and personal troubles were for the time forgotten in the necessary preparations for our defence.

It came the next night—the attack, a hopeless rush of naked fanatics against a solid square of bayonets, and was fierce for a time ; but discipline and superior weapons won the day at last, and the enemy retired with several prisoners, burning half the town as they went.

The next morning, in the search through the streets for the dead and wounded, we discovered to our horror that among those who were missing was little Nita, and it was evident she must have been taken prisoner during the fight.

Van was for the time a madman ; nothing would satisfy him but that we should at once set out for her rescue.

In vain we told him that he would have to go almost alone, that no man could be spared from the town, as another attack was probable at any moment ; nothing could alter his decision, and at last I had to consent to go with him.

Dick refused flatly at first, but the savage sneer on Van's face when he heard him roused what little pride he had, and we three set out together.

It was a mad ride, and we were led by a madman.

Van seemed utterly changed from the kind old fellow of former days. He was

silent as we tore along through the ruined streets, out into the burning desert—only a hoarse sound in his throat showed that he was alive at all.

Looking back on that ride, from these peaceful days, I have come to the conclusion that he was not the only madman of the party.

The thought of poor little Nita in the hands of those savages had got into my head too, and Dick once started on a fiery little Arab pony was powerless to shirk, so on we went.

It was a mad race—mile after mile of burning sand flew by, and still no sign of our chase. We knew if we didn't catch them before night our ride would be useless.

We had managed to learn that there were only a dozen of them at most, and if we could come up with them before they joined their main body, there might be some hope for Nita after all.

Still the hours passed, and our horses, unaccustomed to such terrible work, began to fail us.

Van's mount alone—an old charger—seemed to be fired with the rider's spirit and to be tireless, and, gradually gaining on us, by the end of the afternoon had left us far behind.

Dick and I rode on in silence ; we were too done up to think of talking, and were nearly dropping from our saddles.

When we had almost given up hope of ever seeing Van or Nita again, a shot, fired far away in front, caught our ear, and I saw Dick turn as white as a sheet.

A few moments more, and as we turned a clump of burned bushes and came out into the open, we could see Van on foot, a few hundred yards away, surrounded by what seemed to my dazzled eyes a hundred devils, dancing, cutting, struggling round him.

He was fighting hard yet, but, ride as we would, it seemed impossible that we could reach him in time.

I saw Dick, paler than ever, fumbling with his stirrup-leathers—he was funkng it, I could see.

At any other time I could have laughed to see the look of horror that came over his face when his horse, which was

lighter than mine, began gradually to pass me.

Another moment and his leathers gave way, and down he came to the ground—a coward, as I had feared.

Another few seconds and I was within a hundred yards of Van, shouting with all my strength.

He was standing over a little figure, that lay in a heap at his feet. His revolver in one hand was empty, and the other arm seemed hardly able to raise his sword.

Then there was a rush, and I seemed to be cutting, cutting at dusky forms, that stabbed me everywhere, and clung round my horse's neck; then another rush, and I found myself alone with Van and Nita.

Nita seemed only to have fainted, but Van had fallen, and to my hurried glance he seemed almost cut to pieces.

I had some slight surgical knowledge, and I roughly tied up the two worst wounds—a horrible cut over the eye that had nearly blinded him, and a wound in his leg that had severed an artery.

Two minutes more, and he must have bled to death.

Little Nita soon came round; he had defended her well enough—she hadn't a scratch.

Van struggled to his knees after a moment or two, and bending over her, clasped her in his arms.

She had been badly frightened, and was babbling on half-unconsciously, mixing her own native tongue with her pretty baby English.

"Oo saved me, Dick—'oo darlin' Dick. I knew 'oo would," she sobbed. "Oh, they frightened me so-so-so."

Van staggered and fell back again when he heard what she was saying.

All his courage, all his wounds, what were they worth? She had believed it was Dick—"darlin' Dick"—who had saved her. She had never even thought of Van.

"Darlin' Dick" looked a ghastly object, as he limped up a few minutes later.

He began a lame account of his stirrup breaking, but I turned my back, chuckling to myself, as I saw that his horse had stepped carefully on his face, when

he fell, and spoilt his beauty for a good many months to come.

"Dick, you darlin' Dick," sobbed Nita, and he limped to her side.

I turned to Van. To my horror, the bandage had slipped, and he was lying literally in a pool of his own blood.

Nothing could save him now. I had never known a bandage of that kind to slip before. As I leaned over him I saw what those last words of Nita had done.

"My poor old Van," I cried; "why—how could you?"

"Yes," he said, interrupting me, and almost a smile on his worn old face. "It wasn't your fault, sir. I did it. It's better so—it's better so. Tell him—him, Mr. Dick, I want him—quick—quick—tell him."

I never knew what passed between the two men in those few seconds. I walked away a few paces.

I wasn't feeling very well. The courage of the one man and the cowardice of the other sickened me; and I, too, was wounded.

When I returned Van had fallen back again; the exertion had finished the old fellow.

Dick was nursing Nita—holding her in his arms, kissing her, within two yards of poor old Van.

I felt for a moment as if I could have killed them both, but Dick looked so shocked and sobered down, that I hoped that little Nita's future might be safe with him after all, for his sake.

* * * *

I was invalided the next day to Cairo, and it was many months before I again rode through the streets of dusty Carna.

When I did at last, it hardly seemed strange to find myself in the old street, and hear Nita's lovely voice again.

I knew it at once—even the old song.

Clear it rang through the dusty sky—"Allah, Allah, on to the cannon's mouth."

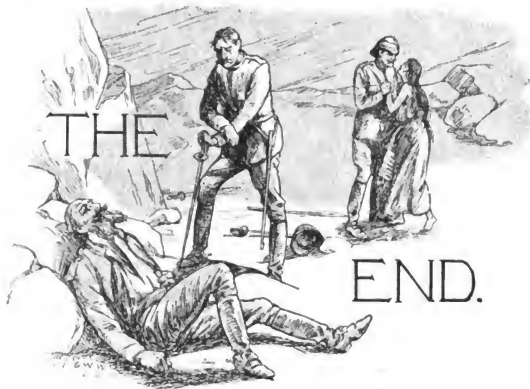
She recognised me at once, and as I passed, a hard, reckless look came over her lovely little face. Lovely, but oh! how changed—the innocent—the sweet, timid look, even the pretty baby accent, all gone—all gone.

"Allah, Allah, on to the cannon's

mouth," rang in my ears as I rode down the dusty street, rang in my heart for many a weary month afterwards.

It wasn't much satisfaction to me, or any great revenge for Van's memory and

poor little Nita, to have Dick Teller turned out of the regiment, as a coward and a brute, but it gave me the first pleasant five minutes I had had for six long months.



THE WEARY LOVER.

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

WHEN flowers lie low and the frosts fall keen,
 Love, come thou to me:
 When grey skies weep where the earth was green,
 And the hard winds bite
 Thro' the wailing night,
 Love, come thou to me.

When joys are done, and the tears flow fast,
 Love, come thou to me:
 When laughter dies and the soul aghast
 Stares trembling up
 From an empty cup,
 Love, come thou to me.

When snows lie thick, and the world is white,
 Love, come thou to me:
 When fears grow strong, and the faith grows light,
 No God will care
 If I find thee fair;
 Love, come thou to me.



1756



UOF A

CHRISTMASTIDE.

Winter is here—all the flowers are dead,
No posy is gracing the room;
But the coral and pearls of rare lustre are spread
In the holly and mistletoe bloom.

THE
English Illustrated Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1906.

SOME PORTRAITS OF OUR
SAVIOUR.

“BEHOLD THE MAN.”

WE are all acquainted with some one or other of the representations of Christ as depicted by the great artists of the Christian era. The striking dissimilarity that exists in these “portraits” displayed in churches and galleries may often have struck us, and the apparent contradiction of a smiling and a sorrowful Saviour, perhaps on opposite walls of the same room, may have puzzled us considerably. The formal words of St. Augustine give us, however, the clue to the difficulty. “We know,” says



ST. VERONICA HOLDING THE HANDKERCHIEF
BEARING THE DIVINE IMAGE.

Engraving by Albrecht Dürer.

he, “nothing whatever of the personal appearance of Christ.” Thus, then, painters and sculptors have merely created a type in consonance, as far as possible, with the ideal of the age in which they lived. In the days of the persecutions, for instance, men had need of a type at once sweet and comforting, and thus, up to the fourth century, our Lord is represented as a youth, smiling — a symbol of hope. Later, when Christianity has triumphed, He will appear as a king, in all His glory. Only after the



STUDY FOR "THE LAST SUPPER."

By Leonardo da Vinci.

seventh or eighth century of our era, when doubts and fears of approaching annihilation began, does He come forth as a Saviour, racked with pain and bowed down with heavy sorrow. Then a few hundred years later the earlier type of joy and comfort is revived, and God is once more the symbol of glorious redemption. The multitude of types, then, but confirm the words of St. Augustine, who lived in the fifth century, and had seen all the images of Christ that existed in his time, and he declared they were all different from each other.

It is recorded of Leonardo Da Vinci that he could never attempt to paint a portrait of our Saviour with a steady hand. When about to begin on the famous "Last Supper" of Santa Maria in Milan he told the Duke Ludovic Sforza that he did not know where on earth he could find the type for the divine Saviour, and that his imagination was entirely incapable of conceiving the ideal and heavenly beauty of the subject. But it was not altogether through religious emotion that his hand trembled; the feeling of diffidence arising out of the difficulty of rendering with any appearance of truth the face of Jesus

Christ had also something to do with his emotions. There is no subject so difficult to realise by the forms of art. Documents of every kind are lacking. We have portraits more or less authentic of the contemporary Pharaohs, of the Roman and Byzantine Emperors; but of Christ we have not a single one. Nevertheless, let us look at the picture galleries. For centuries without intermission the painters have not failed to put on wood or canvas portraits of the Saviour.

In the presence of the artist someone called in question the likeness of a head of Christ which Gustave Doré had just finished.

"But it is He!" he cried furiously, "really and truly He."

Sometimes, without intending either to be profane or to exaggerate, you might hear the remark made that such a one had the head of the Saviour. Can it be, then, that in the imagination each of us has some fixed type? And if so, how has it been formed? We must remember that we can have no true mental image of Christ whatever. Let us suppose one of the early Christians, resuscitated from the catacombs, were shown the head of Christ by Raphael, or any other of the

FROM A SCULPTURE OF THE 13TH CENTURY,
IN THE CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS.



THE LAST SUPPER.

From the fresco by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Convent of Santa Maria della Grazie, at Milan.

U. 6. 1. 1.

religious painters. He would not recognise it. On the contrary, if he saw depicted the form of a fish, of an anchor, of a pigeon holding in its beak an olive branch, of an Orpheus in Phrygian cap playing the lyre, of a beardless shepherd carrying a lamb over his shoulders, the Christian from the catacombs would recognise the religious symbol. He did not know of any other conception of Christ. He had never under

his eyes any representations of His features. He had been obliged to use purely symbolic forms, and sometimes half-pagan at that, in order to evolve the idea of the Saviour. As a matter of fact, during all the epoch when a direct portrait of Christ might have been preserved, the faithful were scrupulously interdicted from making such an image, lest it should be profaned by the pagans. Be-

sides, the first Christians never doubted for a moment that Christ was continually amongst them. The most obscure symbols, that served as reminders merely, were sufficient for them. Christ was for them at the same time present and hidden. Later, they began to draw some figures. The most ancient are those found in the catacombs of Saint Callisto and of Saint Cecilia. They are all as late as the third century, and consequently are not regarded as having much value as portraits. In

addition to this lack of graphic documents, there is also a lack of descriptive material in the New Testament, the first descriptions to be found being those given by the Fathers of the Church two hundred years after the Crucifixion. For these reasons the painters, all through the history of art at its different phases, have depicted Christ according to whatever form their imaginations conceived. The Pre-Raphaelites depicted Him as

an emaciated ascetic, basing their idea on the opinions accepted by some, that pallor and debility are signs of holiness.

Artists at one time, while giving the portrait the general feeling of the time in which they lived, also insisted in adorning the face with acurious likeness of themselves. In the works of the Flemish painters, such as Van der Weyden, Matsys, Kranach, and others, the face is un-



THE IMAGE ON THE HANDKERCHIEF OF
ST. VERONICA.

doubtedly Flemish, while the German school invariably limned German features. Albert Dürer always painted his own portrait in his representations of Jesus. Similarly, Da Vinci's Christ is an idealised Italian, and Gustave Doré depicts an idealised Frenchman; whereas, as a matter of fact, Jesus was a Jew, and as a Jew he should always be represented. In order to get a correct Hebrew likeness, a great English artist, Holman Hunt, lived four years in a village in the Holy



THE HEAD OF OUR SAVIOUR ON THE HANDKERCHIEF OF ST. VERONICA.

Engraved by Claude Mellan, 1649, in a single spiral line from the middle of the nose.

Land; and later on the famous painter Tissot sojourned there for the same purpose. The tradition amongst the early Fathers of the Church was that Christ was lacking in the characteristics which, from our point of view, go to make up personal beauty.

"He appeared without beauty," said Justin the Martyr, who lived in the second

Saviour may have been somewhat lacking in beauty, the expression of His figure was noble and divine. Still later it was the contrary sentiment that prevailed, but in either case it was only a sentiment.

The principal argument of those who maintain the theory of the beauty of the Saviour is the profound impression He



"ECCE HOMO!"

From the painting by Guido Reni, in the National Gallery.

century. "He was wanting in all human beauty," adds Clement of Alexandria. Tertullian says that the appearance of Christ did not at all plead for Him, His body being so lacking in human nobility"; and when the pagan Celsus reproached the Christians for their worship of a being of such mean appearance, the reply of Origen was that, though the

made on all His followers. That the Saviour possessed in the highest degree the dignity of look, voice, and gesture, the attribute of command, goes without saying, but all that could be, without the absolute regularity of features which we see in the portraits of the Renaissance.

Although we are thus entirely ignorant of what was the appearance of Christ, a



"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

From the painting by William Holman Hunt, R.W.S., at Keble College, Oxford.

traditional type conserved by time has come to us: the forehead straight, the eyes black, with arched eyebrows, the nose long and narrow, the mouth well formed, the hair long, divided in the middle and hanging in ringlets over the shoulders, the beard thin, leaving the lips uncovered and terminating in a double point.

Where does this type come from?

It was a tradition firmly believed amongst the early Christians that by a miracle the representation had been left on a piece of linen which for an instant had covered His face. It is told that

imprint of His face, is still shown to the faithful at St. Peter's in Rome during Holy Week.

Have these images, preserved both in the East and the West, helped to create the type that we know? It is very possible. What is certain is that we find this type very clearly defined in two descriptions, one in the eighth century, the other in the twelfth. The first is by John Damascenus, which he gathered from old sources. Jesus is represented as beautiful and very tall, with ringlets slightly curled, the eyebrows very arched and joining in the middle of the forehead, the face oval,



OUR SAVIOUR AS REPRESENTED BY THE FLEMISH AND GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE
15TH CENTURY.

After paintings by L. Kranach, Q. Matsys, and R. Van der Weyden.

during the life of our Saviour a Syrian king named Abgar, falling ill, and having heard of the miracles of Christ, conceived the idea of bringing Him thither as a doctor. He sent out an embassy to meet Jesus at Philippi, and one of the ambassadors, being a painter, took advantage of the occasion to try to paint a portrait of Christ. But the painter died, and meanwhile Jesus having washed His face, the towel He used retained, miraculously, a representation of His features. This towel the ambassadors carried with them to their king, whom it cured, and was for a long time venerated in the East. The story of Veronica is too well known to need repetition here. The veil, bearing the

the complexion of a pale olive, the hair of the colour of ripe wheat, the eyes brilliant as those of the Virgin Mary, an attitude slightly pensive, the look full of mildness, sagacity, and dignity.

The other description, for ever famous in the realms of art, is found in a letter written by a certain Lentilus (the predecessor of Pilate) of Jerusalem, to the Roman Senate. Here it is:—A man of a tall figure, handsome, of a countenance that inspires in the beholder at the same time fear and love. His hair is flowing in curls, something of the colour of the raisin-grape, falling over the shoulders, parted in the middle of the forehead, according to the fashions of the Nazarenes. His forehead is smooth



From the painting by Munkacsy.

ECCE HOMO.



"ECCE HOMO!"

From the painting by Correggio, in the National Gallery.

and of a perfect calm; His face is without either wrinkles or pimples, the colour of a delicate red. The mouth and nose are perfect in form, the beard is abundant and, like the hair, the colour of a ripe nut. It is not very long, and is parted in two points.

It was this letter—supposed by many to be apocryphal—more than anything else that fixed the type of the Saviour as seen in a countless number of pictures.

"Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, 'Behold the



JOHN.

From the painting by Herman Salomon, in the Modern Gallery, New Bond Street, W.



CHRISTUS.

Man'—*Ecce Homo!* (John xix., 5). Over the domain of tragedy Correggio—with his pretty grace and sentimentality—had little sway. In this respect he has been called "the Rossini of painting." The melodies of the *Stabat Mater* are the exact analogues in music of Correggio's voluptuous renderings of grave or mysterious motives. Thus, here it is rather a not unpleasant feeling of grief, than any profound sense of sorrow or resignation, that the painter expresses; but within these limits the picture is a very effective one. The features of Christ express pain, without being in the least disfigured by it. How striking

peculiar to him, by which he realised on canvas, this way of looking at things is the subtle gradation of colours, a point, it is interesting to note, in which, of all modern masters, Sir Frederick Leighton most nearly resembled him.

It was from Correggio that Guido Reni borrowed the type of face for his "*Ecce Homo*," which was a favourite one with the Eclectics; but notice how much more Reni dwells on the physical pain and horror, how much less on the spiritual beauty, than Correggio did. "He was specially fond," says one of Guido's biographers, "of depicting faces with upraised looks, and he used to say that



THE HOLY FACE IN THE HANDKERCHIEF OF ST. VERONICA.

From the picture by Leiblom.

is the holding out of the fettered hands, as if to say, "Behold, these are bound for you!" The painter, Antonio Allegri, called Correggio, from his native village of that name, is one of the greatest and most distinctive of the old Italian masters. What is it that constitutes what Carlyle calls the "Correggiosity of Correggio?" It is at once a way peculiar to him amongst artists, of looking at the world, and an excellence peculiar to him also in his methods of painting. Correggio "looked at the world in a single mood of sensuous joy," as a place in which everything is full of happy life and soft pleasure. The characteristics of his style are "sidelong grace," and an all-pervading sweetness. The method,

he had a hundred different modes" of thus supplying sentimentality to order.

Munkacsy's picture of the same subject was painted under most distressing circumstances. The artist had been the victim for many months of that frightful disease, creeping paralysis, which caused not only great agony, but, what is far worse, a terrible melancholy, nay, despair. At the opening of the Millennial Exhibition at Budapest, in the spring of 1896, Munkacsy was a member of the procession which filed before the King-Emperor in the national Hungarian costume; and even then those who were acquainted with him observed that he exhibited the marks of a dead man. The artist himself was soon conscious of the

alarming progress of his insidious internal enemy, and became feverishly anxious as to the completion of "Ecce Homo," the painting that was to complete his great series of Christ-pictures. He felt that this would be his last picture, and he worked on it with exceptional energy in fear that he might not live to finish it. This exertion, and his mental excitement, made him worse, and his doctors advised him to go to the Rhine and try the waters of Godesburg. He obeyed, but derived no benefit from the change, and suddenly became mad, and was at once conveyed to a lunatic asylum, where he died.

Perhaps the most curious portrait of our Saviour that has been painted in recent years is Mr. Herman Salomon's "Christus," which was originally exhibited at the Doré Gallery, and attracted a good deal of attention. As an artist, Mr. Salomon is nothing if not original, and his ideas follow out the teaching of the Continental school, where, as one of his masters said, "You should be able to get your effects as an artist with soot and a sponge." And it appears that this effect, aimed at in the technique of Mr. Salomon's picture of Christus, has been attained in a remarkable degree. The work is the development of an idea which came as an inspiration to Mr. Salomon, and was the outcome of a

haphazard sketch. One day, while conversing with a pupil, the artist took up a plain canvas and commenced drawing the outline of a full-sized head and shoulders, which gradually took the countenance of the Saviour. Showing it to his pupil, she at once exclaimed: "Oh! Mr. Salomon, if you can only finish that, you will make a name for yourself." This was a *contretemps* unlooked for, and at once the artist resolved to lay himself out to study the best ideal faces of the Hebrews; and the picture of Christus, which took three months to finish, is the result. During the process of painting Mr. Salomon conceived the idea of making the eyes to open and close whilst being looked upon, and after numerous and unsuccessful experiments, he finally evolved a mechanical contrivance whereby this could be done. The picture was exhibited, and the novelty of the illusion, as well as the merit of the work, attracted thousands of visitors. As the spectator gazes on the picture the eyes appear to open and close, and the entire countenance undergoes a change which almost leads one to believe that it is endowed with life. While there is no authentic likeness of our Saviour extant, few pictures represent more faithfully the character of God-man as imagined and judged from the present-day standpoint.

TO FRIENDS IN BOOKS.

By IDA ROWE.

FRIEND of mine that I never may know, I reach my hand through the darkness.
 Thou and I have a thought that has met and mingled in one
 That I can feel and show—it lay in my mind as lifeless
 Till thy thought touched it, and straightway it lived, and the thing was
 done.

Friend of mine, we are parted by years, and by death, and by distance.

What was your purpose in living?—You died, but your thought lived on.
 And in the fulness of ages mine was decreed to meet it, . . .

So the two sprang together at last; they have met and have mingled in one.
 So, friend of mine, tho' parted, in the dark reach a hand to me,

We may meet or not, God knoweth, but the thoughts have met tho' late.

You may have cycles to watch, while I store up the wisdom of ages;

But we have touch'd hands in the darkness at last, so patience—hope on—and
 wait.



WORK

DEVOTION.

HE looked upon her, and her hurried gaze
 Sought from his glance sweet refuge on the ground;
 But on her cheek of beauty rushed a blaze,
 And as the soul had felt some sudden wound
 Her bosom heaved above its silken bound.



By JAMES McCABE, LL.B.

SHE was a red-haired girl, and he was a student for the Bar.

He had run down from Dublin to read in peace during the vacation for a scholarship at the final; and he lodged at Mrs. Higgins's in Prout Street. The only other lodger in the house was the red-haired girl, who had come up from the country to stay a month with Mrs. Higgins, her aunt. She was very shy at first, and would scarcely enter the little parlour where the clever Trinity-man was wrestling with the Pandects of Justinian.

Then they gradually became very friendly. She would tidy up his books and get his tea; and she used to sit by the hour in the parlour sewing quietly as he read. She did not enter into conversation, because he had laid an injunction of silence upon her during his study hours; these over, they would chat, or he would spin out a piece of a classical story for her; both appearing to be satisfied with the arrangement.

The girl had an eccentric style of beauty which was new to him. She was slim and perfectly pale, with large grey eyes; her hair was wondrously red; and she wore a black dress neatly finished off with a white collar and cuffs. Her presence, the neatness and meekness of the girl, her perfectly graceful and noiseless carriage, had a soothing effect on his sensitive nerves, and constituted an agreeable alternative to the literature of the law.

Of course, there could be nothing between them beyond mere friendship, because he was engaged to Minnie Burke

in Dublin, and was only waiting for his exam. to marry her; and beside, he had an honourable understanding with Mrs. Higgins, who was an old follower of his family, and "knew him to be a gentleman."

Nevertheless, at the end of the month, when the red-haired girl was going back to the country, she spent all her last evening in the house looking at him with her large mild eyes, from which the tears occasionally ran down, but as she was sitting in the window he didn't notice them.

After the period of silence was over, she got up and walked over to him.

"Good-bye, Tom," said she; and put up her hands to his face, pulled down his head, and kissed him.

"Cheer up, Kitty," said he; "don't be uneasy."

"If anything should happen," she said feebly, and she hung down her head and flushed as red as her hair.

"There are compensations," he replied.

* * * *

The red-haired girl passed away from him thus. At first he missed her and wanted her there again. He had a few days' worry over it, and a strange and objectionable feeling of anguish and mental annoyance.

However, he returned to Dublin, read hard for six months more, got the scholarship, and was duly called to the Bar. Minnie Burke gave a party that evening in honour of the success of her future husband.

He was seated near her in the drawing room.

"Only another week, Minnie," said he in a whisper, "and we will never part again."

"Never again," she replied, blushing and looking at the carpet.

She certainly was beautiful, and her hair wasn't red either. Well, who said anything about that?

"Telegram, sir, sent from the Court," said a servant approaching.

He opened it, got suddenly pale, and his jaws became rigid.

"I—I must go, Minnie," he stammered; "bad news! Let me go."

"Oh, tell me ——"

"To-morrow, dear."

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow!

* * * *

He was out in the street, tearing along. The telegram told him that the red-haired girl had been turned out by her people; that he had brought her to shame; that she was coming up by the six o'clock train to ask him for mercy.

Well, he would meet her and save her. It was he who should ask her for mercy; it was all his fault; he would make the fullest amends. He had £30 out of the scholarship at his "digs"; they could get married on that, and run for the Cape.

A quarter to six.

He called a cab in O'Connell Street.

"Drive like the devil for Kingsbridge Terminus," he roared at the jarvey.

They were flying along the quay. He saw nothing but the sun going down back of the houses—a red glare in a dim circle of blue mist. Then there was a smash, or something, passing the Four Courts, and he saw no more.

* * * *

A dull yellow light, and a smell of carbolic oil—these were his first sensations; and he found himself in a hospital ward, with Jack Murphy the medical, the half-back of the college football team, standing beside his bed.

"You got a spill off a cab four days ago, Tom," said Jack Murphy, "and tumbled on your head. We had a bit of surgery over you. Baggot, the head surgeon, says you'll pull through. Aisy, now, aisy," he added in a sweet Kerry brogue.

Tom McCarthy began to remember,

and a keen pang shot through his heart. The telegram. Where was she?—what had become of her? Lost?

"I'll get better and find her," said he.

Three weeks after this he was allowed out in a landau to take the air. The driver took him up as far as Ballsbridge, and then around by the canal. There was a crowd standing on the road near the bank, and the coachman pulled up, and Tom McCarthy looked on for a moment.

They were taking the body of a woman out of the water; a long thick bundle of rags it seemed—but the face! It looked as if it had been whitewashed; its grey eyes were staring wildly, and a tangled, dripping mass of red hair was hanging down behind.

It was she. He had found her!

"Drive on," said he as he sank back and covered his face with his hands.

"Oh, God!—mercy!"

* * * *

About eleven o'clock that night, Jack Murphy went into the ward and discovered his patient sitting up against the pillows staring at the ceiling—dead!

Baggot said it was failure of the heart's action; for some reason—couldn't account for it—the man seemed to have got a fright.

Here was the reason: He had been looking at the door for a few hours, with an enquiring kind of expression on his face, as if he expected someone. Then all at once the door appeared to open without any noise, and two tall men, dressed in black, entered. They bore between them a heavy bundle of wet rags daubed with mud and streaked with weeds. Out of this horrible thing a face, as pale as the silvery moon, peered; its two grey eyes were fixed on him; and a tangled tail of red hair hung down behind.

Who had done this?

Remove it! Take it out of his sight! Should he call? Ah, no! for then he would have to tell. No matter, he could go away. She was very meek, too, not stern like this; and her kisses—Oh! All the same, no one could stand that! Yes, he would go—go now, too.

So he trudged off to the Land of the Shadow to hunt up the red-haired girl.



THE LOST LATCHKEY.
Drawn by C. A. Shepperson.



FLORA.

Drawn by Arthur Jule Goodman.



THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

FIVE minutes to midnight! The clock with its breathing
 Alone breaks the silence that reigneth around;
 And our minds, and our souls, are all tenderly wreathing
 Their flowers of fancy and hope at the sound.

Midnight! And the joy-bells peal forth from each steeple
 Their jubilant chimes on the ear of the night:
 From the King on his throne to the least of his people,
 May the Past be still cherished, the Future still bright.



"THIS IS SO SUDDEN."

Drawn by Aleck Ritchie.



THE convives, assembled at high jinks in the subterranean store of Miles Flanagan, heeded but little the storm that raged without on that memorable Christmas Eve of 1796; and although friends and would-be allies of the French, they did not for the moment give a thought to the fleet of General Hoche, which was on that very night buffeting the hurricane which seemed to warn it off the coast, whereon the General intended to throw an invading force of fifteen thousand men, with spare muskets for as many of the dissatisfied peasantry as might be willing to join him.

But not so absorbed in merriment as his guests was the master of the cave; on the contrary he was restless, and as he sat on a table near the entrance to the cavern, he started from time to time with an anxious gesture, and not infrequently ascended to the outer world, taking with him a horn lantern.

Miles's abstraction, however, in no way damped the spirits of the revellers. The song, the dance, the cards, and above all the "dhrink," held sway in that underground festivity. Even the cracked Cremona of Darby Ryan seemed as if trying with its wheezy tones to give more measured time to the gale which blew great guns overhead.

But this dream of exuberant pleasure was destined to come to a more abrupt

conclusion than the partakers in it anticipated. A shade came o'er its spirit, notwithstanding the number of times it was averred that "Bedad they'd make a night of it."

Miles had returned from one of his reconnoitering expeditions and taken his seat on the table, when Judy Kelly, the janitress, came tumbling down the rude steps leading from above, and before she had time to recover her breath, the murky rays from an iron lamp that hung from the rock-work which formed a natural ceiling were reflected in the highly burnished prisms of a dozen bayonets.

All started to their feet, and seized the weapon nearest at hand; but the deep voice of Flanagan gave the word of command in a hoarse whisper, "Don't raise a hand for the world," and springing on the table at the same moment, he extinguished the light.

This last performance was, however, of little avail, for before half a minute had elapsed, the light from a bull's-eye carried by a burly sergeant penetrated the most remote recess of the cavern, and brought into view every variety of expression, from that of the determined and ferocious brigand to the terror-stricken lout who, like our own first James, trembled at the sight of cold steel. Now weapons were grasped tightly,

but the warning hand of Miles was raised to impose continued inaction.

When, however, the officer in command of the troops called on them "in the king's name to surrender," even the moral influence of their leader failed to make them see their way to a quiet saunter to the guard house—that being the usual lock-up in those troublous times—and a general rush was made for egress from their somewhat trying situation, so *Sauve qui peut!* was the one thought. Yet, the entrance being guarded by the bayonets of their captors, the result was unsatisfactory. To submit to their inevitable fate was therefore the only course open to them. They were disarmed, and each man, with his hands securely tied behind him, was marched off in custody; the women, however, were set at liberty.

The superb bay of Bantry, an inlet on the west coast of County Cork, was for many years a favourite resort of smugglers, the islands in it affording not only facilities for illicit traffic, but also to those acquainted with them the means of securely storing contraband cargoes. Miles Flanagan was at the time of which we write the leading spirit of the locality.

Miles had at all times sufficient money to purchase any cargo which the contrabandists succeeded in running into the bay. He had possessed himself of a spacious and water-tight cavern in the island of Whiddy, and although this place of concealment was not unknown to the active officer in command of the coastguard, that officer, being intelligent as well as active, deemed it imprudent to place himself in a hostile position towards the wealthy merchant in illicit trade.

Flanagan had, besides, many friends among the gentry. Those were the days of reckless country gentlemen: men of the Castle Rackrent type, who expended more than the amount of their rent-roll, and consequently frequently had recourse to the money lender; moreover, what was it to them if a few cases of French brandy, or a few bales of foreign silks, or a few hogsheads of tobacco, more or less, failed to pay custom house dues

or not? It took nothing out of their pockets.

All this answered very well so long as he confined himself to commerce; but greed of gain was his weak point, and believing that in the political events of the day he might find a way of adding to his wealth, he began to cast about in his mind how he could turn the state of public affairs to his own advantage.

From the British Government nothing was to be expected but the poor wages of a spy and informer, and Miles Flanagan was no small retail trader; that sort of business would not pay, so he turned his attention to the United Irishmen, and as those had put themselves into communication with the French Republic, he managed to open a negotiation with General Hoche, through the medium of some of the smugglers, and ultimately agreed for a certain consideration to use every means at his command to facilitate the landing of the French troops, by providing pilots to bring the French fleet safely into harbour, and afterwards the means of concealment for the invading legion until the peasantry had risen and were ready for co-operation.

This line of tactics on the part of Mr. Flanagan leaked out. For an enterprise such as he contemplated required many agents to carry it out, and the country gentlemen, most of whom held a commission as a justice of peace, felt that, although they might wink at smuggling, treason must be dealt with in a different way, and moreover, although generally "on pleasure still intent," yet, like Mrs. Gilpin, "they were of prudent mind"—at least, sometimes.

Now here seemed a windfall.

How if Miles Flanagan were hanged? Were not the chances all in their favour that his claims on them would be cancelled? Of course, if he were adjudged a convicted felon, his wealth would become confiscate, and when the Crown had made so fine a haul, they calculated naturally enough that their "paper" would be given up to them as a reward for their zeal and devotion in discovering and defeating so formidable a conspiracy.

In the meantime, to bring about so desirable a consummation great caution



Springing on the table, he extinguished the light.

was needed; the finale was not to be anticipated by any precipitancy of action. Flanagan was not the man to be brought down at a long range; therefore, in order to strike at the right moment, the local authorities kept themselves well informed of his movements. They waited until some overt act of treason should place him bound hand and foot in their power; that crisis had now arrived.

The *Spitfire*, a British sloop of ten guns, commanded by Lieutenant Godfrey, contrived almost by a miracle to cast anchor in the roadstead of Whinny Island on the same Christmas Eve that witnessed the pleasant little *réunion* in the cave. The little vessel came into harbour weather-beaten and battered, bearing no slight resemblance to a bulldog after a well sustained fight.

The plucky little craft while cruising off the coast encountered not only the hurricane, but did battle with a French frigate of thirty-six guns, a stray sheep from General Hoche's flotilla; the Gallic fleet having been scattered in all directions by the storm.

The two ships might easily have passed each other in the darkness had not the Frenchman taken to firing minute guns and sending up blue lights, in the hope of being thereby enabled to rejoin his own fleet. These proceedings naturally attracted the attention of the English commander, who knew that there was not a British man-of-war within a hundred miles of his immediate locality, and the firing sounded too professional for a merchantman. Any smuggler that might be about would not, under any circumstances, venture to exhibit such obvious signals. He was also aware that the French fleet had sailed from Brest.

The Lieutenant, therefore, more than suspecting who the stranger was, made up his mind to reconnoitre the situation, and should his suspicions prove correct, to endeavour to reach the coast with the intelligence and so prevent a surprise. Under these circumstances, he made sail in the direction of the spot whence the sights and sounds proceeded. The gale was then at its height, and the sea not only running mountains high, but it was also lashed into a white foam. Yet,

undaunted by all this, the gallant craft, with every stitch of canvas closely reefed, scudded before the wind under bare poles, on her perilous expedition.

The *Spitfire* ploughed its way in silence through the seething waves, while the frigate, unaware of the close proximity of an enemy, kept on its signals, the blue lights bringing out distinctly its form in the midst of the density of a December night storm.

The sight of so formidable a vessel in comparison with the sloop was enough to shake the nerves of many a brave man; but the crew of the *Spitfire* had nerves of iron, warranted proof against any terrors of gale or war. Besides this, there seemed but a choice of two evils. Ariel and all his attendant spirits were keeping up the festivities of the season with a riotous exuberance that was more than mere mortals could appreciate favourably, and, therefore, all those on the briny element saw a fair chance of a berth for the night in Davy's locker. Now, to go down fighting, and so be blown gallantly out of the water, seemed, to British man-o'-war's men, the less disagreeable alternative.

The *Spitfire* was now in a fix. The wind blew directly from the north, and increased in violence. The Lieutenant paused to consult the master, and a momentary flash from a blue light thrown up from the frigate revealed to that vessel the close neighbourhood of an enemy, for seeing the Union Jack, which, although torn almost to ribbons, still clung on to the masthead, the identity of the sloop as a British vessel was established. The Frenchman, as a matter of course, divined its object, and at once made up its mind to sink it, and thus prevent it carrying any intelligence ashore.

This intention soon became evident to the crew of the *Spitfire* by the whirr of a twelve-pounder athwart her bows. Had the sea been calm it would have plumped into her, for as the vessels stood in such close proximity it could not fail to have done so.

This compliment was replied to by a similar missive and a defiant cheer from the crew of the sloop. A broadside from the frigate followed, and was answered

by one from the Britisher. Both sides kept up this for some time, during which the *Spitfire* found an ally in the storm, for the raging sea preventing anything like an approach to manœuvring, the disparity in strength of the combatants was to a great extent neutralised.

Suddenly a terrible cry from the frigate

At this terrible and unexpected cry the gunners on board the sloop stopped, match in hand, as they were preparing to send in another broadside, and her crew looked on with horror and amazement at the catastrophe; it must be confessed not unmixed with a feeling of relief: a feeling, perhaps, they scarcely acknowledged



Suddenly a terrible cry from the frigate was heard above the uproar.

was heard above the uproar of the cannonade and the roaring of the storm.

It was the cry of "Fire!"

Then there came forth from the portholes and hatches of the ill-fated Frenchman an opaque body of smoke, coloured a dull crimson by the flames which immediately followed in its wake, enveloping the entire ship, rigging and all, in their murderous embrace.

to themselves. Yet a combat between a giant and a dwarf is not always a pleasant pastime to the latter.

As they looked on, the crimsoned smoke became more and more dense; then shot forth from the hatches a serpent of fire, which hoisted and wriggled itself for a moment up along the mizzen-mast, devouring the remnant of the sails and rigging; then at the portholes the



The captives were led in, guarded by the Clanbarry Yeomanry.

charged cannons went off of their own accord, and, immediately after, the vessel opened like a crater, and instantly sank in the boiling waves, leaving no evidence of its former existence beyond the half-burnt *débris* of a portion of the masts and rigging.

Amidst this concatenation of horrors, the shrieks of men were heard issuing from the surging billows; and by the aid of lanterns and torches—the latter being with difficulty kept alight in the storm—the crew of the sloop were enabled to see half-a-dozen human heads tossed about helplessly in the surge. To rescue them was the first impulse; but how?

To lower a boat was out of the question, it could not live a second in such a sea; but there was no time to lose. In an instant volunteers were found to descend into the foaming vortex with ropes fastened under their arms, and soon four of the frigate's men were safely on board the *Spitfire*.

Meantime the sloop, although not actually knocked into a cocked hat, had suffered some severe contusions during the encounter, but happily no casualties where human life was concerned occurred; yet her rigging had received such rough handling that she was as unfitted as vessel could well be to ride out a storm. In truth, things looked as dark as the hour

before dawn, but fortune still favoured the gallant little crew. The storm began to abate, and the wind veered to the south-west, so that by a marvel of seamanship she reached the harbour, and anchored as already stated.

Lieutenant Godfrey at once proceeded with his prisoners, under an escort, to the mansion of a nobleman who, in addition to being chairman of the bench of magistrates, commanded a corps of yeomanry cavalry. On being made acquainted with the details of the adventure, the lieutenant was highly complimented by the peer on the gallantry of himself and crew. The four prisoners were placed under a strong guard, and mounted orderlies were despatched in all directions to summon together the local magistracy.

Those were stirring times, and country gentlemen like to live in stirring times. So steeds were saddled, and carriages and other vehicles were got ready in a trice, and by ten o'clock they were assembled round the council chamber in Lord Clanbarry's drawing-room.

When the decanters and adjuncts were placed on the table, and everything made ship-shape, the order was given to "lead in the prisoners."

O'Leary, his lordship's confidential bailiff, and the chief usher in all judicial proceedings, was now in his element.

He left the room with the peculiar expression of a man who rolls sugar plums over his tongue, and in about two minutes returned, leading in the captives, strongly guarded by half-a-dozen of the Clanbarry yeomanry, with drawn sabres; two of whom remained beside the prisoners, while the others fell back and guarded the door.

The bailiff approached on tiptoe and whispered mysteriously in the ear of the nobleman, who nodded, and turning to the assembled council said:

"Gentlemen, this affair is of even greater import than we at first supposed. As French sailors, the persons captured would be treated as prisoners of war; but here we have also to deal with treason," and the worthy chairman paused to observe the effect of his communication.

His brother magistrates leaned forward with an intensity of interest.

"Yes," resumed the nobleman; "one of these persons turns out to be the son of Miles Flanagan, a person well known in this part of the country."

The interest created by this announcement was too profound to be expressed more emphatically than by a gasp.

"Yes, gentlemen," he added, "and on being searched, a leather belt which he wore was found to contain sufficient evidence to bring his father to a court-martial, a tribunal which, under existing

circumstances, possesses the power of trying and hanging him out of hand. These are perilous times, gentlemen."

There was no gainsaying this last observation, and by common consent the Frenchmen were removed under escort, and Larry Flanagan was ordered to come to the front.

"Well, Mr. Flanagan," said the chairman, "and you were to pilot the French into the harbour and have all our throats cut as we lay in our beds? A nice idea you have of spending Christmas Eve, murdering peaceful women and children and burning houses. Why, your games beat snapdragon all to nothing."

"Please, my lord," stammered Larry.

"But it doesn't please me," angrily replied his lordship.

"I mean your lordship's honour," put in Larry.

"You mean!" interrupted his lordship; "and about these letters of instruction from your rebelly old father, telling you what to do?"

"He didn't write them at all, at all," protested the delinquent.

"No," replied the peer, "I don't expect he did, but he put his mark to them. Who did write them? Come, quick."

"Please, your lordship's reverence," asseverated the accused, "I don't know."

"You don't know," sneered his judge; "remove him for the present;" and he was accordingly removed.



In less than 20 time the gentlemen forming the Court were in the saddle.

When the prisoner was gone, O'Leary was called forward, and questioned as to what information he had received in the course of the afternoon?

"Well, my lord and gentlemen," said the bailiff, "I had the Flanagans watched all this blessed day, and from what I heard, I knew they were up to no good. There was to be a bit of a gatherin' at his place on the island, and bedad they're hard at it divartin' themselves at this present moment. There'll be queer work before mornin', depend on it."

O'Leary was asked his opinion as to what he thought had best be the next move.

"Since you're so condescendin', gentlemen," said he, "as to ask my advice, it's just this. Just march down an officer's guard an' catch 'em in a trap, an' if you can't make your way in, just smoke 'em out like rabbits out of a warren."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Captain Hamilton, commandant of the Clanbarry yeomanry infantry, "I'll head my company and do it."

"No, beggin' your pardon, captain," said O'Leary, "the yeomanry are all very well in their way. I'd be the last in the world to say a word against them; but this will be warm work, and if I am not mistaken, you'll want real soldiers to do it."

"Yes, yes, Hamilton," said Lord Clanbarry, "O'Leary is right. We'll send to the barracks at once for Captain Roberts."

An orderly was despatched on this mission, and in about a quarter of an hour Captain Roberts arrived, received his instructions, and losing no time in the matter he soon had his men out, and his zeal and activity led to the capture of the Christmas revellers in Miles Flanagan's cave.

While the prisoners are passing the night in the guard-house, listening to the church bells ringing-in the coming Christmas as merrily as if nothing out of the ordinary course of events were taking place, we will speak a word or two anent O'Leary.

It may be as well to observe that he was a loyal man and a faithful servant; but it must be confessed that his zeal in

the cause of order received an additional spur from a disappointment of the affections. The bailiff loved "not wisely but too well," and was an exemplification of the old song—

"Tom loved Mary passing well,
But Mary she loved Harry,
While Harry sighs for bonnie Bell,
But finds his love miscarry."

The fact was, Miles Flanagan had a daughter who was in every respect a singular contrast to her father. Nellie Flanagan was the sweetest, the prettiest daughter of a smuggler that was ever seen out of a fairy tale. Semi-peasant as she was, she was all grace and beauty.

Now albeit O'Leary was a zealous partisan of the governing powers, bailiff to a Conservative peer, and usher to the bench of magistrates, he was but a man, and, like most men, open to the allurements of female charms. Even Samson, the strongest man on record, was weak on that point; but the weakness in the present instance became almost pardonable when, added to her other attractions, Nellie was the daughter of a man who was believed to be literally made of money. True, old Flanagan's wealth flowed into his coffers by contraband means, and, it was openly hinted, by means still more reprehensible; but what of that? O'Leary did not help him to do it. Therefore it was no business of his how the old man made his money. What did Lord Chesterfield say? "Make money honestly if you can, my son; but make money." So in accepting a dower from the ill-gotten gains of the old smuggler, he would have thought himself not more culpable than was Ali Baba when that gentleman helped himself from the robbers' cave.

But things did not go right some way. Nellie did not take to her would-be lover. It might be because he was plain in person, and in years he was rather advanced than otherwise; that is to say, he was not on the right side of forty, supposing forty to have any right side; and over and above these objections, Nellie had another suitor—but more of him anon.

Then O'Leary tried to cultivate the



Carbines and pistols were discharged after them.

father, representing to him the numberless advantages to be derived from a connection with him; but Miles had friends higher up in the social scale than the bailiff, and as for the few hundred pounds the latter had contrived to save,

pooh! what were they to the old smuggler, who could any day lay his hand on thousands? No, he did not see his way to giving the ardent lover any encouragement. So he was dismissed by both father and daughter.

O'Leary vowed vengeance.

But about her other suitor. Of him her father knew nothing, was not even conscious of his existence, for he was a stranger in that part of the country, and was of a different class from any of those whom Nellie was in the habit of meeting. He was not one of the "irreconcilables" in politics; neither was he connected with the contrabandists; nor was he a fox-hunting, drinking, duel-fighting squire or squireen. He was an undergraduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and had been passing the autumn with his uncle, the Rev. Mr. Gregory, of Glengariff, sketching, angling, and mooning about amid the lovely scenery of the country; and after he had made the acquaintance of Nellie, he added to these pursuits that of love-making. Such is an outline of Frank Seymour and his occupations while in the neighbourhood of Bantry Bay.

But to return to the captured convivalists who were so rudely interrupted in their mirth. Those persons, it must be confessed, were a source of discomfort to their captors, as the outside sentries had to be quadrupled. The consequence of this was, the soldiers, instead of being two hours on and four off, had but two hours off; and considering the sort of night it was, it did seem hard.

Next morning, as had been agreed upon the night before, the council assembled at Lord Clanbarry's, and as they were all military men—at least they held commissions in the yeomanry—etiquette demanded that they should on those occasions appear *en grande tenue*, or, as some vulgar lookers-on said, "in full fig"; and they did so, helmets, jack-boots, and all—not a strap or tassel was awry.

It was proposed by a few that the trial should be deferred until the following day, as on Christmas Day it seemed an unpleasant duty to pass sentence of death; particularly when the sentence was to be followed by immediate execution. As for the result of the trial, that was a certainty. This proposition was, however, negatived by the majority.

Next the difficulty of carrying out the sentence was discussed. There was no gibbet. That obstacle, however, could be easily got over by a dozen ingenious contrivances; but there was no executioner convenient, that official always performing his office at the county town. Besides which, even if there had been time to send for him, there might be a difficulty in getting him, as there was a jealousy between the civil and military tribunals. But this difficulty was overruled by a suggestion that, according to the power temporarily placed in their hands, they were at liberty to carry out the sentence by a military execution. It would certainly be doing the rascals too much honour, but it could not be helped, and at all events old Flanagan must be got rid of.

These preliminaries having been arranged, the prisoners were ordered in, and a more promising looking set of ruffians could scarcely be found for the hands of the executioner. They were at once sorted. The Flanagans and a few others were set aside for immediate trial, and the remainder sent back to the guard-house for the present.

As the trial was about to open, the Rev. Mr. Gregory and Father Mullen, the parish priest, entered the room, and both the reverend gentlemen represented so strongly the scandal it would create were a trial and execution to take place on a Christmas Day that the majority of the judges gave in, and the proceedings were postponed to the following morning.

Boxing Day came in due course, and the judges at an early hour assembled around Lord Clanbarry's elegantly appointed breakfast table. All the company were in first-rate spirits, witticisms on the approaching ceremony flashed like electricity round the well-spread board, and were duly applauded; but a heavy disappointment was in store for these facetious gentlemen; for when O'Leary, who enjoyed the jokes immensely, went with a sufficient guard to lead forth the prisoners to trial, they were two short of their proper number.

The Flanagans had escaped!



The two men, locked in a deadly embrace, went over the cliff.

But how? That was the mystery.

In less than no time the whole of the gentlemen forming the Court were in the saddle, and dispersed in every direction in pursuit of the fugitives, while mounted yeomanry were despatched to scour the country. Every cabin, turf rick, hedge and ditch was to be thoroughly searched; the runaways must be brought back dead or alive.

The gentlemen were in no humour for joking now; but more than one peasant, as he was taking his holiday, said with a grin:

"Bedad, it's the greatest Boxin' Day hunt I ever saw after either hare or fox, an' all the gentlemen in scarlet too."

The zeal of the pursuers was to a certain extent rewarded, for when they had persevered for an hour or two, the escaped prisoners were seen to start from a dry ditch and run for the cliffs, where a boat awaited them. Carbines and pistols were discharged after them, but the bullets flew wildly outside their object, and the two men reached a rock from which they could descend to the water's edge; but to do so required great caution.

The possibility of their escaping was too much for O'Leary. To have his prey snatched almost from his jaws was what he could not stand. The man who flouted him and scorned his alliance! He whom he had sworn to be revenged on! The thought almost maddened him. So digging the rowels of his spurs into his horse's ribs, he dashed along with a celerity that would have done credit to Dick Turpin and his renowned mare Black Bess, and reached the cliff at the same moment as the Flanagans.

The young man glided down lightly, and jumped into the boat, but his father being rather groggy in the knees, his movements were slower, so he was pounced on by his enemy and seized as the lordly buck is by the deerhound, while the captor shouted loudly for his fellow sportsmen to hasten to his assistance. A death struggle ensued, and the first man that arrived had barely time to spring from his horse when the two men, locked in a deadly embrace, went over the cliff and were dashed to pieces in

the abyss below. Larry seeing the catastrophe, and that he could not do anything to mend matters, the boat was pushed from the rock, and Bantry Bay saw the young gentleman for the last time.

When the council reassembled, it seemed rather a matter for congratulation that the old sinner had been got out of the way without their having the bother of shooting him. As for the other villains, they were mere vulgar scoundrels of no importance whatever. So they were tied up to the triangles, soundly flogged, and sent about their business. The Frenchmen were not treated in the same way, but retained as prisoners of war.

A piquet had surprised and taken prisoners a French officer and eight soldiers who had landed from a boat on Christmas Eve, and had remained all day and night lying in concealment; they seemed rather pleased at having been taken. Their object in landing was to feel the pulse of the peasantry, from whom they received but scant encouragement.

These miserable, melancholy-looking, half-drowned, half-frozen Frenchmen were drawn up in line in the hall, and created no little amusement by their woe-begone appearance. They, however, plucked up wonderfully when his lordship told them in French that they were to be taken into the kitchen and regaled on prime roast beef, plum pudding, and whisky punch hot and strong. This contingent was all the country ever saw of Hoche's invading army of fifteen thousand men.

Flanagan having died unconvicted, his property escaped confiscation, and as Larry had been proclaimed an outlaw, the gentle Nellie became the inheritress of the entire fortune. She destroyed all the securities which her father held on the estates of the county gentlemen.

In about a year after this eventful Christmas she bestowed her wealth, together with her pretty person, on Frank Seymour, and took leave once and for ever of the scenery which, however beautiful, was to her so full of painful recollections.



[A dialogue between Robin Redbreast—too familiar to need identification by word or sign—and his northerly cousin, only a very rare accidental visitor to England, a handsome little bird with the same shapely head, plump figure and slender legs, but with throat, forehead and breast of a beautiful ultramarine blue, then a deep black band edged with white, and below that, soft orange brown.]

Robin Bluebreast: "I am told that a great man has recorded how often he has shot me as I flit across Heligoland in that toilsome and perilous journey circumstances compel me to take twice a year; and—heart of grace, brothers and little sisters—how oftener he has refrained from pointing his gun."

Robin Redbreast: "Peace, peace. He has bared his own breast to the destroyer now."

Robin Bluebreast: "Nay, but I blacken no man's memory. What is, is. As long as birds set a bad example, why complain if others follow? I confess to having slaughtered five young worms and seven old spiders and some beetles already this morning. But let me finish my story:

"The other day as I was passing over Heligoland on my way from the nurseries in the swamps of the Tundras, I alighted on the window-sill of a house, and just inside I saw a large book. It was open, and I caught sight of my name again and again on the page. Evidently the great book was all about us, cousin."

Robin Redbreast: "I know. I am tired

of that sort of book. It always begins with how I build in old boots and ends with the Babes in the Wood."

Robin Bluebreast: "No such thing; it was not you that had tipped the quill with wings, but me. Listen—I took notes. This is the first:

"One would hardly believe that the home of so lovely a creature extended so far north as the coast of the Polar sea, but, as a matter of fact, its life is divided between its Arctic nesting stations and its winter quarters, which extend to the hot regions of Central Africa and Southern Asia."

Robin Redbreast: "I have been to the North Cape and seen the midnight sun in July. Is that the Arctic Circle?"

Robin Bluebreast: "Don't ask silly questions. Listen:

"The migratory flight of this little bird between regions so widely separated has furnished the most interesting material towards a final solution of a hitherto open question—What is the greatest speed attainable by a bird during its migration flight?—and has



THE ROBIN BLUEBREAST.

yielded the astounding result of one hundred and eighty geographical miles per hour."

Robin Redbreast: "That's me. Do I not visit the land of fire every year to take water to the poor souls in torment? See my scorched feathers; they are burnt crimson every year, so that in Wales they call me *Bronrhuddyn*, the breast-burnt. But it is farther than South Africa, and I go faster than that."

Robin Bluebreast: "That's superstition. This is historic fact. Do listen:

"During its passage in autumn this bird is found here very abundantly. . . . At that time hundreds of these birds, in addition to redstarts, whinchats, and other species, frequent the potato fields of the upper plateau. Strange to say it then never comes into the gardens, which form its chief place of resort during the spring migration."

"Strange to say! Isn't that good? These humans never can read the reason of our comings and goings, though it is as plain as a lighthouse light at sea. Listen to this all in the same 'strange to say' tone of speech:

"At the end of April and throughout May it may be seen there hopping about among the currant and gooseberry bushes, but seems to have a special preference for such places as are densely covered with young cabbages."

"Seems to have!" Did you look under the leaves, Herr Gätke? If so, you would have trembled for your young cabbages, and where would your gooseberries and currants have been but for such strange prejudices, forsooth, on our part?"

Robin Redbreast: "That's just how they talk of me. So strange the way the little bird comes to our gardens, they say; so strange the way in which he hops even on to the breakfast table in winter. Ha! ha! ha! And the very gardener thinks I sit on his spade for the pleasure of his company!"

Robin Bluebreast: "Wait till I read the next note:

"This charming bird is an extremely confiding creature. If during one's garden occupations one pretends not to notice it, it will for hours long hop around near one; sometimes in rapid, sometimes in more measured leaps, catching insects the while; at each of its many pauses it gives a jerk with its tail, which it has raised above its wings, and looks around with clear, dark eyes. If, however——"

Robin Redbreast: "I am tired of that sort of thing. Once I built my nest in the library at the Manor House, and Miss Mary used to read volume after volume of it to the Squire. Richard Jefferies is the only man who could do it without being tedious."

Robin Bluebreast: "Let me finish my sentence:

"If, however, it becomes aware of being watched, it vanishes swift as lightning in long bounds under some shrubs, or among some bushes, only, however, after a few moments, to make its appearance again as simple-hearted as before. Often would I have liked to possess some one specimen of these birds whose beauty was exceptional, but I never could find heart to do one an injury after it had so confidingly given me its entertaining company."

Robin Redbreast: "I told you he loved us. Poor soul, perhaps he was cruel only to be kind. Men have some such proverb. What did the book say about song?"

Robin Bluebreast: "It compared me—not you—to cousin nightingale. Listen;

"Unfortunately, all the song-birds pass Heligoland in silence. This is especially to be deplored in the case of this bird, for, according to Seeböhm, it is not only an excellent songster, nearly coming up to the nightingale in the sweetness and tunefulness of its song, but it is also capable of mimicking to the highest perfection the call-notes and songs of all its neighbours."

Robin Redbreast: "Contrasts, not compares you, kinsman, and 'mimicking its neighbours'; yes, that's you, not me. 'There are many echoes in this world, but few voices,' but it matters not, so you only echo what's good. For my part, though, I prefer to be a voice and not an echo. When I sit and swing on a bough, and sing my own old carol, it is my own song and no one else's. In spring, when the schoolboys hear it, they say, 'That's Robin Redbreast; hark at the pea in his flute.' And in autumn, when I sit and sing in the flaming leaves, little children laugh and clap their hands, for they hear the feet of Christmas coming; and one in sorrow bows her head, and her heart cries, 'Robin, Robin, sing on,' even while her hands are raised to stop her ears, 'sing on—he loved your song.'"

Robin Bluebreast: "Sentimental nonsense! when all the time you are singing a regular war song to a rival across the lawn. 'Tread on the tail o' me coat an' I'll break me shillalagh over yer head.' Those are the words of your song, friend; you don't gull me. I know your song well enough. Two carolling songsters singing all heaven one minute, and the next two turkey cocks jumping at each other with outspread wings and angry beaks and claws. Broken hearts, and children, and Christmas, indeed! Tell that to the owls."

Robin Redbreast: "Nay, don't be so scornful, cousin. You only look at the surface of things and judge by appearances; men see deeper, they dig below facts and seek for hidden meaning. I know, because as I sit on the window-sill I hear them talk, and I know by the

words of their mouths that while I look on the window-pane and see my red waistcoat they, looking through it, see the blue sky. And as with their eyes so with their ears; they can discern in my song, for instance, all sorts of things I never meant to say. I know, because I am the friend of man."

Robin Bluebreast: "Oh, 'the consate of ye,' as the Irish magpies say. Perhaps, then, you can tell me how it comes about that you and Father Christmas always hunt in couples?"

Robin Redbreast: "That's no legend. When winter comes over the hill, and the fields are snowy and the woods all frozen—seasonable weather men call it—we just leave such comfortless spots, and go into the gardens and feed in the dog kennels and the poultry yards, and when men see enough of our red waistcoats, then it is Christmas, and they hang up red berries to match, and sing carols and ring bells to chime in with our song."

Robin Bluebreast: "Humph! I prefer to forsake my country altogether under such trying conditions. So I suppose there is no Christmas in Siberia, and Lapland, and Spitzbergen? If there were, there would be no one to keep it, so it doesn't matter, and if it did there would



ROBIN REDBREAST.

be no sky-blue berries to match my blue waistcoat, so it's all for the best. 'What happens when the frost goes below zero?'

Robin Redbreast: "There's generally a hospitable lawn with a good dish for us, or we visit the cottages, and hop in when the door opens, and pick up the crumbs that fall from the children's table. And if the cat's away, we stay and get warm in the glow of the sun on the hearth. If all else fails we just fly down to the West Country, where hearts are as warm as the westerly breezes, and as bold as the westerly gales, and stay there till the weather breaks."

Robin Bluebreast: "It sounds lively. I've a mind to come with you, cousin."

Robin Redbreast: "Better not. Your

blue breast would mark you for a *rara avis*, and such are always shot fatally dead. I'm safe because man loves me."

Robin Bluebreast: "How do you know that?"

Robin Redbreast: "They call me by their own name. In Sweden I am Tommy Liden, in Norway Peter Ronsmand, in Germany Thomas Gierdet, in Scotland Bob Robin, in England Robin of the Red Breast."

Robin Bluebreast: "Well, Peter Ronsmand, Thomas Gierdet, Bob Robin, etc., I shall be overtaken by the north wind if I stay to listen to all your stories. I must be in Africa by the time it reaches you, so good-bye. A Merry Christmas to you."



By DINAH M. MULOCK.

GOD rest ye, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day;
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children, let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born this very night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye all, good Christians, upon this blessed morn,
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born:
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.



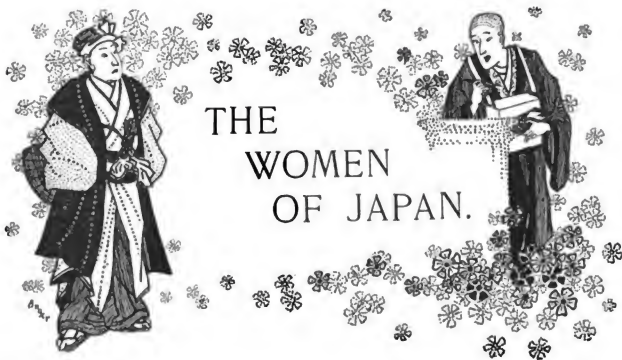
PHILOSOPHICAL..

"Gadzooks, friend, ne'er say die! When I came into town I hadn't a sixpence, and now I am ten thousand pounds in debt!"

Drawn by Hutton Mitchell.



CHRISTMAS IN JAPAN
Drawn by B. E. Minns.



IN nothing is the difference between the social life of Japan and that of the Western nations so strongly marked as in the various customs connected with courtship and marriage. At Japanese weddings there are no bouquets, no bridesmaids, no priest, no registrar, no speeches, and no wedding-rings, the "tiny gold link of affection" being replaced by a cup of wine.

The etiquette of Japanese courtship is peculiar. If a susceptible Jap loses his heart to a fair young Japanese maiden, whose smiles and dainty mien have hopelessly bewitched him, he must not, however impetuous his disposition, seek an interview with her for the purpose of declaring his passion, although it is not improbable that the rule is occasionally more honoured in the breach than in the observance. He must obtain the services of a trusted friend to arrange with the damsel's father for permission to become a suitor for the hand of the daughter.

This employment of a third individual as intermediary is universal in Japan, and it is difficult to imagine a more ceremonious observance. If the father interposes no obstacle, the young people are formally introduced to each other, generally at the house of the mutual friend. If each is favourably impressed with the other, they agree to exchange presents of money, clothing, or certain kinds of fish. This

interchange of gifts forms a sort of betrothal, from which there can be no receding on either side.

Should the maiden view her would-be husband with disfavour, the affair is supposed to be at an end. But the final decision practically rests with the girl's parents. Should they insist on the marriage, her opposition would speedily cease, obedience to parental wishes being one of the leading traits of Japanese character.

Sometimes the marriage is arranged by the parents on both sides, the individuals most interested not being informed of their intended fate until the negotiations are completed. This is done by their being introduced to each other in the customary manner, resistance on the part of either being futile, the wishes of the parents being as law to the offspring.

The character of the wedding-festivities depends largely on the social position and wealth of the two families. There is no religious ceremony, no legal forms to be complied with. The bride is taken to the residence of the bridegroom's parents, where a kind of dinner-party is given. She is covered with a white veil, the bridegroom being attired in clothing of a light colour. The couple sit down, Japanese fashion, on the ground, having between them the bridegroom's father and the "mutual friend." In front of the

party is a small table, with the surface painted in imitation of snow, and having a palm-branch planted in the centre.

There is also a small stove for warming the kettle containing the *saké*, or wine, used during the marriage-ceremony. The *saké* is a kind of weak brandy, made from rice, and plentifully diluted with water. This is poured into three cups of different sizes, the bride, and, afterwards, the bridegroom, sipping from each three times in succession.

From the house of the bridegroom's

a mere formality, not regarded as binding in religion or law, the husband being enabled to divorce his wife at pleasure, marital unfaithfulness is infrequent, and divorces comparatively few, among the educated classes. Among the labouring classes and small traders it is otherwise, and it is from their experiences of these latter that many European visitors form their ideas concerning Japanese morality. The generality of Japanese women are as pure and virtuous as they are kind, gentle, and pretty. They make affectionate



A JAPANESE MARRIAGE.

father, the newly married wife is taken to her future home. Here she changes her dress for one given by her husband, subsequently replacing this by another brought from the dwelling of her parents. A change of costume is also made by the husband. On the termination of the festivities, husband and wife are conducted to the nuptial chamber, where the ceremony of tasting the wine "three times three" is again gone through, the husband this time drinking first and the wife afterwards.

Although a Japanese marriage is simply

wives, and are never weary of the simple enjoyments of domestic life. Home quarrels are rare, and both parents take a delight in training their offspring in habits of obedience. Hence, in Japan, the marriage tie, although nominally weaker, is, in reality, considerably stronger, than in many Western nations.

The Japanese "Gaiety Girl" possesses several features in common with her Western sisters. She has learnt that to succeed she must be enabled to amuse, and to this end all her energies are directed. She is skilled in the use of



IN THE PARK, YOKOHAMA.

roguish smiles and langorous glances, and if her voice is none of the sweetest, she can throw such expression into her features and attitudes that the indifferent singer becomes lost in the entertaining mimic. Like the theatrical ladies of other countries, the Japanese *geisha* habitually conceals her commonplace name under some high-sounding appellation, and in the same way that plain Mary Jones becomes Miss Clara Vere de Vere of the Frivolity, and Marie Blanc is transfigured into Mdlle. Honoria de Foli-

charge of the girl, who thenceforth becomes a kind of bondswoman to him.

She is taught to dance and play upon the *samisen*, a kind of Japanese banjo; and when proficient she is provided with an attractive costume, and given a professional name, generally of a somewhat poetical character. While she is still a child she is called *han-gyoku*—half-jewel—but when she has reached the years of womanhood she becomes a *geisha*.

During the term of her apprenticeship—generally a number of years—she is let



IN WINTER GARB.

champs, of Les Variétés, so the Japanese woodcutter's daughter becomes unrecognisable as "Little Laughing Eyes" or "Shining Pearl." Each *geisha* possesses her own distinctive professional name, and some of these are as well known in Japan as are those of Ellaline Terriss or Edna May in London.

The education of the *geisha* commences at an early age. She is generally the daughter of indigent or mercenary parents, and is apprenticed at the age of fourteen to a professional instructor who gives her parents a few dollars, at the same time agreeing to take entire

out, by herself or with others, at so much per hour to amuse the guests at a tea-house or private party, acting also as waitress when so required, and retaining only a tithe of her earnings, the remainder going into the pockets of her employers. The *samisen* is not an instrument likely to become popular outside Japan. It is a banjo with three strings and a square head, and is played with an ivory plectrum, which causes the notes to appear harsh and discordant to European ears, however harmonious they may seem to Japanese listeners. The dancing is also of a style unknown in Europe, the lower



A JAPANESE LADY AT HER TOILET.

limbs remaining completely covered, and the movements made with the soles of the feet, the toes being scarcely used.

"Still," says Mr. Norman, "in the undulations of the body, the serpentine movements of hands and arms, and above all in their complete pantomimic skill, the Japanese *dansesuses* have resources beyond anything of the kind I have seen elsewhere."

Although the surroundings of the

geisha are certainly not conducive to habits of morality, there are many who have escaped unscathed from the ordeal. At the same time it must be admitted that the calling of a singing girl is not calculated to engender a taste for the pleasures of domestic life. Even the frail ones possess one virtue—they are seldom unfaithful to those whose hearts and pockets they command. As a class they deserve pity rather than censure, and those



TRAVELLING IN THE COUNTRY.

familiar with the various phases of social life in Japan will readily agree with Mr. Norman when he says: "Poor little mortals, doomed to be merry by profession under all the fatigues, and bullying, and disappointments of their trying life, 'let them enjoy their little day,' and pass away, escorted by the kindly smiles and tender memories they have evoked. Their class is a disappearing one, for when the Japanese man has assimilated Western amusements, as well as Western learning and Western law, he will look for his fun elsewhere than at the hands and lips of these pretty purveyors."

Is the national female dress of Japan destined to become extinct? On æsthetic grounds, if no other, it is to be hoped not, for nothing can be more picturesque or becoming, whatever may be the position of the wearer in the social scale, whether she be the wife of a nobleman or the hardworking helpmate of a peasant. "In all its essentials," we are told, "the female costume of Japan has remained the same, decade after decade, graceful, artistic, comfortable, and wholesome." A Japanese woman in European attire becomes hopelessly vulgarised in appearance. European and American ladies have more to gain by adopting the Japanese costume than have their

sisters in the Land of the Rising Sun in resorting to the use of tight corsets, high-heeled shoes, and other monstrosities of European fashion.

Yet not a few of the Japanese fair ones are seriously engaged in discussing the, to them, all-important question as to whether they shall or shall not abandon their dainty, flowing robes, and adopt the

ungraceful styles created by London and Parisian *modistes*. The arguments, says Mr. Norman, in "The Real Japan," are very conflicting. On the one hand, there is the Empress's own example, and her order that no lady shall appear at Court in other than foreign dress. Then there is the natural desire not to appear old-fashioned before their fellows. The desire of their husbands is also in many cases on the side of foreign dress, and so are the public appeals of many influential men, such as the Minister of Education. Japanese women, however, have too much taste not to see that their own dress is far more beautiful.

The simplicity of the Japanese woman's costume adds considerably to its charm. First she fastens two little aprons (*koshimaki* and *suso-yoko*) round her waist so as to form a kind of small petticoat, or she will attain the same result with a rectangular piece of light material (*yumoji*), over which is placed a soft, thin shirt or chemise, fitting close to the body. This is the *jibau*. It is generally made of light-coloured silk crape. Over this, in winter, is placed an extra garment, the *shitagi*, to promote warmth. Over the *shitagi* in winter, and over the *jibau* in summer, is worn the *kimono*, or *kimonos*, as the outer garment, with the appearance

of which we are so familiar, is designated, the material varying according to the means of the wearer.

"This," says Mr. Norman, whose long residence in Japan has made him an authority in such matters, "is tied at the waist with a long sash of soft silk crape, called the *hoso-obi*, wound round several times. Round the wearer's waist, above this, is worn that most striking feature, the *obi*. This is a piece of the thickest silk or brocade, about twelve feet long and thirty inches wide. It is the pride of the Japanese woman, and a magnificent *obi* is the Japanese equivalent for the conventional diamonds which a lover gives his mistress with us. The stuff is folded lengthwise, giving it a breadth of about fifteen inches, then wound very tightly twice round the waist, with the folded edge downwards, thus making a deep and handy pocket in the fold. One end is measured to the left knee, and left loose; then the long loose end behind is turned round at a right angle, and let fall into an enormous bow; then the bottom of the bow is gathered up into a smaller inner bow, the short loose end is turned back upon the end of this, and a flat elastic silk band, called the *obi dome*, is stretched over this to hold both ends and both bows in place, brought round to the front, and the two ends hooked together." Stockings and socks are unknown, being replaced by the *tabi*, a



JAPANESE LADIES BATHING.

shoe of thick-woven white cloth, to which is attached a kind of short stocking of white silk. The *tabi* is mostly worn indoors, a pair of wooden clogs, called *geta*, being used outside. On festival occasions the *kimono* is frequently adorned with gold and silk embroidery. Much care is bestowed by Japanese women on the dressing of their hair.





A BRAVE SOLDIER.

CURATE: "When I look at those ladies, I think the marriage service should be changed to 'Who dares take this woman?'"

MAJOR: "I should be glad to answer, in either case, 'I dare!'"

THREE STORIES OF H.M.

THE KING.

By WALTER NATHAN.



XII.—
“VERY
LIKELY.”

THE active and personal interest which every member of the Royal Family takes in every project likely to be conducive to the well-being of the community is well known. During the erection of the great hospital for consumption at Ventnor, this was peculiarly marked. The affection which the late Queen entertained for the Isle of Wight; and the dire nature of the disease which the great hospital, now worthy to be considered one of our national institutions, was intended to relieve, were circumstances which rendered the work one of special interest in the Royal circle. The erection of that vast pile, now standing on the left of the road running from Ventnor to Blackgang, was naturally a work of considerable time, and nearly every member of the Royal Family visited the works on several occasions during construction. The Princesses became well known in Ventnor. Their affability, condescension, and brightness were the subjects of universal remark and praise. They often made trifling purchases at the shops, entered into conversation with the tradespeople, and

generally comported themselves as sweet young English ladies of private rank. Among the shops which they patronised was that of a draper, which, as is usual in country towns, combined the trades of glover, hosier, and general outfitter. The shop was kept by an old gentleman who was his own buyer, shopwalker, and first salesman, took an intelligent interest in the fashions, and tried to model his goods upon the style of the plain but elegantly-cut clothes worn by his exalted customers.

One fine morning Princess Christian and Princess Louise entered the show-room. Mr. Brown rushed from behind the counter, drew out two chairs, which, after dusting with his pocket-handkerchief, he proffered with the bow of a Beau Brummel to the two ladies. The Princesses seated themselves, made some trifling purchases, and commended the quality of some silks and wool for fancy work they had just bought.

“I am honoured that your Royal Highnesses like it,” said Mr. Brown, “I always strive to obtain the best quality goods, and also to keep up with the fashions; and as for gloves,” he continued, taking down a box, “these are some of Houbigant’s best, just arrived direct from Paris.”

Their Royal Highnesses expressed their approval of Mr. Brown’s endeavours to ensure his customers’ satisfaction in the goods he retailed, and a few minutes’ desultory conversation on general topics followed. The Princesses then rose, Mr. Brown following them, bowing to the ground at each step, and in his excitement carrying with him four or five pairs of the gloves which he had been showing the Princesses. Long after the ladies had passed the threshold and walked down the street, Mr. Brown still stood at

his door gazing after them, with the gloves dangling from his wrists and waving in the breeze.

Two gentlemen came up the street; one was H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who had been paying his first visit to the hospital since he had laid the foundation stone of the building in the year 1867. Travel had browned his face, and Mr. Brown had never seen His Royal Highness in the flesh before. Whether under any circumstances he would have recognised him from the engraved portraits he had seen is doubtful, but at that moment he was so completely lost in a dream of blissful retrospect concerning the distinguished ladies who had just left him, that his brain was not receptive of outside impressions. The Prince had been over the hospital so far as it was completed, and had even ascended the scaffolding to view the progress of the upper portion of the building. In descending he had split his right glove across the palm. Those who remember the usual attire of His Royal Highness at that period will recollect the particularity with which the Prince gloved himself, a pair of lavender kid gloves fitting like wax being the invariable complement of the frock coat and silk hat of afternoon wear.

His Royal Highness, on seeing Mr. Brown standing at his door with several pairs of gloves dangling from his wrists, looked at his own split glove, paused, turned to his companion, saying, "Here is an opportunity of replacing these," and entered the shop. Mr. Brown drew himself against the entrance to allow his customers to pass, and then reluctantly, with a lingering look in the direction the Princesses had taken, followed them into the shop.

"Gloves? Yes, sir. Lavender? Yes, sir. These are very special, indeed; I was just now showing them to their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Christian and Louise. I have some gentlemen's gloves of the same make. I have the honour of supplying the Royal Family, and am sure my goods will give you satisfaction. Seven-and-a-half did you say, sir? What a pity you did not come in a few minutes ago. You would have

seen the Princesses. They were sitting on those very chairs—so kind, so affable."

"The Princesses are always very agreeable," returned the Prince.

"More than agreeable; so very kind, condescending—yet you can scarcely call it condescension. They spoke to me almost as if I were an equal. No pride. I dare say if you had been in the shop they might, perhaps, have spoken to you."

"Very likely," said the Prince.

"Well, I'm very sorry you missed them. If you are staying in Ventnor any length of time, I have no doubt you will see them."

"Very likely," again repeated the Prince.

Mr. Brown was about to wrap up the gloves. "I will wear them," said the Prince, putting half-a-sovereign on the counter.

"Thank you, sir; six-and-six the gloves, three-and-six change. But, dear me, isn't it a pity to leave this pair? Why, they are quite new. I could repair that slit so that no one will see it."

"I hardly think it necessary," said the Prince, rising.

"It will only be sixpence," continued the indefatigable shopkeeper, "and even if the slit does show a little, if you keep your hand with the knuckles out, like this, nobody could possibly see it."

Mr. Brown dropped his wrist and cocked his hand out like a bear's paw, and looked altogether so like a grotesque monkey that the Prince could not forbear smiling.

"I will repair them neatly," said Mr. Brown, "and will send them to-morrow. What address shall I say?"

"Thank you; but as I am not staying in Ventnor I will not trouble you. The gloves can remain until I either call or send."

"Very well, sir. Thank you. Good-day," said Mr. Brown, putting up his glove-box, but not troubling to emerge from behind his counter to see his customers out.

The next day a groom in the Royal livery entered the shop: Mr. Brown hurried to attend him.

"Some more wool for the Princesses?" he exclaimed, getting down some boxes.

"No," said the man.

"Anything I can serve you with for yourself?" said Mr. Brown.

"No," said the man, "I have called for a pair of lavender gloves."

"Pair of lavender gloves? What size?"

"I don't know what size," returned the man, "a pair which was left here yesterday to be repaired."

"Oh!" said Mr. Brown, "I suppose one of the gentlemen in attendance. I had no idea he came from Osborne House."

"He comes from Osborne House right enough, but he isn't in attendance on anyone."

"Dear me? A member of the Cabinet?" said Mr. Brown.

"No, he ain't," returned the man, "I am surprised you didn't know him."

"Not a Royal visitor?" said Mr. Brown. "Oh, don't say he was a Royal

visitor, because I was talking to him about the Princesses."

"Well, I don't know what you said, but whatever you did say you said to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, for it was he who left the gloves with you yesterday."

Mr. Brown rolled his head on the counter. "Oh! dear, oh! dear; no wonder he said 'very likely' when I told him his own sisters would speak to him. Oh! dear, I've lost my Royal connection. I'm ruined! ruined!" and poor Mr. Brown gave way to utter dejection.

Mr. Brown's fears were, however, groundless, as passing his shop some months after, we saw, in addition to the Royal Arms which had previously been displayed over the entrance, a warrant, glazed and framed, hanging in his principal window, which, duly signed by His Royal Highness's Chamberlain, conferred on Mr. Brown all the rights and privileges belonging to a "glover to the establishment of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales."

XIII.—"THERE'S MANY A TRUE WORD."

THE Marquess of A—— was possessed of a charming wife, two lovely children, and a fortune of upwards of £70,000 a year. In addition he had the advantages of being young and good-looking, of capable mind, and of unblemished character, and if perfect happiness could be found in man, one might have looked naturally to the Marquess of A—— as its possessor. He was, however, one of the most discontented beings on the face of the earth. It was not that he desired any particular thing which he had not, but that whatever he possessed, or whatever event occurred, he thought might have come to him in some different and improved form to the actuality. All his blessings, and they were many, he discounted; his few troubles he magnified out of all proportion to their just significance.

It was some time after their marriage that his wife discovered this abnormal trait in the character of her husband. Her

attention was first drawn to it by his want of popularity in the neighbourhood of their country seat in Blankshire, not only among the tenantry, but among the resident gentry also. She was at first indignant that so true-hearted, amiable, and liberal a man should not be appreciated more justly, but in course of time she came to understand that his constant attitude of discontent was sufficient to eclipse the many solid merits of his character. Like the good and loving wife she was, she spared no effort to lead him into a more satisfied frame of mind, but without avail. There was no pretext to consult a physician, for his health was excellent and his mind clear and acute. On one occasion, when the celebrated surgeon Sir James P—— was a guest at the castle, she confided her trouble to him, and he kindly undertook to speak to the Marquess, and, if possible, to ascertain whether his lordship was aware of his morbid dissatisfaction with everything.

The interview convinced Sir James that the Marquess was entirely unaware of any peculiar trait in his character. "Whether his state may be due to atavism," said Sir James, "it is impossible, without the confidence of a personal consultation, for me to say. Of one thing you may rest assured, that his health seems perfect, and I should say likely to remain so, both mentally and physically."

The Marchioness strove to aid her husband in extending any pursuit which served to take his mind away from himself, and knowing he liked racing, feigned a greater interest in turf matters than she really felt. To please her in the first instance, and soon for its own sake, the Marquess became a large owner of racehorses. His colours were successful the first time they were unfurled, and his grumbling was less frequently heard.

But in racing a preponderance of reverses to successes must be expected, and when they came the Marquess became more discontented than ever. Fordham sent in his jacket; Archer sent in his jacket; two trainers requested his lordship to remove his horses from their stables. "He's one of the 'win, tie, or wrangle' school. That's what he is," remarked one; "two thousand a year is no nut-shells to give up, but I won't have my life worried out of me for no man."

The Marquess engaged a private trainer, and the season of 1885 was brilliantly successful. At its close the stable possessed so strong a team of two-year-olds that the great events of 1886—the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, and St. Leger—seemed fairly within its grasp. The strongest stable of one season, however, often proves the weakest of the next, and until Ascot, at which meeting the Marquess was fairly successful, he won nothing during the first half of the year. Many owners would have been gratified at even this late success.

On June 22nd the Stockbridge Meeting was held, as usual on the first day, under the auspices of the Bibury Club, to which exclusive body the Marquess received the honour of election.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, always among the first to enter into the joys of

his friends or to condole their misfortunes, congratulated the Marquess on his election, and also on his successes at the recent Ascot Meeting.

"I am, indeed, gratified, sir," replied the Marquess, "at having been elected to a club of which your Royal Highness is the most distinguished member. But this year has been a most unfortunate one for me on the turf, and the winning a race or two at Ascot of no real profit."

"I am sorry to hear it," returned the Prince; "but I thought your horses won at least six or seven times."

"Truly, sir, they passed the post first on many occasions, but such victories, as the papers called them, were rather a loss to me than otherwise," he sighed. "On one race I instructed my commissioner to take 8000 to 1000 about my horse. He could not get more than 6 to 1, so did nothing. I consider I am clearly £8,000 out of pocket on that race. In another race I wanted to back my horse at 25 to 1. My trainer dissuaded me. 'Let me try him first,' he said. I did so. The horse won the trial, and those villainous touts getting scent of the matter, seven monkeys to one was all I could obtain in a market cleared by others. In addition to which my Marie Stuart filly, the best animal I ever owned, has turned roarer. The turf is full of disappointments; I fear I must relinquish it."

"Dear me!" returned the Prince; "you remind me of the late Mr. Charles Matthews in one of his favourite characters. Things are indeed grievous with you; but," added the Prince, in a more serious tone, "it appears to me, my lord, you regard these matters from a very unsportsmanlike standpoint. To be neither unduly elated by success nor discouraged by reverses has always been considered the first attribute of a good sportsman. I have only won one race myself under Jockey Club rules, but far from being discouraged, I still continue racing, and hope one day to own a Derby winner of my own breeding, although I really think at the present time my luck is so bad that *if a horse of mine were winning a race, it would drop dead before passing the post.*"

The following is taken from the *Field*, June 26th, 1886 :—

THE STOCKBRIDGE CUP, value 300 sovs.,
by subscription of 10 sovs. each. T.Y.C.
33 subs.

Mr. Craven's b. c. Campbell, by Campbell—Conspiracy, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb
(T. Cannon) 1

Mr. Manton's Gay Hermit, 3 yrs, 9st
3lb (F. Archer) 2

Lord Cadogan's Kaunitz, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb
(G. Barrett) 3

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales's Counterpane, 2 yrs, 6st 2lb (T. Loates) 0

Mr. Abington's Cerealis, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb
(Smith) 0

Mr. H. R. Combe's c. by Doncaster—
Cauldron, 2 yrs, 5st 13lb (Southey) 0

Betting: 11 to 4 agst Gay Hermit,
100 to 30 each agst Counterpane and
Campbell, 7 to 2 agst Kaunitz, 10 to 1
each agst the others.

The race.—Cauldron c. jumped off with a slight lead of Cerealis, Kaunitz, and Campbell, with Counterpane and Gay Hermit last, and in this order they ran until half-way down the hill, when Counterpane rushed to the front and seemed to have all the others settled. Entering the straight, Counterpane had an increased lead, but was soon after observed to reel, and immediately was passed by the others, of whom Kaunitz assumed the lead at the rails but was challenged by Campbell, who, getting the better of a pretty run home, won easily by a length and a half; half a length separating second and third. Cauldron c. was fourth, and Cerealis last with the exception of Counterpane, who, just before the winning-post, fell and died almost immediately. A *post-mortem* examination, by order of His Royal Highness, was afterwards made by Mr. E. Smith of Midhurst, which proved that Counterpane's death was due to heart disease.

XIV.—THE MARTIAL CLOAK.

EVERY male member of the Royal Family is more or less intimately connected with one arm of the Service. The Monarch is *ex officio* head of both, as well as of the Executive Government, the Church and the Law; but the Princes have no *ex officio* standing in any, and derive their rank in Army and Navy from the appointment of the Sovereign. It sometimes happens that the Heir to the Crown is a soldier, sometimes a sailor, but invariably one or the other. Everyone knows that King Edward VII. was a soldier, and probably no portrait of him when Prince is better known than that representing him in the uniform of the 10th Hussars—a very handsome dress, which suited H.R.H. well. The Honorary Colonelship of the 10th Hussars by no means exhausted the military appointments of the Prince, and there are probably very few persons in existence who could off-hand detail a list of all the regiments to which he is attached, English and foreign. It would be mere guess to hazard the number of

our Sovereign's military uniforms at about seventy, but to those to whom the subject is a new one, that number will do as well as another to give an idea that the duties performed by the King are no sinecure.

His Majesty, as all his subjects know, has always taken great interest in the welfare of the Army, and has always been ready to lend the *prestige* of his presence to any function tending to its well-being. In former years his inspection of those regiments in which he held honorary rank was very frequent, and the tale of "The Martial Cloak" refers to the inspection of a regiment which for the purposes of the story will be called the 14th Martinets.

That the more ancient members of the "Rag," are constantly asserting that "the Service is going to the devil" is so generally credited that the phrase has passed almost into a proverb. Colonel G., while admitting the truth of the saying, invariably added: "but, sir, it shan't go to the devil if I can help it." In truth

he spared no personal effort to keep his own regiment in the highest degree of efficiency, and was a martinet of the old school. It was rumoured on one occasion he even looked with reproachful eyes on the sword-knot of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, which had twisted about the thirty-second part of an inch awry, and one subaltern exchanged from the crack regiment in which Colonel G. held command into one serving in a very unhealthy colony. When asked his reason he gave the following extraordinary reply :—

"All humanity I consider to be divided into two parts, Colonel G. representing one and the rest of mankind the other. After twelve months of Colonel G. I want a change." There was no doubt, however, that the 14th Martinets was a credit to the British Army, and the British Army as a whole, despite the sneering of home critics, usually seems to impress favourably those foreign potentates who from time to time visit our shores and inspect the manœuvres of our troops. Macaulay likened the Household Guards of Versailles to an awkward squad beside the troops of Frederick II. of Prussia, and without offering such an extreme comparison the mechanical precision in the evolutions of the 14th excelled that of any other British regiment. But although the regiment was admired, the Colonel was feared and disliked by many who came into contact with him. He knew every detail of his profession thoroughly, and was brutally frank in exposing the ignorance of those who, while being on the whole thoroughly good men, had not studied the *minutiae* of tactics and drill with the same exactness as himself. He was proud of his regiment and fond of having it inspected and admired, especially by Royal personages, and was constantly on the look-out for favourable opportunities to arrest the journey of one of the Princes in order that H.R.H. might have the happiness of gazing on the beauty of his pet child—the 14th Martinets. Towards the end of July the 14th was quartered on the South Coast—it matters little in what portion of that vast range of barracks stretching from Eastney to Netley it was to be found. Portsmouth

is a sufficiently precise locality. Being therefore at Portsmouth at the end of July, Colonel G. began to give his men an extra polish. The reason of this was that in the first week of August H.R.H. the Prince of Wales would be the guest of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood House. At the close of the visit H.R.H. would go to Cowes. "Chichester—Cowes, humph," growled Colonel G. one morning as he sat at breakfast ; "nothing out of his way. I'll have him. It will give him real pleasure to inspect the men. As a sight, what's Goodwood Races compared to them I should like to know." No sooner was the idea formed than Colonel G. set to work to carry it out. H.R.H. had really no time to spare. Nearly every hour of the next two months was pre-engaged, but the Prince's extreme kindness and good-nature induced him even at the sacrifice of some personal convenience to give the old colonel the gratification he craved, and an inspection on Southsea Common was fixed for eleven o'clock on the Saturday which closed the Goodwood Meeting, and the Prince would then go over to Cowes from the Clarence Pier.

On Saturday morning, when the uniform of the Prince was to be laid out, it was discovered that the uniform of the 14th had not been included in the luggage brought down from London. As the 14th was one of the Prince's regiments, the *contretemps* would have been awkward under any circumstances. With such a commander as Colonel G. it was more than awkward. The desecration of a shrine would have appeared a very small thing to the Colonel compared with inspecting his regiment in a strange uniform. The case, however, admitted of no remedy. There was no time to send to London. The Prince would certainly not wear any one else's uniform even if an officer of the 14th should be in the house and happen to have his regimentals with him. A Field-Marshal's uniform was therefore laid out.

"What's this?" exclaimed H.R.H. "I want the uniform of the 14th Martinets."

"I regret, your Royal Highness,"

replied the attendant, "that the 14th's uniform was not included in the baggage."

H.R.H.'s thought is ever first for others, and so it was in this instance. "If I do not go," he thought, "Colonel G. will certainly have a fit. If I go in any uniform other than that of his regiment he is very likely to have a fit. He seems bound to have a fit in any case. Perhaps I had better go. I may think of something. Ah!" he exclaimed aloud, "I have it," and turning to his attendant he said, "Have you my General's regulation great-coat here?" "Yes, your Royal Highness," was the reply, given in a relieved tone, for although the Prince had not uttered one word of blame, all those who serve him have the greatest fear that any hitch should cause him annoyance.

"Then," said the Prince, "bring it." Having arrayed himself in the Field-Marshal's uniform, and placed the plumed cocked hat on his head, the Prince entered the carriage which was to convey him to the station, ordering the General's regulation cloak to be taken with him.

Arrived at Portsmouth, a carriage awaited the Prince at the station. Entering this he wrapped the large military cloak closely round him, leaving his cocked hat and plumes the only part of his uniform visible, and drove at once to the barracks where Colonel G.'s regiment was quartered. The chargers of the Prince and Colonel stood ready accoutred, and the Prince, leaving the carriage, vaulted on to the horse's back, sending one of the attendant gentlemen into the barracks to inform Colonel G. that the Prince awaited him, the hour fixed for the inspection being but a few minutes distant. Colonel G. appeared on the steps, saluted H.R.H., and mounting his horse again saluted as he drew to the Prince's side in a sharp canter towards Southsea Common. Colonel G. had hurried, but even in his hurry he had given more than one startled glance at the Prince. He now looked at him again, and said: "It was very good of your Royal Highness to so readily accede to my request."

"It always gives me pleasure to inspect so smart a regiment as yours, Colonel," replied the Prince.

Colonel G. once more looked at H.R.H., then at the sky, at the sky again, and once more at the Prince, and then spluttered out: "But it does not rain!"

"Rain! Why, of course not. It has not rained for a week, and as far as the indications show does not seem likely to rain for another week."

Colonel G. groaned.

"What is the matter, Colonel?" inquired the Prince, "do you find the heat oppressive?"

"Heat, sir? It is hot, is it not, sir?"

"Hot!" exclaimed the Prince, whose cloak and canter had now rendered him uncomfortably warm; "it certainly is hot. Since I went into the stokehole of the *Serapis* on my voyage to India, I do not remember to have felt hotter."

Colonel G. seemed overwhelmed by the intelligence. "I must apologise to your Royal Highness if I have missed any very recent regulation respecting cloaks. The weather being fine"—the poor Colonel looked at the sky and then at his uniform—"I—I did not—ah! put one on."

"You look a soldier in any dress," replied the Prince, "but a cloak sometimes adds to a martial appearance."

"Does your Royal Highness think so?"

"I certainly do," returned the Prince. "You remember the picture of Napoleon crossing the Alps?"

"I cannot say that I do, sir," replied the Colonel.

"Of Wellington before Waterloo, at Quatre Bras, at Salamanca? Of Clive before Plassey, Marlborough at Blenheim, or Washington before Yorktown? Do you know any of these pictures?"

"I have not taken much interest in art," replied the Colonel. "I—I—think I have an engraving of the Duke of Wellington somewhere, but he is not in action; standing with his arms folded if I remember rightly."

"Ah, Colonel," said the Prince, "there is much to be learnt from pictorial representations of military actions, especially concerning costume. Many of the commanders I have mentioned derived additional dignity of appearance from the martial cloak."

"Indeed, sir!" replied the Colonel, "I

shall make a point of studying the subject."

"Do so," replied the Prince, "I am sure it will repay your trouble."

They had now reached the point of the Common where the regiment was drawn up. Returning the salute of the officers, the Prince and Colonel watched the regiment, which was at once put through its drill, and subsequently rode down the lines, the Prince expressing the highest approval of all he saw. The officers exchanged many startled glances as they watched the Prince riding down the lines closely wrapped in his military cloak. Poor men, if they could have foreseen what was in store for them they would have looked even more startled! The inspection over, the Prince, after a few minutes' conversation, bade adieu and resumed his seat in the carriage, which had remained drawn up in the roadway at no great distance. Just before driving off he spoke to the Colonel.

"Do not forget the subject of our conversation," he said. "I am sure, Colonel, you will find the history of the martial cloak most interesting."

"I shall make a point of looking into the matter, and I thank your Royal Highness for suggesting it," replied the Colonel, saluting.

An application for leave from Colonel G. was most unusual, and its receipt was followed by his personal appearance at the Horse Guards, where he studied the regulations and archives with the enthusiasm of a student. Indeed, anyone

who had watched his movements would have found that his "urgent private affairs" caused him to apportion his time between the Horse Guards, British Museum, National Gallery, and National Portrait Gallery. He was a most indefatigable student. Whether his research would alone have emboldened him in ordering his officers to wear cloaks on all full-dress occasions cannot be known, but attending a review at Aldershot on a pouring wet day, the sight of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge arrayed in a thick regulation cloak settled the question, and the officers of the 14th Martinets from their colonel downwards were henceforth to be cloaked on all State occasions. For some time after the edict the subaltern who had exchanged into an unhealthy climate was much envied.

A year or more passed; and again it fell to the lot of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to review the 14th. This time he did so in the uniform of the regiment. As the Prince rode down the lines, the only officer of the regiment whose uniform was visible, poor Colonel G.'s emotion was painfully apparent.

"I followed your Royal Highness's suggestion," he mumbled after the inspection, as he glanced reproachfully at the sheen of the Prince's uniform, "and have adopted the cloak for myself and officers on many more occasions than theretofore. We are wearing cloaks to-day."

"So I perceive, Colonel," replied the Prince, "and very nice indeed they look."



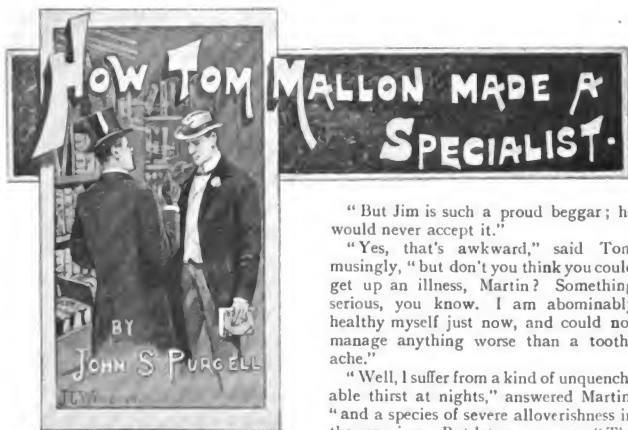


THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

Drawn by C. A. Shepperson.



ON THE SNOWY HILLS.
Drawn by Oscar Wilson.



MR. TOM MALLON, prominent free lance and eminent Bohemian, by an expenditure of sixpence, had just been converting himself into the owner of a copy of *Gil Blas*, when he came face to face with a Fleet Street friend who had been engaged in a converse operation, turning himself into a small capitalist at the cost of some review copies of cheap literature.

"Been raising the wind, Hackett?" asked Tom, glancing at a large silver coin which the said Martin Hackett was holding up between his finger and thumb.

"Just a gentle breeze; one can never get up a hurricane out of cheap reprints. But, Tom, who do you think is inside there?" pointing to the bookseller's shop. "Jim Lester, no less, trying to get rid of some of his medical books, and looking both starved and shamefaced. He has been trying to work up a practice in Islington, you know, but I don't think he has earned five pounds in the twelve months."

"By Jove, Hackett, we must try to do something for him!" answered Tom, with his ready sympathy. "I am fairly well in funds just now and could spare a fiver or so."

"But Jim is such a proud beggar; he would never accept it."

"Yes, that's awkward," said Tom musingly, "but don't you think you could get up an illness, Martin? Something serious, you know. I am abominably healthy myself just now, and could not manage anything worse than a tooth-ache."

"Well, I suffer from a kind of unquenchable thirst at nights," answered Martin, "and a species of severe alloverishness in the morning. But let us go on to 'The Clachan' and discuss the matter there; if we stand here any longer he will see us."

"It is a pity we cannot do something for him in the papers," resumed Mallon as soon as they had arrived at the house in Mitre Court. "If he would only discover something, or get connected with a murder or suicide, we might be able to give him a leg up."

"By Jove! from the look of his face I should say he is himself about the likeliest man in London to commit suicide at the present moment. If the word were not too journalese for ordinary conversation, I should say he looks ghastly!"

"All the more reason why we should go to his assistance at once. Now you yourself, Martin, from the little sale you have just effected, cannot, I think, be over flush, and there is a scheme running in my head by means of which I think both of you could be benefited—you a little and Dr. Lester a good deal."

"But what about yourself, my Thomas; you surely are not going to leave Tom Mallon out in the cold?"

"Oh, I shall enter on this scheme from purely philanthropic motives, and indulge myself so far as to refuse to make a penny out of it. Have you got your note-book with you? Ah, very good! Now I

shall proceed to give you a full and true account of a remarkable outrage which is about to take place at a certain modest surgery in Islington over which presides our modest friend, Dr. James Lester."

"What! You are going to have the outrage reported before it takes place?"

"Not so, Martin, but you are going to have a dozen reports written out and ready to be sent in to a dozen papers, and when the programme is carried out I shall tip you the word through the telephone."

For an hour the two remained together, and then Mr. Mallon went to look up another friend of his, a certain Dan Lysaght, a boisterous genius, as noted for his physical powers as for his great intellectual ability.

"Dan," said Tom Mallon, affectionately patting him on the shoulder, "I want you to commit an outrage."

"Nothing very serious, I hope?" asked Dan composedly. "No dragging before the beak—no doses of oakum?"

"It will be an outrage that will create a sensation all over London; but I can guarantee that even if you are caught, which is very unlikely, there will be no after consequences. The object of the outrage is to benefit what I may call the outragee, though for the present he is to know nothing about it."

"Then I'm your man," said Dan, "and I know you too well not to be aware that there is at least a nice little supper at the end of it. But when is it to take place?"

"This very evening; there is no time to lose, Dan, and when I have bought a piece of rope and one or two other little articles all will be ready."

Half an hour later the two were on the top of an "Angel" bus, Dan Lysaght thoroughly enjoying the prospect of the work he had to do.

It was already dark when the two arrived in front of Dr. Lester's house. A light was burning in the surgery. Dan knocked, and the door was opened by the doctor himself.

"Anyone to look at me would think that I was one of the strongest men in London," said Dan, as soon as he had got inside, "but such is far from being the case. There is a homely but very wise

proverb which says that every man knows where his own shoe pinches, and in spite of every doctor in London, I will maintain that I know where my own heart pinches!"

Here Dan brought down his fist very roughly on the table, making the poor doctor start.

"What do you think of that old fool of a Sir William Cartwright Grant, Bart.—nice job it was to make him a baronet! I went to him yesterday, paid him two guineas for the advice, and then the old scoundrel had the infernal assurance to tell me that there was nothing at all the matter with my heart!"

"Very inconsiderate of him," answered Dr. Lester, who saw that he was expected to say something, and who feared he had to do with a madman.

"Inconsiderate of him? 'Twas brutal of him, I tell you, 'twas dishonest, 'twas an outrage; oh, by Jove, 'twas almost high treason! And then, do you know, when I asked him if that was all he could give me for two guineas, he told a confounded flunkey in plush to show me to the door! Me, mind you, Ned Eddwon, who took down Sandow at his own game! But I took the bloated menial by the adipose calf of his right leg and the apoplectic flesh bag at the back of his neck and hurled him on the top of the eminent physician, Sir William Cartwright Grant, Bart. Of course, there was a hullabaloo, but I had a cab waiting and got away. Don't you think I treated the old fool right?"

"Most justly," answered the doctor; "if arrogance and ignorance were always treated in the same way, there would be less of it in the world."

"Good for you, doctor; I see that you and I are going to get on together," said Dan, with an expression of pleasure on his face, "and I'm sure you will give me better value for my money than Monsieur Medico, the baronet. Well, I think I had better pay you beforehand—two guineas, eh! No, by Jove! I'll give you just five pounds, good golden sovereigns, with the King's head clearly stamped, and drink the five shillings when I get down to the 'Angel.' You may join me if you like."

Poor Dr. Jim's eyes glittered at sight of the money, but he could not take it without a protest.

"Your fee, sir, is entirely too much," he said, "and more than I would get

Jerusalem! 'tis beating at the rate of ten thousand a minute. Give me that stethoscope and sit down in that chair. Come, come, be calm. Remember what happened to Sir William's plush statue, and



"My real object in coming to see you was to get possession of your case book."

for forty visits in the neighbourhood of Islington."

"Oh, shade of the immortal and ever to be remembered Sangrado!" exclaimed Dan, throwing up his hands, "have I at last met a doctor with a conscience? But, no, it cannot be—'tis his heart! Ah, I have found you out, my worthy Esculapian; your own heart is affected! Come, let me feel your pulse! Oh,

give up all idea of resistance. I am accustomed to have my own way, and the least opposition enrages me."

Here Mr. Lysaght showed the muscles of his right arm, and the doctor, with a blanched face, sat down in the chair. With every expression of apparent anxiety on his countenance, Dan began his examination, every now and then giving vent to a blood-curdling comment.

"Oh, my heavens! this heart of yours won't do at all; it's out of time and tune, beating shakes on the treble instead of the fine *andante* which should characterise the movements of such an organ! You have been letting yourself run down; your ribs stand out like the ridges of a washing-board, or the rungs of a ladder and if they had you in Germany they'd take you for a worn-out pedlar's pony; raw material for the sausage factory! Very raw material, by Jove! and I tell you candidly that this won't do! You'll have to eat, man, to fatten yourself up—half-a-pound of bacon and four eggs for breakfast; a pound of steak, two legs and the wing of a chicken, with a bottle of Bordeaux, for dinner; a good salmon steak for tea; and just what you like for supper. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, your instructions are quite clear," said the doctor, feebly.

"Very well, I will order the stuff to be sent on to you from Signor Macaroni's restaurant, and by the Roman nose of the Duke of Wellington, if you do not put on a stone in weight during the next fortnight, I'll have your name struck off the register."

"Oh, anything you wish; and now will you allow me to earn my fee?"

"Patience, my man, it does not do for a man in your state to get into a flutter; and, yes, I can see that you are not to be trusted. There is a look in your eye which convinces me that you have no intention whatever of following out my prescription. Now understand me once for all, Dr. —; I have forgotten your name, but I am a man who is not to be thwarted, and I will begin at once by ordering you in a substantial dinner. Now sit quiet whilst I tie you to the chair. It is always well to make sure in these cases, and if I were to allow you to

remain at liberty, who knows if you would not bar the door against me? That would be good, by Jove! bar the door against your best friend!"

Dr. Jim knew that resistance would not be of the least use, and submitted quietly to have his hands and feet bound and a gag put into his mouth.

"Ah, there you are, my boy," said Dan, surveying his handiwork, "no stirring now until someone comes to relieve you. I may return or I may not, but, in any case, the waiter from Macaroni's will be here in half-an-hour. I shall tell him to walk straight in. In the meantime, don't have any hesitation in using those five sovereigns; you will earn them later on. And now having frightened you a good deal, I am afraid I must tell you that my real object in coming to see you was to get possession of your case-book. I understand that you have been making some valuable and very successful experiments with a new remedy for diphtheria, and your notes will be worth a good deal more than five pounds to me. And now, good-bye; I am sorry that you are not in a position to be able to shake hands with me, but your mind is no doubt

active enough, and you can join with me, mentally at least, in repeating the pious words of the wise Dr. Sangrado—"This winter, with the blessing of God, there will be plenty of sickness!"

With this Mr. Lysaght departed, carrying Dr. Jim's almost virgin case-book under his arm. For ten minutes the doctor tugged at the cords that bound him, but all his efforts to free himself were unavailing. Then at the end of half-an-hour or so, he heard the door open, and a waiter, loaded with a large tray, came in.

"*Dio mio!*" cried the Italian, "*ehe vedo?* What is this I see? The doctor



"*Dio mio!*" he cried.

tied like one turkey! Ah, but I will him in liberty put."

And using a knife from the tray he cut the cords, and Dr. Jim stood up, a free, but a very puzzled, man.

"What have you got there, and who sent you?" he asked the waiter, in a tone that went to show that he expected a good deal from the answer.

"His name I not know, sir; big man, big fist, big voice, swear much, pay for twenty-one meals to be sent to the house of Dr. Lester, by order!"

"But what did he say? Did he give no explanation?"

"Him talk much to *padrone*. Dottore Lestaire, he say, is the best medico in London; Dottore Lestaire make him well and much strong, while the *grande milor*, Sir William Grant, not able to cure him one little bit. Also him say that Dottore Lestaire discover one *gran remedio* for diphtheria, and that one day you will be greatest medico in England."

"Upon my soul, 'twas very good of him," said Dr. Jim, much puzzled, but feeling somehow that the unknown was a real friend.

"Si, dottore, and all the people to him listen, and two say they will call on you to-morrow."

"Ah, I see I am just in time," said a voice at the door. "Do you think you have enough there for two?"

"Come in, Mallon; you were never more welcome," answered Dr. Jim; "for you see before you the most puzzled man in London to-night. But you may go, *Giovanni*," he went on, turning to the waiter, "and when I have gone through the whole course you will receive a proportionate tip."

Giovanni bowed and departed, whilst the doctor and Mallon—there was plenty for two—sat down to eat.

"Now, what is it that puzzles you, Jim?" asked Tom, endeavouring to keep all show of knowledge from his eyes.

"Do you see those five sovereigns? They puzzled me a good deal, or rather the manner in which they came to me;" and then, interrupted now and again by expressions of surprise from Tom Mallon, he recounted the adventure of the evening.

"And now what do you think of it all, Tom?" he asked at the end. "Do you think I should keep this money, and go on eating those meals?"

"What a ridiculous question! Of course you will, and be very thankful that such philanthropic madmen exist, though I am not so sure that he was mad. It looks to me very much as if the fellow wanted to do you a good turn, and took that eccentric way of doing it. In any case, your best plan is to look wise and hold your tongue. If he goes shouting out in restaurants that you are the best doctor in England, be sure the advertisement will do you good; and as you are in no way responsible, you cannot be accused of a breach of professional etiquette."

"But the queer thing is, I did try a new remedy on a couple of diphtheria patients some few months ago, with very successful results. Ah, yes, I remember telling you at the time, but I do not think I have mentioned it to another soul."

"One can never tell how these things get about," said Tom. "I may, of course, have mentioned the fact to one or other of the medical students I know, and they may have mentioned it to others. In any case, if I were you, I would simply take the gifts the gods send, and, with Dr. Sangrado, pray for an epidemic."

"Dr. Sangrado? Now that is the second time I have heard that name to-night, and, by Jove, Mallon! I believe you know more about this affair than you pretend. Now, tell me the truth!"

"My dear Jim, if I were to begin telling the truth I'd lose my job. 'Twould never do in Fleet Street, you know; but I tell you what I'll do, I'll have the outrage reported in the papers, and the advertisement will bring you no end of patients."

"Not for worlds! You'd have the Medical Council down on me like a shot."

"Ah, well, it will be reported, you may be sure, and someone else will earn the tin. That's the worst of being friendly with the subject of an outrage; you're obliged to neglect your duty to yourself and the public for the sake of respecting his feelings."

"But unless you speak how could the reporters get hold of the story?"

"My dear Jim, by this time Giovanni will have poured his tale into the ears of some free-lance more fortunate than I, and to-morrow morning, if not before, you will see an account of the whole affair, more or less accurate, in the papers. But, remember what I say—and you know I would not give you advice that was not for your good—do not, on any account, open your mouth on the subject again! As likely as not you will be besieged by reporters, but I would have a notice put up outside the surgery door saying that Dr. Lester absolutely refuses to say one word on the subject of the outrage to which he has been subjected."

"Very well, Tom, I will take your advice; but I must tell you that this outrage, as you call it, has put new heart in me, given me new life. Never was there a man so down in the dumps as I was when that extraordinary individual called, but now I feel absolutely elated, and it is not, I am sure, altogether the effects of the dinner and the five sovereigns. I feel as if my luck had changed."

"So it has, old man, so it has, you may depend," said Tom. "And now Fleet Street calls me, and I must leave you."

A few minutes after Tom's departure a newsboy, with a late edition of an evening paper, came running along the street.

"Hextrorny houtrage in Islington; doctor bound and gagged!" he was shouting, and the papers were selling as quickly as he could get the words out. Dr. Lester, with a strong flutter of excitement, purchased a copy and ran back to the surgery, impatient to know if the outrage in question referred to his own affair. And it did, of course. There was his name even, in a sub-headline, and a pretty long paragraph below it.

"A most extraordinary outrage occurred this evening at Islington," he read, "the sufferer being Dr. James Lester, a popular and talented medical practitioner residing in Hospital Street. The doctor, who had been very busy attending to a number of patients during

the afternoon, had just got rid of what he thought would be the last one, when a young man of huge stature and a somewhat sinister cast of countenance unceremoniously entered, and ordered, rather than asked, that his heart should be examined. His appearance and manner suggested to the doctor that he had to deal with a madman, and, being alone at the time, he saw that it would be very dangerous to do anything to thwart, even in appearance, his most unwelcome visitor. So he fell in with the humour of the man, and the result was that at the end of about half-an-hour's wild talk and wilder gestures, Dr. Lester found himself bound and gagged in his own operating chair. He was found in this position twenty minutes later by one of the waiters belonging to Macaroni's well-known restaurant, from which establishment Dr. Lester is in the habit of having his meals sent in every day. But it would appear that the madness of the man was only feigned, for, before leaving, he let out what was the real object of his visit. As is well known, there has been something like an epidemic of diphtheria in Islington lately, and as every one of the patients attended by Dr. Lester recovered, it was rightly supposed by many that he had discovered a new mode of treatment. Amongst others who had heard this was the author of the outrage, for he took away his victim's case-book, and candidly admitted that his object was to find out the secret of the doctor's successful treatment of diphtheria. What that secret is we understand Dr. Lester was ready to impart to any of his professional brethren, but he fears now that when next he hears of it, it will be in the form of an advertisement of a new patent medicine. Time will tell; but, in the meantime, Dr. Lester, though perhaps a little shaken in the nerves, is scarcely anything the worse for the adventure. It may be mentioned, by the way, that the doctor himself refuses to discuss the question of the outrage, but all the same we are perfectly sure of our facts."

"By Jove! you are sure of them," said the doctor when he had finished reading, "for you made the facts fit the report.

It is perfectly plain that if this account had not been written beforehand it could never have been printed and selling in Islington by this time. However, I will take Mallon's very wise advice and hold my tongue."

Within the next few days Dr. Jim had more calls than in the previous twelve months, and so well did he progress that at the end of half a year he was the owner of what might be described as a valuable practice. In a short while, too, his name became familiar as a specialist in diphtheria, and in the end he found it desirable to remove to Harley Street.

Before that event took place, however,

there was a very charming little dinner at the "Monico," given to his friends by Dr. Jim Lester. There was a great flow of champagne and a greater flow of eloquence. The doctor's own health was drunk several times, whilst he in turn toasted "His Benefactors" in bulk.

To this toast Mr. Mallon, Mr. Lysaght, and Mr. Hackett responded, and, for the life of him, the historian cannot say who of them spoke longest or who spoke best. To Mr. Mallon, however, as the instigator of the idea, most honour belongs, and his boast to the doctor on their way home after supper, that he had "made him a specialist," is by no means without foundation.



UNDER THE WATTLE.

D. B. W. S.

"WHY should not wattle do
For mistletoe?"
Asked one—they were but two—
Where wattles grow.

He was her lover, too,
Who urged her so—
"Why should not wattle do
For mistletoe?"

A rose-cheek rosier grew;
Rose-lips breathed low;
"Since it is here, and you,
I hardly know
Why wattle should not do."



WITTY? EH?

Drawn by J. A. Shepherd.

THE LAUGHERS.

Illustrated by sketches drawn especially for this article by Cecil Aldin, Tom Browne, John Hassall, J. A. Shepherd, and other well-known artists.

WE believe that there are some people in the world of the Rev. Stiggins type who affect to despise laughter as one of the frivolous vanities of the world—people who would

be solemn on every possible occasion, and who wear such long faces that they have to be warned out of dairy shops for fear of turning the milk. There is a fine old adage written by one of those grand old philosophers (we think he must have lived in Greece) which runs—

“Eat, drink, and be merry,
For to-morrow we die.”

Now some may think that is a gluttonous maxim, reeking with alcohol and greediness; but for our part, we

think that never before or since has more good sound philosophy been crammed into so short a space. You *must* eat and you *must* drink to live; and if you are not merry over it the chances are ten to

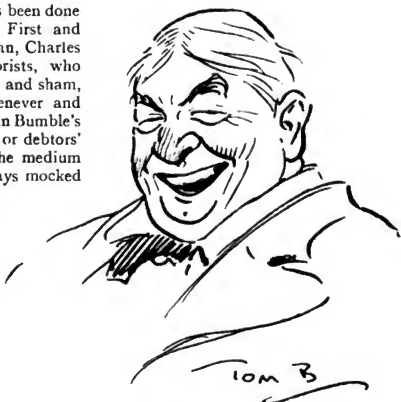
one you'll get indigestion. Good heavens, what a sorry world it would be were it not for humour! If ever there was a saviour in the world, it is the power to laugh. Criminals rarely, if ever, possess any sense of humour. 'Tis true they may have an idea of savage enjoyment, or, properly speaking, a “gloating,” but never anything approaching good healthy laughter. And it is astonishing, when one thinks of it, the



ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Drawn by Frank Holland.

great amount of good that has been done to humanity by humorists. First and foremost, our great Englishman, Charles Dickens, a prince of humorists, who never ceased to expose cruelty and sham, corruption and humbug, whenever and wherever he found it, whether in Bumble's workhouse, Yorkshire schools, or debtors' prisons. Hogarth, through the medium of his grotesque pictures, always mocked and derided the follies and vices of his time; as may also be said of much of the work of Cruikshank and Rowlandson. Voltaire, a writer whose gibes and jokes acted like vitriol upon the consciences of those for whom they were intended, practically spent all his life in the effort to abolish the ghastly punishment by torture. Thomas Hood, the humorous poet, with his wonderful "Song of the Shirt," did much to kill the "sweating system." The Rev. Barham, with the "Ingoldsby Legends," undoubtedly helped greatly to kill the absurd old superstitious belief in witches and goblins. And, finally, in our own time,



"HA-HA! THAT'S A GOOD 'UN."

Drawn by Tcm Browne.

Mark Twain, our greatest living humorist, has, in his books, "The Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," and "The Prince and the Pauper," erected two monuments of satire that cannot fail to influence for good.

Reckoning, thus, the value of humour and humorists, our readers will thank us for introducing a unique collection of sketches by some of the famous humorous artists of to-day. Perhaps of all jesters the comic artist appeals to the largest circle of admirers, as the great popularity of Cruikshank, Leech, Charles Keene, Doyle, and others, has amply testified; and we thought it would be a happy idea to get a series of sketches together showing how our modern artists can make one laugh, not only in the flesh, but on paper; and right nobly did the artists respond to our call. Verily, our collection may be truly called "all smiles!"

Tom Browne, R.I., famous creator of "Weary Willie" and "Tired Tim," has sent us a rollicking little sketch of a portly person caught in the act of laughing uproariously at a funny story. John Hassall, famous maker of posters, gives



THE LIVELY POLLY.

Drawn by "Yorick."

us a typical sketch of a jolly old fellow, and in what a roguish chuckle the old man is indulging!

J. A. Shepherd, whose wonderful animal caricatures are the delight of thousands, sends us a masterly little sketch of five of our dumb friends all in a row; and what happy expressions J. A. S. has imparted to what he calls his "favourites."

Cecil Aldin has obliged with one of his justly celebrated early Victorian old men, with large collar and high cut coat all complete. This merry old fogey is without doubt a keen judge of old port.



"WHO SAID CATS' MEAT?"

Drawn by Louis Wain.

R. Jasper Weird, a rising artist of much power, who has made an especial study of London low life, sends us a life-like sketch of a typical 'Arry; and other capital sketches are included in our pages by Louis Wain, Frank Holland, "Yorick," Chas. Crombie, and T.E. Donnison. Surely it must be said that a collection of such merry sketches as these is not only a thing of beauty but a joy for ever, and he or she who can look at them without a smile, at least, is to be pitied indeed. To the fun-makers of the world, whether comic artist, author, or actor, do we owe our gratitude; for if they lighten by so much as a few moments the toils and cares of the day, then they have fulfilled an important mission to mankind.

"If I laugh at any mortal thing," wrote

Byron, " 'Tis that I may not weep," a couplet that might be inscribed as the epitaph of most of the true laughing philosophers of the world; for we think all thoughtful and observant souls will agree with us that your good, honest, whole-hearted laughter is one who feels the pathos of life most keenly. The most robustious of laughing philosophers is the man of



"NOT 'ARR!"

Drawn by R. Jasper Weird



A KEEN SCENT FOR THE JOKE.

Drawn by John Hassall.

broadest sympathies and deepest feeling. His laughter is the escape valve for his emotions which, but for that outlet, would drive him mad with the sense of human impotence in the face of human sorrow and suffering. The artist or the writer, the orator or the mere *viveur* who can make us laugh good-naturedly is a benefactor of his race; he confers a blessing that no money can buy and no friendship bestow. A race of men who had no sense of humour and no capacity for laughter would be dreary company indeed, intolerable and detestable even to one another. We doubt if such a race of beings would ever become gregarious, and if not they would make very slow progress in the arts of civilisation. The lower animals have the faculty of feeling and expressing pleasure, but they are

not humorists, and they are not gregarious as man is gregarious. Hence it may be said that man owes his development more to the sense of humour and the faculty of laughter than to any other human attribute.

All this ought to deepen our gratitude to the spontaneous humorists, whoever they may be and in whatever field they may practise their manifest calling. The artist appeals to us most directly no doubt. The eye appreciates more quickly than the ear, and the brain responds to the picture more immediately than to a collocation of words. So that of all forms of expressing humour the picture is the most popular. Perhaps that is one reason

why we have more humorous artists than writers.

The test of the humour in a drawing undoubtedly lies in the power it has to



REMBRANDT SMILES.

Drawn by Chas. Crombie.

awaken humorous suggestion in the average person who views it, and also, but in a somewhat less degree, in its fidelity to truth. If we consider one by one the human faces drawn for us as illustrations to this article, we shall see, clearly, that each one in turn not only sets our own laughing muscles a-twitching in sympathy, but that each suggests a different quality of fun. We could write a story around each laugh and no two would be alike. This is especially true of the six expressions drawn by Mr. T. E. Donnison and labelled by him "Some Grins," especially noticeable partly because they are so closely juxtaposed. Turn the eye from one to another

throughout the lot and presently you can almost hear the dry chuckle from one, the falsetto cackle from the next, the spasmodic "he-he," the nasal chipper, the throaty "her - her," the plethoric snuffle.

Or, in Mr. Crombie's vigorous drawing of Rembrandt's laughing face, one can imagine the famous old master of chiaroscuro telling the story of how he converted Vandyke from an idealist to a realist. Do you recall the story? It is too long to tell here, but Mr. Crombie has caught Rembrandt just as he has finished telling the tale

to his coterie of artists and starts the laugh at his great rival's discomfiture. Blessed are the laughers and the laugh makers.



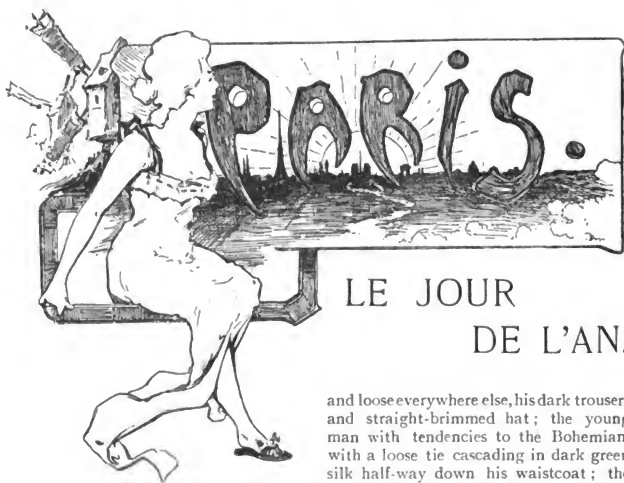
FINE OLD CRUSTED

Drawn by Cecil Aldin.



Some Grins

Drawn by T. E. Donnison.



LE JOUR DE L'AN.

PARIS, always sparkling, is never more so than at holidaytide.

You read the story weeks before, but you do not get the climax until the days between Christmas and New Year; for the first day of the year is a sort of general day of atonement of the French male of the upper ten, or *jeunesse dorée*, the day on which his gift to a lady expresses his gratitude for the year that has passed since his last gift; and men—as everybody knows—neglect doing things till the last moment. They depend on the shops, and, in truth, the shops do not fail them.

It is a familiar remark with foreigners visiting London for a short acquaintance that all Englishmen look exactly alike. To the fugitive observer of Paris, all Frenchmen look almost entirely different. The eye least trained to look beneath the superficial can distinguish a dozen types along a dozen yards of boulevard. The man of fashion, whom nothing in his clothes differentiates from an Englishman; the solid bourgeois in his black coat, tight just below the waist

and loose everywhere else, his dark trousers and straight-brimmed hat; the young man with tendencies to the Bohemian, with a loose tie cascading in dark green silk half-way down his waistcoat; the provincial in bowler and rough-hewn black cloth, stepping heavily and looking heavily at everything about him. Of course, there is nothing strange in all this. We have all these types in London,



STREET BOOKSELLER.



OLD CLO' MAN.

but they are not sharply enough defined for the foreigner to mark them. In Paris they leap to the eye. Perhaps it is not fanciful to suppose from this that, in France, divisions of class, of place, of origin, of pursuit are deeper drawn than in England. There seem to be a dozen kinds of life in Paris, each in its own enclosure, living for itself and caring little for the interests, the pursuits, the manner of existence, of the others.

In this year of "L'Entente Cordiale," when all eyes are turned towards the banks of the Seine, our illustrations of some of the more familiar Parisian street types will be viewed with interest. The exchange of municipal courtesies cannot fail to do good—and there is no doubt the ratepayers will profit by their councillors' trip to the French capital.

One of the first places to which a visitor turns his footsteps when arriving in Paris are the quays bordering

the Seine, between the Louvre and the Institut. Here is the business place of the street booksellers. They pay no rent. They bring their boxes of second-hand volumes there in the morning, place them on the parapets, raise the lids and await customers. If a shower comes to trouble them, they simply close the boxes and guarantee the tops with a strip of waterproof cloth, until it has passed over. In the evening, they tramp home again, along with literary treasures and rubbish and their day's earnings, which are not often great. In very bad weather they rarely put their noses out of doors. The life of the street bookseller is a monotonous one; he has little to engage his attention, and when wanted is generally found asleep on a rickety, dilapidated chair. They are mostly elderly people, as seedy in appearance as their old, musty volumes. Some are men who have seen better days, and one or two of them speak English. On one occasion a tourist enquired about a certain book, and the bookseller was wishful to show



FRIED POTATOES



L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

off his knowledge of the language, and said, "I have copies of this book bound in mutton and in veal," meaning probably "in sheep and calf."

The favourite hunting grounds of the old clo' man, generally a lively card under thirty, are the Latin Quarter and the neighbourhood of the Champs Elysées. His best customers are the students and gentlemen's valets. He is a vociferous individual, full of cunning, sparkling with wit, who is not beneath acting the clown to attract attention, as may be perceived by the two hats on his head, one on top of the other. He does a lucrative business when trade is brisk, often finding customers for his acquisitions at the wine-shops without the trouble of carrying them home.

The fried potato seller will be found in odd corners with her "chips" frizzling in the pan, from a little before noon until well into the evening. She fries them to perfection, and serves them to her customers hot, in a screw of paper from a pennyworth upwards. Work girls, apprentices of both sexes, errand boys, and printers' devils, are her chief clients. They walk about the streets, munching the crisp slices of the popular vegetable during the dinner hour. Sometimes a servant girl, full of housework at home, runs round to get a dishful to serve up with those grilled mutton cutlets that are so tasty on a Parisian luncheon table.

The bourgeois is a man of independent means, which he has inherited

or saved. The anarchist sets down everyone who is not poor as such. For him there are only two classes in society. But the typical bourgeois, as the word is now generally understood, and the character the artist has depicted here, is the small shopkeeper who has saved a competency and lives on it in his own peculiar way. He

generally has a little house in the suburbs of Paris, with a garden. There he potters about, finding amusement in some hobby. He is usually a man of small ideas, not very charitable in any sense, exceedingly purse-proud, immeasurably egotistical, who has not much concern for anybody or anything, save his own family, his dog, and other belongings.

The oyster-seller will be found from September to April, established in the doorway of almost every wine-shop, surrounded by her baskets of succulent bivalvular mollusca. A buxom bust and waist, plump, rosy cheeks and hands, a long, spotless white apron, and a thick capeline over her shoulders to keep her

warm, are her chief characteristics. Her busy time is from eleven in the morning till two in the afternoon. In that space she separates many dozen pairs of shells, leaving the cellular hermit in the deeper one, bathing in his natural sea-water. Johnny Crapaud is very partial to a dozen "marennes" and a pint of Chablis, just to tickle his appetite before luncheon. He detaches the oyster from the shell himself, and usually laps up the salt



A BOURGEOIS.



CHRISTMAS IN PARIS.

Drawn by C. A. Shepperson.



"BON SOIR, MADAME."

Drawn by C. A. Shepperson.



OYSTER SELLER.

water along with it, to give zest to the delicate morsel—a custom which, I fancy, is unknown among gourmets on this side of the Straits.

The scavenger is another well-known figure in the French capital. He is one who has earned the gratitude of Parisians and their foreign visitors by the admirable way in which he performs his work. An early riser in all seasons, he sallies forth armed with a long birch broom in summer for the dust, and a hard one in winter for the mud and snow. They manage street cleaning better in France than we, at home. The secret lies in the fact that they never allow work to accumulate, but take it in hand as soon as ever a lull occurs in the bad weather, no matter at what hour of the day.

If the Parisians beat us in the cleanliness of the streets, they are a long way behind in the Post Office department. Their town postmen are extremely antiquated, steady-going old slow-coaches, who might be advantageously changed for a younger and more active class of letter carriers. In front of them they carry a leather box, suspended from the

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neck by a broad strap. In this receptacle are the letters, a pen and a bottle of ink. They plod leisurely along, gossiping with the porters at the various houses, occasionally paying a visit to the wineshop for a glass. They are not very intelligent, and the word "Esquire" sometimes taxes their brain power in no small degree. They are particularly keen on their gratuity on New Year's Day, and generally present the donor with an almanack on a card.

The orange-seller will be seen in winter-time hawking her barrow of fruit about the streets of an evening. A neat white cap on her head, a small warm plaid shawl folded across her shoulders,



STREET SWEEPER.



ORANGE SELLER

and a white apron round her waist, she invites custom in a shrill voice. One of her favourite stations is outside the theatres. There she stands with her barrow, beside the kerb, her golden fruit lit up by a candle sheltered from the gusts of wind by a circle of coloured paper, and finds purchasers among the audience who slip out from the play for a whiff of tobacco between the acts. Many an orange-seller has seen more happy times, has known what it was to be clothed in fine raiment and to fling golden louis about, in the heyday of her existence. It is the old story of the ant and the grasshopper.

The roast chestnut seller makes his appearance in Paris, as in London, with the cold weather. He generally finds room for his stove in the doorway of some wine-shop—whose tenant accommodates the oyster woman inside—or else he secures a corner in front of a coal dealer's place of business. Like the coal

man, he hails from Auvergne, which supplies the best truffles.

Some people live to save their souls; the Frenchman lives to save his sous. Now a sou is a halfpenny. Napoleon was a great strategist; and one of his masterpieces was the denomination of us as "a nation of shopkeepers" before any of us thought to apply the title to France. For it is to France the phrase ought to apply. Or, if you like, we are a nation of wholesale, and France of retail, shopkeepers. The virtues and vices of the small, the very small, retail trader are exactly the virtues and vices of the French people.

To the untutored British mind this will appear a paradox. To the tutored British mind Paris is a



POSTMAN.

place of pleasure, the town of light, the town of luxury: "Gay Paree" is the catchword of the music halls. We imagine Paris a whirling paradise of *gommeux*, *jeunesse dorée*, *demi-monde*, *consommateurs*, *cancans*, *grisettes*, *cabinets particuliers*, and all sorts of other unholy delights. But it is not so at all. Paris is a place where they save sous.

To another variety of untutored Briton, Paris is the city of mind and art. The young painter has an inspiration of the one true way in which pictures should be painted; be it as individual as it will, in Paris he finds other young men working out the same idea. Thought works in Paris like yeast. Schools of poetry succeed each other so fast that boys of twenty are either recognised masters or forgotten fogies. Nowhere is the young genius's hair so long, his tie so wild. But with all this Paris has no real concern at all: Paris remains a place where they save sous.

The life of luxury and the life of intellect are only two out of the hundred facets of Paris. Even in his pleasures and his heresies, moreover, the true Frenchman remains frugal. And the other ninety-eight hundredths of



ROAST CHESTNUT SELLER.

Paris, widely different, unite in the assiduous pursuit, and the jealous preservation, of the sou.



PARIS IN SNOW.



By OSCAR PARKER.

IT is a novel circumstance in our modern dramatic experience, that a play be produced at a leading West End theatre, heralded by a managerial protest against "first-night" criticism, and, therefore, launched with scarce a single note of welcome or disdain in the daily and weekly journals. That the play should have attained the proportions of a popular success disposes one to ruminate on the exact value of newspaper criticism in forming public opinion or influencing popular support. I am not going to belabour this, now somewhat worn, controversy, beyond pointing out that, when so experienced a manager as Mr. Bourchier declares that "first-night" criticism, under existing conditions, is seldom, if ever, so just to play and players as a later judgment would be, he cannot be dismissed with a sneer. When a manager elects to forego this mass of free advertisement for the sake of what he considers the abstract claims of justice, we cannot question his motives or his sincerity. It is doubtful whether the Press that sulked under the new rule at the Garrick was as disinterested. It seemed to me that behind most of the pungent criticism on Mr. Bourchier's attitude was a resentment at being

baffled in what is called newspaper enterprise, as though the first ambition of a daily paper is not accuracy, or soundness, or justice, in its judgments, but instantaneousness.

However, "The Morals of Marcus" has, even without the support of the Press, entertained the Garrick's patrons for a sufficient time to make good its claims for success. It is a dramatisation of Mr. William J. Locke's novel, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," a novel that merited its vogue from its cleverness of construction, of characterisation, and of style. Mr. Locke is also responsible for the play, a fact which increases the piquancy of certain marked divergencies between the story of the novel and the story of the play. Mr. Locke has appeared to recognise that, while our Philistine prudery would not turn squeamish over the immoralities of Marcus in a story to be read in the library or the boudoir, it would not tolerate such infractions of the moral code when transferred to the more translucent atmosphere of the stage. I suppose he is right, though it sinks our prudery to a hypocritical pretence. In the play, then, Marcus's morals are quite above reproach. He is Sir Galahad indeed, with



MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

From the painting by Richard Jack, exhibited in the Royal Academy.

a remarkably peccable *entourage* for a student and a recluse. Judith Mainwaring, unhappily married, fairly throws herself at him, and frankly offers him his choice of relations with her. Carlotta, immoral little pagan that she is, would be equally content with anything, and runs away with Marcus's dearest male friend, having previously run away with another gentleman, and finally comes guilelessly back to marry Sir Galahad, who scrapes through it all unscathed and triumphant. Certainly it was a risky thing to do, to make this new Ordeyne a stage hero, though evidently not so risky, in Mr. Locke's judgment, as would have been the Ordeyne of the novel. He is a student of the literature of the Renaissance, is supposed to be writing a learned book on the subject, absorbed in his studies, quite deaf to the allurements of the world and the flesh. But the romance of the Renaissance has got into the marrow of his being, and with it some of the pagan voluptuousness of that revival, though of this he has no active consciousness. Judith has ripened his emotions to the point of fruitfulness when Carlotta comes on the scene. She has escaped from an Eastern *seraglio*, and Marcus is suddenly confronted with this piece of stranded humanity, a child in everything except the impulses of the eternal feminine, a delectable little waif, with as poor a comprehension of Christian ideas and Western conventions as a wood nymph out of Lesbia. Mr. Locke understands the value of vivid contrasts, and gives it us in Marcus and Carlotta, with dramatic effect. He puts the emphasis of his play upon this contrast. Its humour and its pathos are wholly drawn from it. Without this vivid contrast, indeed, the play could not exist, and hence we see that, however virile the story itself may be as a novel, its dramatic texture is weak for stage representation. The play is amusing—it is entertaining—it holds the attention, but it nowhere rises to a strong grip on the emotions of the spectator. How could it, when there is not a leading character that holds our sympathies right through the play? Judith is little more than a shadow; Carlotta is piquant, but much too frivolous to be more than a toy.

The real drama in Ordeyne's life will come, we predict, after he marries this irresponsible pagan. Pasquale, who seduces and then abandons Carlotta, is, of course, a cad; while Marcus himself is too much the creature of circumstance and too complacent a lover to be entirely tolerable. For example, in the scene between him and Pasquale and Carlotta, after he has received her back into his house from the escapade with Pasquale, the cynical *roué* decidedly scores. He deserves a kicking or worse, and Ordeyne's mild reproofs are exasperating. But, given the part as he finds it, Mr. C. Aubrey Smith fills it admirably, and Miss Alexandra Carlisle gives us a singularly captivating portrait of Carlotta. Judith Mainwaring offers too little scope for Miss Zillah McCarthy. The part is too vague and shadowy. In the novel Judith is a very real factor in the development of Ordeyne's character; in the play she is negligible and unimportant. Miss Caldwell's Antoinette is a fine and effective piece of work; Mr. Sydney Valentine, though he has but a single scene, gives an adequate interpretation of Hamdi Effendi.

"Toddles," at the Duke of York's Theatre, is a pronounced farce, and to dub it anything else is to do it an injustice. The situation is not an impossible one by any means; the root idea is not a mere satire on life, but it is developed by incidents that are essentially farcical. It is quite within the borders of reality that a young English peer should be impecunious, should be averse to matrimony and yet compelled by prudent considerations to marry money, and should also belong to that class of individuals who are forever procrastinating—never can come to a decision. The situation has been used many times before. MM. Bernard and André Godfrenaux wrote their very amusing, very lively, and very Gallic play of "Tripplepatte," of which "Toddles" is an adaptation; but always the situation suggests the atmosphere of farce. And farce "Toddles" is, though without much of the spice with which "Tripplepatte" is abundantly seasoned for more hardened palates



MRS. LIONEL MONCKTON (MISS GERTIE MILLAR).

From the painting by Albert H. Collings, R.B.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy.

than ours. The two principal scenes, that in Lord Meadow's flat and the scene at the *mairie* in Act III. are pure farce. The final scene is, I grant, in the vein of comedy, and a delightful scene it is; but it is out of harmony with the rest of the play. It has the effect of a shock

after the absurdities of the bedroom scene and the wild impossibilities that happen at the *mairie*, and by the time we have adjusted ourselves to the new environment the curtain is down. But Mr. Cyril Maude is so admirable in it that we come away feeling it a distinct

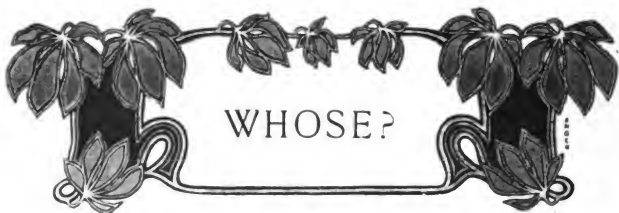
grievance that we cannot see him oftener in legitimate comedy parts rather than in farce. Still, and in spite of the fact that Mr. Maude's style is rather too deliberate for farce, he is irresistibly amusing in the one strong act of the play, that which takes place in "Toddles's" flat in Paris on the morning of the day fixed for the wedding into which he has been coerced against his will. Lord Meadows, who is "Toddles" for short, is an extremely eligible peer for matrimonial plotters to whom social position in a *parti* is more than money. He is beset by them, but it is clear from the start that the rather vulgar Joblyns, who bring wealth and a daughter who does not share the mother's vulgarity, have the inside running. The only difficulty is Toddles himself, his good-natured affability to all comers, and his ineradicable habit of indecision. Even on the day fixed for the wedding with Constance Joblyn he is discovered at the rise of the curtain in the second act still in bed at twelve o'clock, and in no disposition to get up. Here, then, he is attacked by all the aspirants for an alliance with him, and when, finally, one of them runs away with his wedding suit, he accepts the predicament with amiable alacrity as solving the matter for him, and goes back to bed again jubilantly resigned. Not so the rest of the wedding party, who assemble at the *mairie* and wait disconsolately for the bridegroom, who finally turns up in pyjamas and overcoat, to the indignation of the mayor, and the wedding does not come off. Clearly, this is all the most redoubtable farce. Human beings, under no stress of circumstances, behave in this manner, but it is grotesquely amusing nevertheless. Mr. Maude's droll manner carries it off with sublime effrontery, and no one else interests us very much when he is on the stage. Though the cast is very strong, embracing Miss Gertrude Kingston, Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Nancy Price, Miss Helen Ferrers, Miss Madge Titheradge, and Miss Alice Crawford, who, in the final love scene with Lord Meadows, is very charming and convincing.

"Second sight," wrote George Eliot, "is a flag over disputed ground." Since her day the phenomena classed as "second sight," and now more scientifically defined as telepathic suggestion, have multiplied enormously, but, although telepathic suggestion or influence is a more scientifically accurate description of such phenomena, the phrase is, after all, but a classification and not an explanation. We are still completely ignorant of the means by which the mind of one individual becomes conscious of the mental impressions of another individual. That by some, as yet unexplained, process one mind can convey its conscious images to another would seem to be by the great accumulation of evidence indisputable, and one of the most convincing proofs of that fact that I have witnessed is the really remarkable demonstration of telepathic energy, introduced at the end of last month, by Mr. and Mrs. Julius Zancig on the stage of the Alhambra. By the invitation of the directors of the Alhambra, a considerable number of ladies and gentlemen of more or less eminence in the literary, art, and social world of London, had an opportunity of witnessing a private exhibition of the telepathic powers possessed by this couple before the first public performance. This took place under conditions which absolutely negated the possibility of collusion. The lady and gentleman are Danes, but speak English fluently. Mr. Zancig passed to and fro amongst the audience; his wife remained on the stage. With a rapidity so great as to preclude all mechanical or concerted means of conveying information, he received from the audience in succession a variety of objects, and his wife instantly described each, giving even names and numbers correctly. For example, he takes a cheque from one of the audience. "What is this?" "A cheque." "The amount?" It is given, and the name, date, and number are named by Mrs. Zancig without hesitation. It is all very convincing, certainly, and the demonstration has unquestionably created a sensation in London.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME.

From the painting by Harrington Mann, exhibited in the Royal Academy.



By The HON. BLANCHE DUNDAS.

IN the afternoon of one foggy Wednesday in November, a young man stood on the platform of Waterloo Station, awaiting the arrival of his brother from India. Soon the Portsmouth train appeared in sight, slowed, drew up, and out tumbled *pêle-mêle* the usual contingent from India: ayahs, babies, officers' wives, widows, and cynical-looking old Indian men of business, who deftly sifted themselves out of the struggling mass and, giving babies, ayahs, and ladies a wide berth, disappeared promptly into the first available cab.

Frank Laurence took in all the scene with an amused look, which expanded into a glad smile of welcome as he descried his brother.

"Hullo, Ian."

"Well, old chap," and the two young men met and grasped hands.

Frank Laurence was a young barrister striving to make his way in his profession. His half-brother, Ian Hope, was a very well-to-do officer in a smart Hussar regiment, and with plenty of this world's goods. They called themselves half-brothers, though they really were not, for when Mr. Hope, widower, married Mrs. Laurence, widow, they had each had one son. But the boys being very young and nearly of an age; they grew up together as brothers, and cuffed, teased, and defended one another into a real and steady affection. Indeed, for many years they never realised that they were not brothers; and the bond between them was all the stronger perhaps from the fact that they were both singularly

solitary; neither having, so it happened, any near relatives.

No children had come of their father's and mother's marriage, and both parents had passed away just as their sons stood on the threshold of life and were to choose in which part of the great arena they would fight the battle.

That evening the brothers were smoking in Ian's comfortable rooms, kept warm for him by Frank, whose life was always spent in town. Reclining luxuriously in a long cane deck-chair, he regarded his brother with deep interest: not only because Ian had grown older, broader, bronzed, and more manly, than when he had left England four years before, but that Frank knew that a whole page of life had been turned over by his brother—one blotted with tears and darkened by death. Ian had been married. Out in India, a lovely girl, of whom he had written rapturously, and whom he was to bring home and introduce to his brother with pride and exultation, had been six short months his bride and then:—

"Who cometh from the bridal chamber?
It is Azrael, the Angel of Death."

And as Frank, between his half-closed eyelids, studied his brother's quiet figure and subdued thoughtful gaze into the fire, as if seeing far off things in its caverns of light, he felt many twinges of conscience and pangs of remorse, at the recollection of the bitterness of soul he had experienced when he had heard of his brother's successful marriage. For just at that time he had had to break off his engagement

to the woman *he* loved, for want of means. At least she had written to him that such was the reason of her parents' absolute refusal to consent to their marriage. And

him, and that she was leaving England to travel abroad with her father.

Why had he tossed it aside, angrily saying to himself that it lacked "the true



The two met and grasped hands.

he could not contradict her, was too proud to ask her to wait, and so had let her go. Though some time afterwards he had received a little loving note from her saying that *in heart* she should always be his, and consider herself engaged to

ring"? But thus equally with him had a page of life closed.

Ian had known little of his brother's brief engagement.

It had been so passionate while it lasted; Frank had been so absorbed in

the fascinating creature who had woven her meshes around him: a very Vivien of golden hair and lissome limb. So when the end came, it was all the more terrible and scorching from the intensity of the flame that had gone before. And he thrust fiercely back, "into the long burial aisles of the past,"—that vast grave which receives all the fruitless and unsuccessful hopes, cares, and aspirations of poor humanity—this event in his life, so no photograph or fair, beautiful head shaded off in the soft grey tints of the platina-type was to be seen decking table or mantel-shelf of the room.

Of Ian's wife, Frank, in his turn, knew almost as little, as it had been "an awfully quick affair from the find to the finish," as a heartless little sub. in Ian's regiment put it. And as Ian had meant to bring her home so soon, he had not gone into any details, waiting for Frank to learn them personally from themselves. Besides, Ian's nature was more reserved: in keeping with the straight, almost cold features and deep-set grey eyes. Frank, auburn-haired, blue-eyed, vivacious, was all impulse, until balked, when he would pull up all of a sudden, and rarely, if ever, allude to the misadventure again.

Hence his reticence concerning his Vivien.

The door of the room opening, roused Frank from his ruminations, and he had to wake up to common life as a note was handed to him; and after the opening of which, he said: "Ian, old boy, have you ever been to a necromancer?"

"A what?" said Ian with an amazed look.

"A necromancer, a spiritualist, mesmeriser, magician—what do you call the fellow? Oh, but of course you have seen lots of them in India."

"I don't know that I have ever seen what you mean exactly; but why?"

"Well, you see, Benson and I were going to have some fun next Sunday, bad boys, as there is an awfully mysterious fellow in London just now. Oh, Thomas, I forgot you were waiting: all right, no answer;" and as the servant closed the door he continued, "Well, this fellow who is in London, Benson and I think a fraud, and we want to expose him. So we

agreed we would have a private *séance* with the man. Now Benson writes that he is seedy—pleurisy or something of the sort—and can't go, and as it is our last chance, as the necromancer is going to take himself off, he thinks it is a pity I should not go and see if one can find out their dodges. Will you come with me, Ian? It will be interesting, to say the least of it, and may be something more."

"Who is the man?"

"An Italian. Of good birth they say but anyhow of no common sort, as he is both clever and cultivated. He does not *pose* as a wonder, and apparently does not try to have a following, only is said by some to be a real student of mystic sciences, somewhat like the old-fashioned alchemists; by others he is suspected of being a political agent."

"Have you an engagement?"

"Yes. We did not give our names; we only asked for an appointment on Sunday for two gentlemen, and sent the note from the railway station."

"All right. I will go with you. But what is to be the special form of amusement; and why on Sunday?"

Frank's face flushed as he bent to fill his pipe again, and he answered hesitatingly, with sudden recollection:

"To your first question: he pretends to call back the dead. You can see any person you name who is known to you, if only by sight. Their figures stand before you, I believe, conjured up by him. At least that is just the rubbish we are told of him. And as to Sunday, we thought it would be such an opportunity to be wholly unmolested and uninterrupted. We have not told anyone, you know. Benson and I were half ashamed of it when we had settled it. Two hard-headed fellows, such as we pride ourselves on being, going on such a fool's errand."

Ian's steady grey eyes looked more fixedly than before into the fire, as he said:—

"So he can let you see the dead, can he? I will come with you."

* * * *

Sunday afternoon saw the two young men on their way to, what Frank called, the necromancer. His house stood in a wide, deserted street, and the houses on

either side were large stolid-looking buildings of stone, with heavy stone balconies to the windows. At the door of one of the most imposing of these desolate mansions they stopped and knocked, the bell being apparently broken, for no sound followed upon Frank's vigorous tug. He was quietly enjoying himself at the prospect of the coming fray, when his keen wits and shrewd acumen should expose the juggler's tricks.

The door was promptly opened by a man who looked a very bandit—large, stout, with a shock of hair, a wide spreading disreputable hat on one side of his head, a corduroy jacket, scarlet tie, and wide breeches.

"Heavens, what a ruffian!" muttered Frank.

"A good beginning, anyhow," thought Ian.

The bandit led them up a wide and very handsome staircase, which had doubtless been trodden by many a gay and brilliant throng ere the tide of fashion had swept its votaries on to another portion of our modern Babylon, and ushered them into a room.

"The signors wanted to see my master, eh?" he asked; "perhaps they have an appointment?"

Frank showed him his master's card with the hour of the appointment on it.

"Good," said the man, and left the room.

Then they had time to look around them. They found themselves standing in an immense room, evidently what



"So he can let you see the dead, can he?"

must have been a stately drawing-room, some forty feet long. The ceiling was elaborately ornamented and wreathed with stucco garlands, and had a heavy cornice of the same, round which squirrels, satyrs, and little gods led an eternal dance. Three large windows rather high up in the wall amply lighted it, and showed to advantage the still decorative paper of a watered white on the walls. The room was clear of all furniture; indeed, to say that it was absolutely empty would be about a

true description: only one heavy grey marble slab, fixed against the wall on their right, was left in the room. It was bereft of all else.

fully twenty-five feet, draping it completely with its dingy folds. The brothers had ample time to take all this in, for the wonder-worker was slow



Beautiful, deathly pale, she passed before them.

But one curious thing was there.

At the end opposite to that by which they had entered, and facing the three windows, hung a voluminous black velvet curtain. It stretched the whole width of the room from wall to wall,

in appearing, and Frank had already started his wits on a voyage of discovery, as to what part of the "dodges" that long, gloomy, impenetrable curtain could belong, when he suddenly broke off his speculations with—

"I say, Ian, by Jove! we have never given a thought as to whom we will ask to see. We must settle upon somebody."

For one wild moment the thought of a fair young wife flittered through the brain and flushed the cheek of Ian. But no. Have *her*—or rather her semblance even—called back from the dead by a mere charlatan; disturb *her* rest? Perish the thought! "I do not care," he was saying, "you settle it;" when a cleft in the wall as it were, opened to the left of the curtain and disclosed the figure of the necromancer.

A most striking one. Tall, considerably above the average height of men, of slender, graceful proportions. The face too, was wonderfully handsome; ghastly pale, but the features of refined and faultless chiselling. He had abundance of very dark hair, long and wavy, which made the wearing of a small velvet skull-cap wholly unnecessary. He looked to be a man of about thirty, was dressed also in an entire suit of black velvet, which with the cap afore-mentioned, and his own masses of sombre hair, made the extraordinary pallor of his complexion still more remarkable.

He advanced silently towards the two gentlemen and bowed. They, quite awestruck by the strange personality of the man, as silently returned the greeting, and Frank was quite thankful when the conversation was opened by the necromancer himself, whose voice was as potent as his appearance and, though low, was curiously resonant and clear.

"You have done me the honour to call. May I ask what it is you demand?"

These words were in Italian, which language both brothers knew well. Ian looked to Frank to reply, who, gathering his wits together, said:—

"We have come in accordance with the appointment you kindly made for us"—showing the card—"and we are glad of the opportunity to see for ourselves certain wonders that we hear you can work."

"Such as?"—questioned the Italian.

"Recalling the forms of those who have gone: dead in fact," went on Frank more boldly.

A strange smile flitted across the face

of the man—truly flitted, for it was instantaneous—and then he spoke as gravely as before.

"And whom would the signors be wishing to see?"

Frank looked at Ian, who made a gesture expressive of his indifference, and then there leaped into sudden action a thought that had strangely haunted Frank of late. Was his Vivien dead? He had no reason to believe her so; and yet an undefined uneasiness about her had quite recently possessed him. Now this would test the man's power. If she were living, the necromancer would surely find that out for himself, and be unable to bring her: and if dead—well, then he would see her once again; just once again.

While all this passed rapidly through Frank's brain, the Italian's glances had been slowly and deliberately travelling from one brother to another; the large liquid eyes gazing unflinchingly upon the two young men, and then, just as he withdrew his scrutiny, Frank spoke hesitatingly:

"How do we notify whom we want to see?"

"Simply write down the name on a slip of paper and give it to me."

The Italian then watched Frank intently as he drew out his pocket-book, tore off a blank sheet, and wrote a name on it. He gave it to the magician, who took it, bowed, and went to the curtained end of the room leaving Ian and Frank standing midway down it, facing the curtain and with their backs to the light.

Ian had all this time been a silent spectator of the scene, only wondering, with a natural curiosity, whom his brother would choose to "call up."

The Italian now opened the door in the wall by which he had so suddenly entered, and drew into the room a small round ebony table on which was a slender silver lamp with an open flame, and one or two little vessels; in his left hand he had a long white rod.

One swift movement and the whole length of the curtain was drawn back revealing a wall of glass. The Magician drew himself up to his full height, stretched out his white wand and cried

out in loud ringing tones as he pointed to the mirror—

"Look! Look! Move not, but look!"

Instantly a dense smoke arose and obscured the glass upon which their eyes were riveted, with every nerve strained as to what they should see in it. As the smoke rolled away along the mirror from the left wall to the right, a figure arose up before the affrighted eyes of the two men and followed its vaporous clouds. Distinctly, gliding the whole length of the wall, moved the form of a woman. Beautiful, deathly pale, shrouded in white vapour, she passed before them with a strange little halt in her gait, almost a limp, evidently habitual to her. The face was fully turned towards them, and a pair of large blue eyes gazed out from a perfect auréole of fair hair which stood about and around the lovely face like a setting of gleaming gold.

"Ethel!" shrieked Frank, stretching out his hands towards her.

"My God, my wife!" and Ian fell in a dead faint on the floor.

How they got out of the house Frank never knew. Never to their dying day did the two brothers ever allude to that awful experience again.

Only afterwards Frank knew that when he got that letter from Ethel saying she should always consider herself his, she was then Contie Hope, Ian's wife.

* * * *

Some years after, the gaoler of a prison in Italy looked into the cell of one confined there on political charges. The Italian sun glinted through the grated aperture high up in the wall and fell right across the rigid, but marvellously beautiful face of the Necromancer, who was lying prostrate on the floor of the cell.

A white paper lay between the long delicate fingers. The prisoner had taken his own life.





"GOOD LUCK TO YOU."
Drawn by R. Fannett.



"MY TRAIN AT LAST!"

Drawn by Leslie Wilson.

ST. JAMES'S VISITS ST. GEORGE'S.

By F. C. PHILIPS.

Author of "As in a Looking Glass."

I.

*Boudoir of the COUNTESS OF OAKLANDS.
Her Ladyship is discussing afternoon
tea with the DUCHESS OF STILTON.*

LADY O. It is all right, my dear. I have found out everything from young Harry Tempest. We must wait till it is just dark, and then take the Whitechapel omnibus to a place he calls the Minories. You turn down the Minories—you see I've got it all written down—until you come to the Tower. Then when you see the Tower in front of you, you must take your left hand and keep on going down hill. Then you will come to a great, high, brick wall. That is the London Docks. Keep along with that wall on your right hand, and you're in Ratcliffe Highway. Harry has given me a list of the places to see.

DUCHESS. Tell me. I am all impatience.

LADY O. First of all, on the left hand, is the "Prussian Eagle," where they have songs and dancing in a room upstairs. Then on the right hand is Old Gravel Lane. There is a public-house there called the "Old King William," where a dreadful murder was committed ever so many years ago. De Quincey wrote all about it, you know; and Harry tells me that if we were to go straight on we should come to High Street, Wapping, where that dreadful Tichborne claimant used to live. But he says it's a very dangerous part, and

that we had better keep in the Highway. You must not call it Ratcliffe Highway down there, by the way, my dear, or they will be angry and insult you. It is Ss. George's High Street, or High Street, S'. George's, I forget which. Then a little further on is a dancing saloon called the "Mahogany Bar." That we are particularly not to miss. And after that is the "White Swan." They call it "Paddy's Goose." My dear, it is the Albert Hall of the place. Harry says that you will find sailors there of every nation—Swedes, Danes, Americans, Frenchmen, and Russians—and they all dance and chatter to one another in their own languages. And he says that when we have seen that we had better take a cab—there is a cab rank just outside—and get away as soon as we can, because the rest of the Highway is not safe. It will be too late, of course, to go to the shops where they sell the beasts and wild birds—Jamrach's—and the other places. Besides we can drive down any day and see those in the daytime without the least trouble.

DUCHESS. But I want to see the Opium Den, in "Edwin Drood," you know.

LADY O. Ah, my dear, that would be much too dangerous, except in the daytime. It is up a horrible court called Palmer's Folly, where Harry says we might get murdered in a moment, or even worse. But let us be off. The carriage is ready. I shall tell Osborne to put us down at Oxford Circus.

II.

The interior of a Whitechapel omnibus. Among the company SERGEANT JACKSON, of the Grenadiers, quartered at the Tower, MRS. O'FLANAGHAN, of the Whitechapel Road, and others.

CONDUCTOR (*pushing in the DUCHESS and LADY O.*). Room for two.

LADY O. (*anxiously*). Where?

MRS. O'FLANAGHAN. No room for such as them, I hope.

SERGEANT (*rising*). Take my seat, my dear. We are full up, and he knew it.

[*The CONDUCTOR rings his bell, and the omnibus starts. The ladies not expecting the jerk, lose their balance.*

LADY OAKLANDS *clings to the knee of a stout gentleman.*

STOUT GENTLEMAN. You are pinching me. But never mind, madam. Take your time.

MRS. O'F. (*at the top of her voice*). I don't move from my seat for painted Molls like them.

(*Chorus of sympathetic matrons.*) Not likely.

SERGEANT (*pointing to the DUCHESS*). The little lady can sit on your lap. (*The DUCHESS follows the suggestion.*)

* * * *

CONDUCTOR. Hi! Minories! Tower 'ill! All fares for the Minories.

LADY O. How much, please?

CONDUCTOR. Oh, stow your larks! You know as well as I do. Fourpence each.

LADY O. (*feeling in her pocket*). Good gracious! I have lost my purse.

CONDUCTOR. Now, then. Can't stop here all night. Fourpence each.

DUCHESS. My dear! It's terrible. I have left my purse at home.

CONDUCTOR. Oh, that tale be blowed! Here, I'll have a policeman in a moment.

LADY O. (*almost fainting*). Will you take this ring?

CONDUCTOR (*with supreme contempt*). Not likely! Come, pay up. Fourpence each, or I call the police.

SERGEANT JACKSON (*slipping a shilling into the DUCHESS's hand*). Pay him, my dear. I'd punch his head if I couldn't see you was ladies.

MRS. O'F. (*with supremely virtuous disdain*). Yah! Couple of hussies!

MRS. O'F.'S NEIGHBOUR. My daughter ain't up to much; but if she was as bad as either of them jades, I'd turn her neck and crop out of the house!

[*The trio descend.*

LADY O. (*to SERGEANT JACKSON*). How can I thank you?

SERGEANT (*with greatest politeness*). Not at all, my dear. Can't bear to see a gal in distress. Can't I see you part of the way home? I wish I'd a comrade with me, with a stray shilling or two. I'm clean dried up. Can't even stand you a drink. Beside four 'd be company; three's none. Come as far as the Tower, and I'll pick up a dollar somewhere. Never like to see a pretty face in trouble. Cheer up, my beauties. Two such slap-up gals as you never ought to want for nothing.

DUCHESS. I beg your pardon, Sergeant, but I know your Colonel very well, and I couldn't go with you to the Tower. I don't mind telling you that I'm (*in a whisper*) the Duchess of Stilton. The Duke was in your regiment only three years ago, when he was Mr. Cheshire. But we wanted to see Ratcliffe Highway—out of fun, you know, Sergeant—and now we don't know what to do, or how to get back.

SERGEANT. God d— (*suddenly checking himself*). Bless my soul! Why, his Grace was in my battalion. Beg your Grace's most humble pardon. (*Brings his hand to the salute.*) What can I do for your Grace?

THE DUCHESS. You have done more than we can ever thank you for sufficiently already, Sergeant; but even now my friend and I are in difficulties. We wanted, as I told you, to see Ratcliffe Highway, and now here we are quite helpless. Why, we might have been arrested if it had not been for you!

SERGEANT. Beg your Grace's pardon, but if the lady with you doesn't mind she could pawn that ring the conductor wouldn't take. There's a respectable shop just a few doors down.

DUCHESS and LADY O. Oh! thank you; that's capital.

LADY O. Will you take it and do it?



"Come along, Poll, let's toe it."

SERGEANT. No, lady; they'd be asking me all kinds of questions. Take it yourself, and (*in a low tone*) give the man your ladies' maid's name and the right address. He'll give you a sovereign on it at once, and I'll show your Grace and the other lady to any part of the Highway you want. It isn't a safe place for ladies to go to alone.

III.

The Saloon at "Paddy's Goose" A favourite Fast-end dance is being performed with all the native vigour of St. George's. The SERGEANT is standing by the two ladies, keeping watch over them with a stern sense of his responsibility. The ladies themselves are almost choked with bad tobacco smoke, the fumes of beer and spirits, the heat of the gas, and the peculiar aroma of damp sawdust.

FIRST SAILOR (*approaching the DUCHESS*). Come along, Poll, let's toe it.

DUCHESS. Sir!

SERGEANT. Let the lady alone, Jack.

FIRST SAILOR (*to DUCHESS*). Don't "sir" me. I ain't a warrant officer. (*To SERGEANT JACKSON*). Ought to be ashamed of yourself, you selfish lubber—wanting two of 'em to yourself. Why don't you stand 'em a pot, and wet their gills?

SECOND SAILOR. All alike, them lobsters; always mean. (*Addressing Lady O.*). Come, my pretty, you like a sailor, I can tell by the look of you. Come and have a turn with me. Here, you (*to POT-BOY*), bring the lady a pint of stout.

LADY O (*in a whisper*). My dear, it's horrible. Do let us go.

MISS MCCARTHY (*from Tiger Bay*). Yah! West-end muck! Wonder they dare come amongst honest folk.

MISS DWYER (*in a tone of conviction*). The likes of them ought to be limbed—limbed! Look at 'em, dressed and painted up—robbing honest men. Look at the paint on 'em. Makes decent folk sick, it does.

[*Music ceases, and the dance terminates with a stamp of extra energy. Band immediately strikes up the Caledonians.*

DUCHESS. We'll just see this, dear, and then we'll be going. I'm sure the

Sergeant will see us into a cab. Merciful Heavens! (*puts her handkerchief hurriedly to her face*) there's Captain Graham of the Grenadiers, with a friend. (*In a whisper*.) What are we to do? He'll be certain to tell Stilton, and I shall never hear the end of it.

LADY O. (*gravely and desperately*). I shall begin to cry in a moment, I know I shall.

CAPTAIN GRAHAM (*strolling up, having recognised the DUCHESS and LADY O., and dismissing the SERGEANT with a nod*). This is unexpected, Duchess. Whatever has brought you here; and you, too, Lady Oaklands?

LADY O. Oh! don't, Captain Graham, don't—don't say anything. I'm frightened out of my life. Do take us away—please! do at once.

DUCHESS. Yes, please take us away, Captain Graham, and thank the Sergeant here. He has been so kind and attentive to us. That horrid conductor would have locked us up if he hadn't interfered.

CAPTAIN GRAHAM. Locked you up! Conductor!

DUCHESS. Yes, Captain Graham. Locked us up because we hadn't any money to pay him; the Sergeant here paid him himself, and then, as we were here, we thought we must see what the place was like. The fact is (*lowering her voice*) we've been "slumming"; but (*laughs*) we'll never do it again.

CAPTAIN GRAHAM. Allow me (*offers his arm to DUCHESS*). (*To LADY OAKLANDS*) My friend, Mr. Fortescue, will take charge of you. Sergeant Jackson, do you think you can find a cab?

SERGEANT. Certainly, sir.

MISS DWYER. Yah! Told yer so. There they go—the two of 'em. Blowed if they ain't collared three blokes between 'em! (*With intense moral superiority*.) Disgustin', I call it—disgustin'.

* * * *

So ends an evening's Comedy of Errors.

A week later, Sergeant Jackson becomes Sergeant-Major, for reasons best known to his Colonel, and, at about the same time, he receives a cheque, with which he opens a comfortable little banking account.



THE MAN WHO INVENTED LYING.

By T. W. H. CROSLAND.

Author of "Lovely Woman," etc.

THERE can be no doubt that the human animal is by nature a truthful animal. Primitive man anticipated George Washington in that he simply could not tell a lie. His yea was yea, and his nay was nay, and he knew no better. It seems probable that he lived happily with the truth for thousands of years. When the tax-gatherer called and asked if he was at home his wife or servant at the door said "Yes" if he was at home and "No" if he were abroad. Nothing could be prettier; and yet, as the wise modern man knows full well, nothing could be more fatuous.

But on a day there must have arisen in the primitive community a natural born Christian—a genius who really belonged to a very future time. Out of the unnatural abundance of his intellect that man must have looked with a bright eye on society and found it to be altogether too childlike for words. He would begin by observing mentally that it was really possible to answer any given question with an answer made in the mouth and without reference to the facts. Let us suppose, for example, that in a misguided and innocent moment he had stolen his neighbour's wife, or his neighbour's sheep. And perceiving his neigh-

bour on the horizon yelling with rage and armed to the teeth, and being aware also that the stolen "wife" or "sheep," as the case may have been, was snugly hidden away, it occurred to him that he might save unpleasant conversation if he told this approaching angry, bloodthirsty man the thing which was not. So that when the irate neighbour got up to him and cried "Wretch! what hast thou done with my wife, or my sheep?" he made a great effort and said with his mouth, "I have not seen thy wife or thy sheep for many days, and I have not done anything with either of them." Whereupon the angry neighbour, having been accustomed all his life to hear nothing but the truth, and being then unaware that such a thing as falsehood existed, would be at once appeased and apologise for having made a mistake. Greatly relieved, the culprit no doubt led him to the nearest hostelry, there treated him to half a gallon of mead, shook him warmly by the hand, and wished him godspeed in his search after the missing treasure.

And the man who had done the stealing would wend his way homeward marvelling greatly. What vast and unthinkable thing was this that he had accomplished? He had taken a set

of adamantine circumstances and had broken them up, as it were, into little pieces. He had made not to happen something which had happened, and he had done this not by spells or alchemy or prayers or offerings to the gods, or with the help of knives or hatchets or engines, or with the aid of large armies of other men, but simply and quickly and effectively by the word of his mouth. It was too amazing to be fairly grasped at first. No doubt our aboriginal Ananias felt as astonished as a little boy who has fallen out of a balloon or as a pig who has seen a three-act comedy. He could not understand it: the why and the wherefore of it were beyond him.

But the results were not ungrateful; nay, indeed, they seemed fair to his sight, for he had avoided recrimination and bloodshed; he had saved the life of either himself or his neighbour, both of which lives were dear to him; and, better than all, he still retained the stolen property and his neighbour's confidence and friendship to boot. Really it was glorious. And the next time he stole a wife or a sheep there was no reason why he should not make his mouth say words again and avoid further unpleasantness. By childlike dim degrees, too, he would discover that it was possible to apply this new and wonderful method of dealing with angry neighbours to almost all classes of mundane affairs, and even to affairs relating to the next world. So that in a very short space of time he would become rich and powerful and be held in awe and reverence by all the tribes. And possibly just when he was beginning to burst with greatness, he would confide in his cups to a friend or a servant the terrible secret of his power, and the friend or servant would run trembling away to think it over and practise himself in the art. In quite a little time the peoples of the earth would thus have in their midst two liars instead of one. It seems conceivable, too, that these twain, knowing each the other's strength, would refrain from practising on one another, and that the master or original liar would hate his pupil with a great and unquenchable hatred, and that hatred would so far get the better of him that

he might one day attack Ananias the Second with a cudgel or other weapon and do him grievous hurt. In revenge for which, Ananias the Second might go privately to the authorities and by dint of patient statement and apt illustration enlighten them as to the nature of a lie and the practices of liars. And he would do this in the hope that the authorities would cause Ananias the First to be torn to pieces in the market place. But, to his great astonishment and chagrin, the authorities would remark that the thing was indeed phenomenal, but that it was worthy because it gave man supernatural powers, and so far from disembowelling Ananias the First, they should proceed to build schools throughout the country wherein the art and practice of lying might be taught by this same Ananias, assisted by a numerous and competent staff. The schools would be built and Ananias would go to work on a large salary, and the daily papers of the time doubtless hailed him as the saviour of the people. In due season he would die and be buried with great pomp under a monument inscribed—

HERE LIES
ALL THAT IS MORTAL
OF
ANANIAS,
THE DISCOVERER
OF THE NOBLE AND BEAUTIFUL ART
OF
LYING.

After his death the good work would, of course, be taken up by all kinds of well-meaning and self-sacrificing people until the human race became liars to a man. The results to our fellows of the present day need not be dilated upon. Lying is now the universal accomplishment, and it seems astounding that the world ever managed to go round without it. The bones of the fine old original Ananias are long since dust and his monument is ruined and forgotten; but civilisation owes him a deep debt of gratitude, and we trust that this tribute to his memory will provoke the sympathetic tear in the eyes of the millions whom it so nearly concerns.

OVER THE TELEPHONE.

A Stage Monologue.

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By T. HARDING COOPER.

The Acting Rights of this Monologue are free to readers of the ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, provided no charge is made for admission.

SCENE: Office of Harry F. Manton, Solicitor, Bedford Row. Comfortably-furnished room; tall stool standing at desk; nest of deed boxes; bookcase, etc. The room is in some disorder. Papers are littered about, including some sporting journals. Table at back, containing remnants of a spread; champagne bottles lying about, etc. Wall is angled so that anyone standing at telephone can present left profile, or three-quarter face to audience. One door R. Fire L., just burning out. No light except from fire.

MANTON discovered lying asleep in arm-chair before fire; sleeping heavily, very slightly snoring. Small clock on chimney-piece strikes twelve quickly, a few seconds after rise of curtain. MANTON moves restlessly, then wakes and stretches; sits up, puts chin in hands, looking at fire; then rises.

TIME IN PERFORMANCE: 20 TO 25 MINUTES.

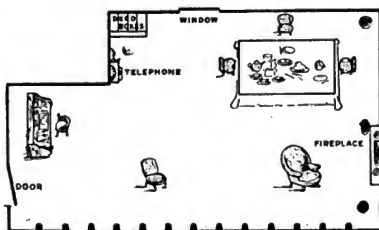
MANTON—(Yawning): Why, what the dickens! I suppose I fell asleep for five minutes. Ought to be more lively than this on Christmas Eve. It must be the hard work I've been doing lately. Ah, these breach of promise cases take a lot of working up now-a-days. (Looking at remnants of spread.) I suppose I've had at least seven bad headaches over this. (Begins to sort some papers absent-mindedly.)

Where's that brief? (Turns up the "Sporting Times," crumples it up and throws it across the room with an exclamation. Then stands with his back to the fire.) That Paris costume and the

new bonnet fetched the jury through. It was quite affecting to see the way her winning, affectionate little smile touched their hearts: but when dear Minnie began to weep into her little lace handkerchief those virtuous old men all sat

up and burst into bitter tears. Good old City men! You can always depend on them to give their cats-paws fourteen years for being found out, and a smart actress ten thousand pounds for

damages suffered from a week's flirtation. Oh, well! I didn't do so badly out of the case: and a lawyer ought to be the last man to moralise on anything in this world. By Jove, this fire is comforting!



PLAN OF STAGE.



What I can't understand is how I managed to fall asleep. Must be past eleven. (*Takes out watch.*) Stopped, of course. Forgot to wind it up last night. Too tired. (*Turns to clock slowly.* Starts when he sees the time.) Good heavens! Ten minutes past twelve. And my last train leaves Victoria at thirty-six minutes past. (*Dashes for his things. Hurries into overcoat. Looks from window.*) Raining, of course; this is too bad. (*Hunts for hat; finds it finally, hidden behind table cloth.*) Where are my gloves? Hang it! I'll go without them! If I can't get a hansom I shall have to run all the way. (*Runs to the door; tries to turn the handle, but cannot do so.*) Dash it! (*Pulls again.*) The door's jammed. (*Pulls again.*) What on earth is the matter with it? Why (*horrified*), the door's locked on the outside; and Gregson has got my key. That fool of a housekeeper has locked me in. What shall I do? (*Runs to bell and pulls. Noise of bell heard ringing below.*) I shall lose my train. (*Keeps ringing violently.*) Won't you come? Won't you come? (*Knocking ceases.*) Oh, lor', now I remember. The housekeeper said he was going to spend Christmas with a few friends, and I gave him half-a-sovereign, and told him to enjoy himself. (*Angrily.*) Enjoy himself while I'm shut in here. (*Pauses.*) That's always the way with these buildings. You only want the attendant once a year, and then he's gone out. (*Working up his rage.*) Very well: I shall not submit to this. I shall make a strong complaint about the housekeeper. And I—I'll sack Gregson, for taking my key away, and I'll give the landlords notice to leave, and bring an action against them for illegal detention. This is too much of a good thing. What can I do?



(*Feels door.*) Impossible to break this down. The substantial way they build these houses is simply disgusting. (*Walking up and down the room excitedly.*) Oh, this is superb! This is simply magnificent! Left alone in a fifth-floor office on Christmas Eve, and no prospect of getting out for twenty-four hours. It's the fault of those fools who persuaded me to give them a little spread here. (*Virtuously.*) It's not the thing to have senseless barristers and actresses larking about my offices. It's not business—not business: they ought to have known better. (*Stops suddenly.*) Well, I must do what I can to make the best of it. Let's see what we've got in the way of provisions. (*At table.*) Two sandwiches. (*Turns up champagne bottles.*) Not a drop! Selfish beasts! I shall have to put myself on rations. Half a sandwich every six hours. It's perfectly maddening that those greedy people should finish everything like this. Next time I'll tell them not to eat so much. Well, we'll have a good fire at any rate. (*Goes to scuttle. Tries to shake coal on fire. None comes. Shakes again. None comes.*) Empty! 'This is the last blow. (*Sinks dejectedly into arm-chair.*) 'This is the most awful situation I have ever been placed in. Nothing to eat, nothing to drink, no bed to lie in, no fire to warm me for twenty-four hours; and all on Christmas Day. (*Bitterly.*) Yet they sometimes call me a lucky man. (*Pause.*) This is really serious. And I never could stand being hungry either: something wrong with my constitution, I suppose. Some beggars seem to go hungry for weeks on end, without thinking they're doing anything strikingly clever. I wish I were like them!—No, I don't though. Well, I suppose there's no hope for me. (*Shivers.*) The fire's going out now. This is miserable. (*Sits despondently in chair. Telephone bell rings sharply.*) Hallo! what's that? (*Bell rings again.*) Hurrah! Saved! Saved! The Telephone! (*He rings bell.*) Hallo! (*Listens.*) Yes, I'm here. (*Listens.*) What do you want? (*Listens.*) Eh?—Eh?—I'm number nine five four six. (*Listens.*) Oh, Harry Manton, Solicitor, Bedford Row. Who are you. (*Listens.*) What? Birmingham

Central? (*Listens.*) What do you want? (*Listens.*) What? (*Listens.*) Want what? (*Listens.*) Want to know what? (*Listens.*) How should I know? This is not Exeter Hall.* (*Listens.*) I told you who I was just now — Harry Manton, Solicitor. (*Listens.*) What are you talking about? I didn't ring up anyone. (*Listens.*) No must about it. I say I did not! (*Listens.*) Well, I say I did not! (*Listens.*) That is absolutely untrue, and you are an insolent puppy. (*Listens.*) Do you suppose I'm going to stand here to listen to your vulgar impertinence? People like you ought—(*Listens.*) Hang it! he's cut me off. (*Rings. No answer. Rings again, for twenty seconds, shouting furiously.*) Hallo, Central! Are you there? (*Listens. Subsides and speaks very quietly.*) Oh, are you? (*Listens.*) Don't shout? I beg your pardon: I didn't know it was a lady speaking this time. I thought it was that Birmingham idiot. (*Listens.*) What do I want? I wish you to send a policeman to arrest that Birmingham man who has just been insulting me in my own office. (*Listens.*) Oh, well, if you can't. — Extraordinary, isn't it, what a number of people you come across shouting and ringing, and calling names, and making themselves offensive over the telephone? (*Listens.*) Yes, there is. My office door is locked, and I can't open it. (*Listens.*) Wish I could break it down, but it's too strong. (*Listens.*) Now, don't chaff, there's a good girl. I can't get out by the window. It's a seventy-foot drop. You see this is rather an awkward thing for me. I'm shut up at the top of this high building for a night and a day, until the housekeeper comes back from his holiday. (*Listens.*) Yes, it is. Very unfortunate. I'm sure I don't know what I'm going to do, unless you can help me somehow. Can't you send round to unlock the door? You can get a master-key from the night-porter in the next house but one. (*Listens. Dismally.*) Oh dear! Haven't you *anyone* you could send? (*Listens.*) Eh?—No—Come yourself? How very kind of you! But your

office is a long distance away, is it not? Only a minute's walk? That's wonderfully lucky. When will you be relieved? (*Listens.*) Quarter of an hour? My dear girl, you deserve a halol I say! (*Listens.*) I say I said I say! (*Listens.*) I thought you were going to cut me off again. Are you very busy? (*Listens.*) Because we might have a little chat until you come and let me out. (*Listens.*) Oh, we'll soon find something to talk about. What is your complexion? (*Listens.*) Really? I'm passionately fond of dark girls. (*Listens.*) I mean fair girls; did I say dark? A mere slip of the tongue. As it happens, I'm very much in love with a fair young lady myself. (*Listens.*) Oh, yes, I've loved her for a long time! (*Listens.*) So nice of you; would you really like to hear about her? (*Listens.*) Sure you won't be jealous? (*Listens.*) All right, don't be cross! (*Listens.*) Wait a moment then. (*Goes and gets high stool: sits on it at telephone.*) Now then, it was about a week ago that I first came across her. I was going along Holborn about eleven o'clock in the morning, when I suddenly became aware that I was following a singularly beautiful girl. She was one of those delicately supple creatures, all grace and fragility, that seem to float along the pavement, and glide among the people like a shadow. She wore the smartest possible frock—with one of those kind of blouses, or jackets, or whatever they



* Any topical place will do here—Colonial Office; Balmoral—according to what affair is most in the public mind.

call them, and a skirt of some kind of material, with some bows and ribbons, and that sort of thing. (*Listens.*) Oh, sweetly pretty. As I said, her complexion was fair, and her hair—oh, her hair was absolutely golden—and not a trace of dye about it either. I had followed her past the First Avenue, when I suddenly lost sight of her. She seemed to vanish right into the air: so I began to fancy she was some new brand of angel. I was dreadfully disappointed. (*Listens.*) Oh, I went and consoled myself with a brandy-and-soda. Two days later I saw her again. Then you may be sure I didn't lose sight of her. I followed in her trail like a sleuth-hound—*opponax*, I think the scent was—and I did everything I could to attract her attention. But for quite two minutes she wouldn't give me the slightest encouragement. (*Listens.*) Oh, yes, she was a good girl, and all that; but she needn't have been quite so hard-hearted. However, when we got to the point where, the time before, she had vanished she — (*Listens.*) No, she *didn't* go straight up to heaven and tell me to follow. She went straight up that little court called Brownlow Street, and ran up a flight of stairs leading to some offices. On the top stair she was giving me the minutest possible glance out of the corner of her right eye, and smiling the faintest suspicion of a smile. Ah, you know how they do it. The effect on a man like me is instantaneous. (*Listens.*) You may be sure I was quite crumpled up. I had only just time to raise my hat and say—(*stool falls*). Confound it!—(*rises*)—I mean good-morning, before she went in. (*Listens.*) No, I haven't seen her since. You know I've been very busy on a breach of promise case, and I've positively *HAD* to be at my office by ten in the morning. (*Listens.*) Great fun? Breach of promise cases are great fun for the court, and the public, and—er—the solicitors, and generally for the plaintiff, if she's young and hand-

some; but I'm afraid the defendant doesn't look exclusively on the humorous side of the case. Poor Lord Maybridge! we ran him in for ten thousand pounds. (*Listens.*) Yes, it's the Minnie Rutherford case I'm speaking about. Miss Rutherford, the actress—it was in all the evening papers. She and her mamma, and a few friends, besides myself, and our counsel, were having a little celebration here. That's how I got locked in: I fell asleep after the performance—the celebration, I mean. This case has been a dreadful fatigue to me. No wonder I was exhausted. (*Listens. Then chuckles to himself.*) Eh? No! No! I assure



you. Nothing like that. We solicitors are not half so black as we're painted. Of course, we have to be pleasant to our lady clients; but — (*Slight pause; chuckles again.*) Oh no! You flatter me! That is to say—you're quite wrong. I never flut! (*Listens.*) What? (*Listens.*) I should like to hear it. Tell it to me. (*Listens intently; an expression of interest on his face is followed by a broad smile, which is succeeded by a fit of laughter. He is supposed to be listening to an amusing story, à propos of a breach of promise case. In the course of it he becomes somewhat excited, and anxious to hear the dénouement: exclaiming.*) And then the lawyer—(*laughs and nods*). Exactly!—Go on! Go on! (*At finish of story.*) No? Did she really though? Ha! Ha! Ha! That's one of the most amusing things I've ever heard. Ha! Ha! Ha! I say, you telephone girls, you—*learn a few things*, eh? (*Listens.*) Well, of course, you can't help it. I've heard more ornamental things on the telephone in the space of ten minutes than you can hear in a whole settlement day on the Stock Exchange. By the bye, that little story of yours reminds me of a funny thing I heard about a fortnight ago. It was about a music-master and his favourite pupil. You see—er—er—er—er—(*gradually drops his voice, until he can be only heard mumbling. He is supposed*

to be telling another amusing story. *He gesticulates. In the midst of it, at the climax, the bell rings.*) Cut off in the middle, by Jingo! Yet some people say there's no such thing as Providence. *(Gets off stool. Looks at clock.)* Well, this young lady's quarter of an hour must be nearly over. Only five minutes more. *(Goes to glass, brushes hair, waxes moustache, arranges tie, etc. Finally dabs face with tiny powder-puff. While doing so, bell rings again.)* All right, I won't be a minute. *(Gives finishing touch and goes to telephone.)* Is that you, dear? *(Listens.)* Your time is almost up. By the way, where is your office? *(Listens.)* Brownlow Street? That's where the beautiful fair girl goes to business. Do you know what those offices are at number nineteen? *(Listens.)* District telephone offices? But that's where you are, isn't it? *(Listens.)* She must be a telephone girl, then, the same as yourself. Do you know her? *(Listens.)* Best friend you have in the world? Well, I'm afraid I'm going to take your place.—Rather odd, isn't it, my talking to you about her all the time, and you knowing the very girl? I tell you what: I know a charming little place in Coventry Street. If you like, I'll take you both to supper there some evening. *(Listens.)* Oh, she'll come right enough, as soon as you have introduced us. She has just that lively little expression in her eye; and *(confidently)* do you know, I think she's rather gone on me. *(Listens.)* Sure of it. Naturally, I know when I have made a favourable impression on a woman. She might try to conceal it from you, or even from herself, but I could see it perfectly. *(Listens.)* Don't be too sure? *(Airily.)* My dear creature, I understand women thoroughly. You will take this as quite confidential, of course. I don't mind mentioning it to you, but I wouldn't breathe a word of it to her. That reminds me. Tell me her name, will you? *(Listens.)* Bessie Hartley? What a fascinating name? You would be surprised if I told you the number of girls named Bessie who have been in love with me. What kind of a voice has she?—soft and melodious, I'm

sure. *(Listens. Horrified.)* I've been listening to it for the last quarter of an hour? *(A pause.)* Then it's you! *(Aside):* Oh, this is too awful! *(Excitedly and quickly, to her):* My dear Miss Bessie, I am exceedingly sorry for talking to you about Miss Hartley—I mean about yourself—like that. What an unseemly idiot I've been making of myself all the time. I must ask you to accept my humblest apologies for talking in that foolish way. *(Aside):* I'm afraid she'll report me to the manager. *(To her):* Of course, you appreciate that it was all nonsense. *(Listens.)* Not all nonsense? You don't mind? *(Aside; relieved):* I was right after all. She is gone on me. *(To her):* You forgive me then? *(Listens.)* Not a bit annoyed? Then we will have that supper I spoke about: only we will have it to-night. That place keeps open late, and I feel as if I wanted a refresher. *(Listens.)* Time's up? *(Looks across at clock.)* So it is! I say! *(Looks round furtively, as if to see that no one is watching. Whispers into telephone, hiding his mouth with his hand. Then looks round once more, and, embracing telephone as well as he can, he kisses close to mouthpiece. Repeats, after listening.)* Just one more, there's a dear! *(Listens.)* Do now! *(Listens.)* All right; only one. *(Repeats; actually touching the mouthpiece this time. Rubs his lips.)* Ink! *(To her):* Good-bye for a minute, dear. *(At this moment he is rung off.)* One moment! *(Rings bell. No reply. Gives a long ring. Slight pause. Bell rings.)* Are you there, sweet love? *(Listens.)* I say, are you there, sweetest? *(Listens.)* Can't you hear what I say, darling? I only wanted to have just one more. Now then. *(Goes through kissing performance. Listens.)* It's your turn now. *(Listens.)* Eh, what? Who are you? *(Listens.)* Oh, you're the manager, are you? Then you can go to the deuce! *(Is ringing off vigorously, when a noise is heard of door being unlocked. Stops, with hand on telephone, and looks over left shoulder towards door.)* Released at last! Ah, my dear Bessie. *(Runs to door.)*

(QUICK CURTAIN.)

THE PUNISHMENT OF COPLEY.

By A. NOBLE.

THERE is no accounting for the stupidity of very young girls when a young man is in question, and the nicer they are the more foolishly they seem to behave. Joan Trevethern was an orphan, an heiress, and a tall, handsome girl to boot. Her guardian, a lawyer, gave a big party on her twenty-first birthday to celebrate the event. It was one of the inconsiderate things that a man only is capable of. If Joan had had a mother, it would never have happened. Doubtless she would have given the party, but not on that especial day. She would have had an eye to the future, and would not have fixed her daughter's age on all our minds in such an impressive manner. Of course, Mrs. Purvis—the wife of Joan's guardian—having daughters of her own, did not consider this.

The party was a great success. We all enjoyed ourselves. It was so big that no one felt neglected. Everyone saw that it was impossible for the hostess to do more than receive each guest as he or she arrived; consequently they all amused themselves as it seemed best to them.

Dick Purvis and I were the only two from the office. Dick was the Head's nephew, and a fine looking fellow, without a sou. I was an articled clerk, the son of an old friend, and supplied with rather more money than was good for me, as I think now.

In the course of the evening Dick and I rubbed shoulders; we were in the garden, and it was still quite light. I asked him to introduce me to his cousin.

"Which?"

"Miss Trevethern."

"She isn't my cousin. She's the Head's ward." We all called him the Head. I don't know why.

"Can't you find someone to do it?" said I.

Mrs. Purvis happened to be passing at that moment. Dick stopped her, and I preferred my request.

"Come along," said she, good-naturedly, "I'll introduce you both."

She did, and then she walked off, and I expected Dick to do the same; but he didn't seem to see it in that light, and hung on. I waited a minute or two, but as he didn't show any signs of moving, I left them, feeling that I owed Dick one, to be repaid with interest at some future time. I don't know what the heiress thought of Dick, for I didn't know her well enough to ask. And as for Dick, he declined to tell me what he thought of the heiress. Not in so many words, of course.

Dick was five-and-twenty. He had not been articled to his uncle, but had come to him a full-blown solicitor a week or two before Miss Trevethern's coming-of-age party. I was younger, and was just going in for my final exam. I believe we both fell madly in love with the heiress. I know I did, but then I was shy, and never had the courage to say much to her. As for Dick, well, he was smart and clever, and about as modest as—the German Emperor. Moreover, he was three years older than I was. So I didn't even have a "look in."

For three months things seemed to be going on swimmingly between those two. It would have been a very suitable match, for though Dick hadn't any money, the Head hadn't any sons, and he made no secret of his intention of taking Dick into partnership if all went well—that is to say, if the young man kept in his good graces. Suddenly everything came to a full stop. Dick visited his uncle no more. He was regular at the office as usual, but where he spent his evenings no one knew. Of course we all thought he had been refused. I did for one, and began to consider whether I shouldn't pluck up heart and try my chance with the fair Joan. I did. But the young lady didn't evince the slightest interest in me. She didn't seem interested in any other person or thing either; at times she looked utterly wretched. I began to



* "He didn't show any sign of moving."

think very badly of Purvis, and being young and foolish meditated punching his head. But I refrained. There was a difference of four inches in our height; perhaps that had something to do with it. Still I kept him severely at a distance, which didn't seem to trouble him one very little bit!

One evening he left the office an hour earlier than usual; the Head had given him some commission, and he wasn't coming back. Just as the Head was leaving he sent for me.

"You live in the same street as Mr. Purvis, I believe?" said he.

I assented.

"Would you be so very kind as to give him this note? See him and give it into his own hands, please."

Of course I said I would, and, taking the note, went off at once. When I knocked at the door of Purvis's lodgings I was surprised to hear a piano going. It wasn't played badly either. Now, I knew that his landlady hadn't any children, or other lodgers, so I was rather surprised. But my surprise became astonishment when, on the maid opening the door, I was told that Mr. Purvis was engaged. "He's 'avin' his music lesson," she added.

"Will you tell him that I won't detain him a moment?" said I, giving her my card. She showed me into a downstairs room, and I stood looking out of the window, while she went upstairs. Almost immediately I heard Purvis coming down. He was showing someone out. From

the window where I stood I saw a man leave the house. To my surprise I knew him, and knew him to be a thorough scamp.

"Come up to my room," said Purvis. I did, and gave him the Head's note.

"All right," said he, "I'll see to it." I was going away then, but he stopped me and asked me to sit down. He seemed a little embarrassed.

"I didn't know you were musical," I said, glancing at the open piano.

"I suppose not—er—you needn't say anything about it at the office, old fellow."

"All right. By the way, I know your music master."

"Do you! Know any good of him?"

"No. The other way very considerably."

Purvis's face lighted up.

"In what way?" said he, quickly.

I hesitated. Why should I tell Purvis? He wasn't any particular friend of mine. True, he was a good fellow in the main, and at the office we all liked him, still—well, to tell the truth, I was mean enough not to have forgiven him for "shunting" me on our joint introduction to Joan Trevethern. I don't think I should have told him, but while I was considering, he was fidgeting with a little morocco case which he had taken from his waistcoat pocket. It was very small and somehow it slipped through his fingers, and, falling on the rug, it opened. Inside was an exquisite little miniature of Joan Trevethern. As he picked it up our eyes met.

"Well?" said he.

"I'll tell you what you want if you'll tell me what that means."

"It means that I'm conditionally engaged to Miss Trevethern."

"Conditionally?"

"The conditions are hers, not mine."

"What are they?"

"Pardon me. You forget that I said the conditions were hers."

"Very well. Four years ago, Copley forged my father's name."

"Who's Copley?"

"Your music master."

"That isn't his name."

"It was five years ago."

"How did it come about?"

"You know my father is a bibliomaniac—well, this Copley was a kind of private secretary, and looked after his books; he also played well."

"Did your father prosecute him?"

"No. He paid the money, and told him to go, warning him not to let him hear of his doing any other dirty trick."

"Has he the forged cheque?—your father, I mean."

"I dare say."

There was silence. After a bit, Purvis said slowly:—

"I'll tell you a tale about him far worse, I think. If he is the man you suppose him to be, four years ago he took the name of Manners, and taught music in a Brighton boarding school for girls. Taking advantage of his position, he managed to make love to one of the girls. Got the poor child to write to him silly, loving little notes—she was an orphan. Then he wanted her to elope with him. This she wouldn't do, but she promised to marry him when she became of age. Soon after she left school. She forgot all about him, and hoped he'd forgotten her. Not at all. He had found out she was an heiress. On the day after her twenty-first birthday she received a letter reminding her of her promise and telling her he had got all her letters. Then she did a fatal thing, poor foolish child; she wrote and told him that she could not marry him, but she'd give him a hundred pounds for her letters. He wrote back and threatened her with an action for breach of promise, etc.—which is all nonsense—if she did not marry him within the year. Now I want those letters."

"The young lady being Miss Trevethern?"

"Yes. She refuses to marry me while those letters are in existence. I want her to defy him, and to be married at once; but she will not."

"What made you think of taking lessons of him?"

"I did it in order to keep my eye on him. Luckily it was a convenient thing to do, as I know something about music."

"Do you think he believes in your desire for improvement?"

"Can't say. I've tried to get at him in various ways, but as soon as I stray from the path of melody he is on his guard."

After a lot of arguing, Purvis and I concocted a beautiful scheme which we determined to carry into execution on the day he received his next music lesson. I had to pay a visit to my father in the interim.

Tuesday was the evening for the next lesson, and about ten minutes before the time it would be over, I admitted myself very quietly into the house with Purvis's own latchkey. I walked softly upstairs into his bedroom, which communicated by a door with his sitting-room. This door Purvis had left ajar. Before going into his bedroom I took the precaution of locking the outer door—the one on the landing, I mean—of the sitting-room, the key having been considerably left on the outside for that purpose by Purvis himself. I did not make much noise, but Copley heard something—either the click of the key in the lock, or the closing of the outer door of the bedroom, for I heard him say sharply:—

"What was that noise?"

"I believe it was the key of the door that made that noise," said Dick, rising from the piano.

"Do you mean that we are locked in?"

"I should think it probable."

"But—but the door must be opened. I want to go."

"All in good time."

"But I must go at once, sir. I don't know what you mean by this—this proceeding."

"I shall be very glad to inform you. Indeed, I've been longing to do so for some time. You had better sit down."

"I decline to do anything of the kind! Let me out!"

"I am afraid that is an impossibility, for I am also locked in, and I happen to know that my landlady and the maid are both out."

"Then who locked the door?"

To this Purvis vouchsafed no reply, but sat calmly watching Copley, who was walking impatiently up and down the room.

"Couldn't I get out that way?" asked Copley, pointing over Dick's shoulder to the other door.

"You might, if I were disposed to let you—which I am not."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Ah! That's more sensible. Sit down."

"I prefer to stand," he answered, roughly.

"As you will. It was clever of you to guess I wanted something. I do. I want the three letters that Miss Trevelthorn offered you a hundred pounds for."

"Then you won't get them," sneered Copley; "I wouldn't give them to the girl herself, as I told her."

"The young lady, you mean. Never forget your manners under the most trying circumstances, Mr. Copley——" This in a tone of calm admonition.

The fellow started, but managed to blurt out: "Copley! What do you mean by calling me Copley? My name is Manners, as you know."

"True. I know you as Manners. But Mr. Vertue knew you as Copley, I think."

The scoundrel's face fell, and he sank into a chair.

"I don't know what you mean," he muttered.

"Oh, yes, you do. You know very well."

"I don't. My name is Manners," he repeated doggedly.

"Let me refresh your memory. Four years ago you were a sort of half secretary, half librarian, to Mr. Vertue, of Bewston Park. You had an easy place and a kind master. Like the hound you are, you abused his kindness by forging his name."

"It's false!" screamed he in a shrill voice.

"Liar!" shouted I, bursting in, holding the forged cheque aloft.

Copley made a dash at it, but was caught by Purvis. I put the cheque back into my trousers pocket, and while Purvis held the wretch I began to search his pockets for the letters.

"Stop—stop!" he cried. "I'll give them to you—you're killing me—stop! I say."



"You're killing me. Stop!
I say."

"Allow me to assure you that we are not hurting you in the least," said Purvis, soothingly; "that will come later."

There were no letters in his pockets!

"If you let me go I'll fetch them—indeed I will," entreated the trembling rogue.

We neither of us paid any attention to him.

"Unfasten the neck of his shirt, Vertue. He values them. Doubtless he keeps them next his heart.

By the struggling efforts he made to prevent my doing this we felt sure they were there. And we were right. We found a small bag hanging round his neck. While Purvis opened it I stood over Copley.

"All right," said Purvis, "here they are." Methodically he took them into

his bedroom, and locked them in his desk. When he returned he had a strong dog-whip in his hand. He inserted the fingers of his left hand, and took a strong grip of the unfortunate Copley's collar, and—his soul did not spare for his crying.

The chastisement he administered was worthy of the great Dr. Busby. So thoroughly complete was it that the recipient vanished without a word. He hadn't even the politeness to say "Good-evening." And neither Joan Trevethern, Purvis, nor I ever saw or heard of him again.

I believe that Dick and Miss Trevethern destroyed the letters after reading them over together, and I know that they were married in the spring, for I was at their wedding.



THE GOLDEN AGE.

Drawn by Arthur Jule Goodman.



LITTLE PIERROT (WHERE IS PIERRETTE?).

Drawn by Dudley Hardy.



MAN PROPOSES.

By MABEL ESCOMBE.

Author of "The St. Kilda Scholarship," "A Self-fulfilled Destiny," etc.

IT was Christmas time, but there was neither frost nor snow. Night was stealing up over the Seine, and with the darkness a thin but damp mist. The vendors of books and newspapers who haunt the river-bank in some parts were packing their wares. Poor homes, and such warmth as a meagre charcoal fire affords, were even preferable to the outside chilliness. It was an evening when those fond of dark deeds would be busy; when crime, like a serpent, would unfold relentless coils, winding round the innocent and guilty.

A man in a long grey overcoat had crossed the river by the Pont Austerlitz, and hurried along in a northward direction. After leaving the Place de la Bastille, he stopped, and glanced furtively back. Reassured by the empty condition of the streets, he slackened his pace, and finally lighted a cigarette. He might have walked steadily for half an hour or thereabouts, when he paused before a house at the end of a steep side street. No lights were visible, no concierge to be seen. The man groped his way up to

the very top storey, and knocked at a door from which straggled a few faint rays between the crevices.

The low tones of a violin were to be heard, but they immediately ceased. He entered, and was confronted by a tall and yet beautiful woman, though lines of care and suffering were deepened by the shadows which a solitary candle could not disperse. Her chin still rested on the instrument, and her bow arm remained suspended mid-way in its arrested course. As she recognised the advancing figure, they fell with a sort of numbness, and even in that dim light one could see the ashy hue which stole over her face.

"Again!" she exclaimed, in a tone of anguish. "Why will you not leave me alone?" and she fixed a beseeching look of mingled terror and entreaty on the newcomer.

He turned away, laid his hat on a table, and without invitation proceeded to take off his coat.

"Excuse me," he said coolly, "my time is precious. I start by the night mail for London, and must leave some



He lighted a cigarette.

work for you to do. Of course you will not refuse?" This with an almost covert sneer.

She had dropped her violin, and stood near the man, who with a certain mock courtesy offered her a chair.

"Not anything wicked, Adrian," she faltered, and, clasping her hands, drew yet nearer, and again sought to move him with an imploring glance.

"Wickedness is simply an abstract consideration of degree and comparison," he replied; and for the first time he looked steadily at her, as, with his hands deep in his pockets, he leant against the edge of the table.

He looked, because the sight gratified a strongly developed artistic and critical element in his composition. He had known Diane since she was a girl-widow of twenty, and in the seven or eight years that had elapsed since he had amused himself by playing with that

absorbing passion which had been the alternate hope and bane of her existence. It placed her at his mercy, and he knew it. At times a feeling of compunction stole over him, a glimmering of reverence for the woman's untiring devotion. It was, alas! as transitory as an April sunbeam. Love towards any creature was impossible to this man; his sole craving was for novelty of sensation and emotion, and his moral code sufficiently elastic to permit of, and exact, free indulgence in his fancies.

Three months ago she had made a determined effort to rid herself of him and his influence. He understood and kept away, judging, not incorrectly, that absence would be his best specific—and she was useful. He had been busy, too, in the interests of a secret society. Once or twice, in earlier days, she had been asked to carry out certain mysterious commissions. Latterly, her suspicions had been roused. For the sake of her child, who had never known a father's protection, she strove to make a firm resistance, but just where she needed firmness her weakness was most at fault. Now, in the midst of a solitary, uphill



His hat had a false crown.

struggle, her tormentor returned.

"You are more beautiful than ever," he continued in a coolly admiring manner; "I am beginning to regret our compact for a life separation."

His voice changed into real, or assumed, softness.

"I want to find that little home by the sea; I must have you sitting at my fireside, Diane; I try to forget you, but I cannot. Overlook the past—you know I love you in spite of everything"; and with a sudden movement he swung her to his side, and choked the half scornful reply that was on her lips.

She was exhausted; she had stinted herself of proper nourishment for the last fortnight, and it was an instant or two before she could free herself from the man's grasp. Then she stood away with flushed cheeks and a glance in which pride struggled for the mastery. The room seemed to swim beneath her trembling limbs, but she spoke collectedly.

"I told you, Adrian, when last we met, that marriage between us is out of the question. I believed in you once. I staked my heart for my life's happiness—and—" with a pause, "I have drawn a blank."

"Well," said the man, with a return to his indifferent drawl, "of course, if you won't, you won't, and these little outbursts have their dramatic force, but they



A couple of dynamite cartridges.

leave the very trail of the serpent behind them. I came on business, and if we do our business first, we can discuss our pleasure limits at leisure," with an unpleasant smile.

He took up his hat from the table, and with great care began to remove a false crown.

"You play at the Café Semiramis this evening?" he questioned, and she answered in the affirmative.

"And you will not mind undertaking a little errand for me," he continued,

"just to carry this small box a short distance," with irritating slowness.

"I have it in my hand." He held it out for her to see. "This," pointing to its contents, "is intended as a slap in the face, to speak flippantly, for one who, if he will not learn by fair, must be taught by foul, means."

He pointed to a small coil, to a charge containing fulminate of mercury, and finally, to a couple of dynamite cartridges, the whole arranged and concealed with a finesse of mechanical skill.

Diane started, and grew a shade paler.

"Adrian!" she pleaded, but he took no notice of the interruption and whispered something in her ear. She recoiled, and with sudden vehemence exclaimed, "I cannot!" whilst her long flexible fingers clasped restlessly. "I cannot," she again repeated, "you are asking me to be a murderess."

"A coward, as I feared," he muttered with a sneer. He felt in his breast pocket for a moment, where lay something hard and cold, but on second thoughts withdrew his hand. At the same moment an inner door was with difficulty opened, and a tiny white-gowned figure presented itself. Her cheeks were red from recent sleep, and her tangled curls, like a halo, stood off round the child-face.

"Mother," she cried in plaintive tones, "sing me to sleep again." Then, catching sight of Adrian, she half shrank back and said, gravely and slowly:

"Naughty man; naughty man, make mother cry. Me hate naughty man," and, overpowered by her own boldness, she ran quickly across the room, and hid her face in her mother's skirts.

"So that is the way the land lies," thought Adrian, and rapidly revolved a new plan of attack.

"Think of the life to which you are bringing up that child, Diane," he continued. "What will she be in a few years' time, even supposing you live to look after her?"

"She will at least be a better woman than you have made her mother," murmured Diane, with mingled bitterness and sadness. "Oh, leave us, Adrian; what little happiness now remains for

me I wish to find in my child." Her brown hair touched the child's golden locks as she stooped to kiss the upturned face.

* * * *

At the end of another half-hour the door closed behind him, and he went down the stairs a conqueror.

Conqueror of what?

He had twisted a worthy sentiment to unworthy ends; he had overthrown a woman's self-respect and adherence to principle; he had perverted a faithful devotion; he had wrecked all that was beautiful and precious in the woman's nature, by a false appeal to her love.

And she had yielded, but it was with an almost sickening dread of the consequences. Not the immediate consequences. Fear of detection, of death even, in a rash fatal act, she had none. It is not the poor, the struggling, the wearied and disappointed who shrink from the final scene in life's drama. To many it is release; to those who believe in nothing further, it is rest.

* * * *

With profuse bows and smiles, with elaborate gesticulations, Monsieur le Prefet strolled regularly to his seat in the Café Semiramis, or some other place of amusement. Of a certain party he was pet for the hour, to every other a cordially detested despot. Whirled aloft in a very March dust-cloud of popularity, he was alternately scorched by the sun and shrivelled by the wind of conflicting circumstances. He had reached that crisis which means a settled tranquillity in mediocrity, or an irretrievable downfall. Though not absolutely courageous, he was not devoid of a certain assumption of bravado that prevented indications of alarm, and served as an excellent veneer to cowardice. His presence at all public functions was, too, much in his favour. To-night he was a little late, and his coachman was hurrying recklessly to reach the Café by 10 p.m. The fog had thickened, and the damp streets made foothold difficult in parts. They had just reached the principal entrance when, with a jerk, the brougham came violently to a standstill. Monsieur le Prefet found himself in an undignified

attitude on his finger tips at the bottom of the carriage. Then he heard shrill exclamations, and by the time he had stepped on to the pavement he realised that a woman had been knocked over and trampled under the horse's hoofs. It was an unfortunate accident, and more so as several of the bystanders recognised in her a favourite violin player, and the occurrence might turn the fitful tide of favour against him. Without any delay she was at once lifted into the carriage and driven off to the nearest hospital. Monsieur le Prefet himself took a seat outside.

It was Diane. Her head had come sharply into contact with the kerb as she was caught on the pole and flung to the ground. Hours lengthened into days, and still she lay in a state of feverish unconsciousness. Her long hair was cut off, and ice constantly applied, but it seemed as if no remedies could give the desired relief.

It was on the third day that she first opened her eyes with a look of intelligence. They had discovered and brought her child, and she stood with an awe-struck, frightened gaze fixed on this new and unresponsive mother. She gave little wistful cries to try and wake Diane, and at last she did wake. Her first anxious question was as to the fate of her violin. It struck the nurse as strange that an instrument should stand first in her thoughts, but to satisfy the woman's

anxious cravings the case was brought and placed beside her bed. When she found that the key had been left in her pocket, and that the lock remained untouched, she rested content, and as the rosy fingers of the little one clasped her hand she sank into real slumber.

* * * *

Diane would not die, they said, but she would be a confirmed invalid, almost totally paralysed.

Monsieur le Prefet frequently called to enquire. He meant to buy her a small annuity.

One evening he came into the ward carrying an immense bunch of Parma violets. It was almost more than she could bear, and the tears coursed freely down her face. But she had something to say to him, and she strove to say it comprehensibly, or they might think her mind wandered.

He listened attentively to catch her weak utterance, but the request puzzled his kindly interest, and he vainly strove to change her purpose. She must not be

agitated, the nurse whispered.

And thus it happened that as he left the hospital he carried a violin case, and before he drove home, he, with his own hand, dropped it noiselessly into the Seine.

It did not float, but Monsieur le Prefet never learnt the history of this strange mission.



Monsieur le Prefet.





CHRISTMAS CRACKERS FOR THE CHILDREN.

By the EDITOR.

“PLEASE where do we come in, Mr. Editor, in this Christmas Number? Have you forgotten us?”

Forgotten you? Have I forgotten the children at Christmas-time! Why, if I should so forget myself as to close up this number of the *ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE* without a section given over to the children alone, I should expect to be seized by my hair (what there is of it) at one end, and by my feet

(there is quite enough of them) at the other, and pulled in pieces, going off with a bang, like any other foolish cracker, and it would serve me quite right.

The crackers, you know, come after the big feast; after the soup, the fish, the turkey, the plum pudding—after all the heavy dishes, in short. When you feel that you are jolly well fed, and the fruit and nuts do not look quite so tempting as they did when you sat down

to the Christmas dinner, then you are allowed to begin pulling the crackers, and what a fine mess you presently make of the table that was so spic and span when you sat down to it! That, at least, was the way I was brought up—not to pull the crackers till the fruit course, and I hope you have been brought up that way, too. It is a very good lesson in self-denial. (That is what the older folks tell us you know, but really, just between you and me, I think the reason why they won't let us pull the crackers sooner is because they don't like the noise the crackers make. Older folks do get such queer freaks. Why, what would life be without plenty of noise?)

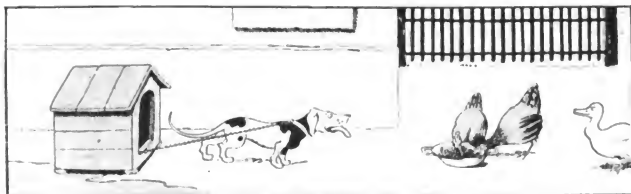
Well, I have brought on the crackers at this feast almost at the end of it, as is usual, *but*—just take note of this—you are all most welcome to begin at this end, if you like, and take your crackers first thing. I shall



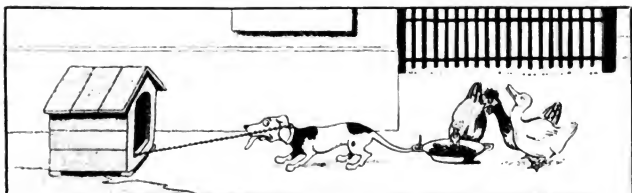
GreenWan

“Call this cat's meat, waiter? More like hippopotamus hide. Bring me a nice tender sparrow, and look sharp.”

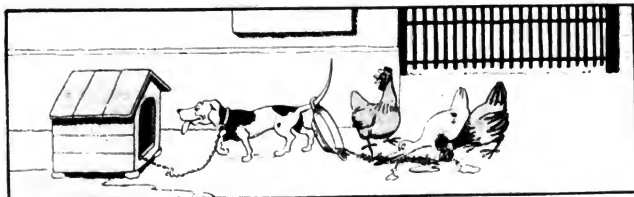
SOLD.



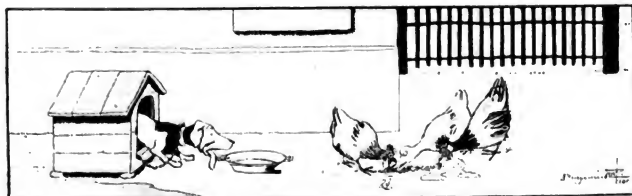
1. "Looks nice; must have some myself!"



2. "A happy thought; try it!"



3. "Knew I could manage it!"



4. "Well, of all the sells!"

not complain, and if anybody else does, you just let me know of it and I will put them in a jingle, and hold them up to the scorn of the whole world.

Speaking of noise and jingles, have you ever heard this jingle about noise? Try to say it very fast.

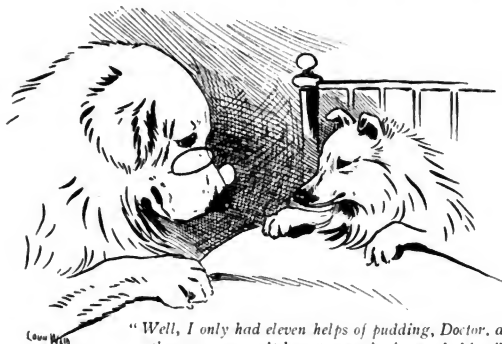
What noise annoys an oyster?
Any noise annoys an oyster.
But a noisy noise annoys an oyster most.

When you have quite mastered that so that you can say it very fast without making people think you are talking about a "noisy oyster" (which would be absurd, wouldn't it? At least, I never heard an oyster make a very loud noise; did you? Perhaps when they have all been put in their little beds and there is nobody around, oysters get up and carry

a flute or a fluter with a toot. What do you think? It is so very hard to decide sometimes.

This kind of poem is called a "Limerick." I am sure I don't know why, unless it is that Limerick is a town in Ireland, and all the best fun comes from Ireland. Perhaps you know a better reason; if you do, you might write and tell me. I have another good "Limerick" in my note-book, and after pulling that we will try another kind of cracker. This one is about a man whose name was Wright, and it goes:

There once was a writer called Wright,
Who taught all his sons to write "Wright";
He said, "Write Wright right,
'Tis not right to write
Wright awry, try to write Wright aright.



"Well, I only had eleven helps of pudding, Doctor, and they say you can't have too much of a good thing."

on like some other little folks I could mention, but I never happened to be there at such a time), then you might try to rattle off this next one as quickly as possible:

A tutor who tooted the flute
Was teaching two tooters to toot;
Said the two to the tutor
"Is it harder to toot, or
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

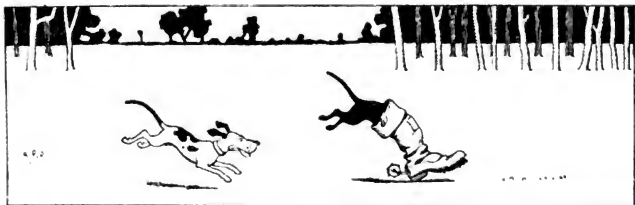
For my part, I think I should prefer to be a fluter tutor than a tooter fluter, though it must be confessed that a toot is a toot whether it is made by a tutor on

ably, and some nice biscuits, but he cannot bear to see the fowls enjoying their meal in peace. So he plans a little ruse to rob them of it. You will see how he is foiled in his wicked attempt. Now, if he had kept quiet and just looked hungrily at the fowls' food, perhaps they would have been touched and given him some. I am not sure—I don't know much about fowls—but they might. As it is, the greedy fellow gets nothing. He only scatters the food nicely so that the fowls can eat it all the faster. I should think

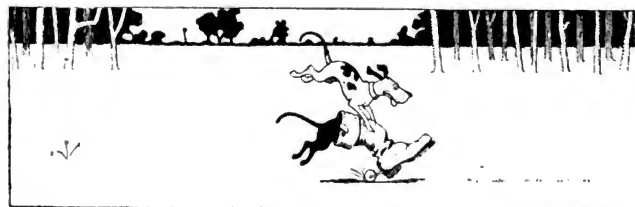
Now, I think it is time for us to have a more serious kind of cracker, a cracker with a motto, and on page 319 you will find four pictures that teach us how foolish it is to be greedy. I have no doubt the dog has had a very good dinner, a turkey leg prob-



A stern chase.



Got him now!



Boarding the prize.



Sailing home.



An armful.

his feelings must be quite too deep for utterance.

On page 321 there is another picture

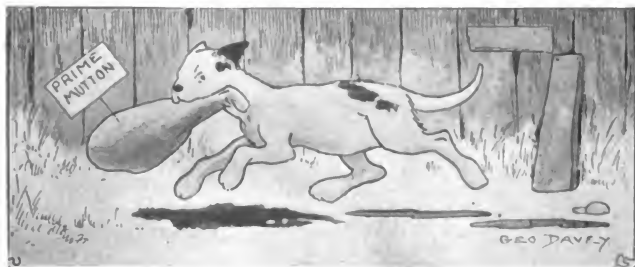
story, the story of "The Dog, the Cat, the Mouse, and the Boot." I wonder if any of you know, or can guess, what has become of the mouse. I have an idea, but I am not going to tell. Ponto looks as if he knew, too; he has such a satisfied look on his face.

On the opposite page to this one you will find a picture account of a very strange thing that happened the other day. You have heard, perhaps, of a man's hair turning from black or brown to white in a single night. Well, here is a more astonishing thing—a black cat that turns into a white cat in a single minute. Look at the pictures carefully, one after the other, and then tell me how it came about. I will give a prize of

FIVE SHILLINGS

to the child under ten years of age who puts this story into words and sends me the best expressed and best written account of how the black cat was turned into a white one. Write on a postcard, and address it to "THE EDITOR, ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, 358, Strand, London, W.C.," before the First of January, 1907.

And now, all that remains for me to do is to wish everybody a very Merry Christmas. As Rip van Winkle used to say, "Here's to you and all your family; may you live long and prosper."



I wonder whom the butcher will charge this leg of mutton to.

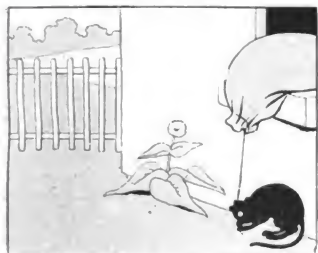
A METAMORPHOSIS;
OR, HOW A BLACK CAT TURNED WHITE.



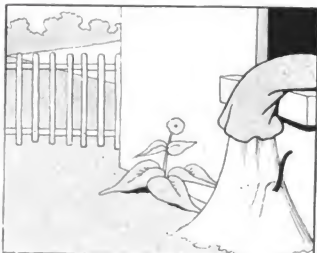
I.



II.



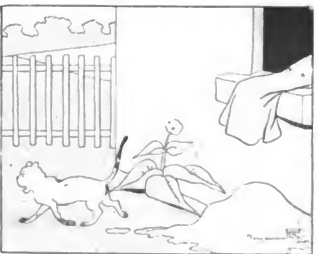
III.



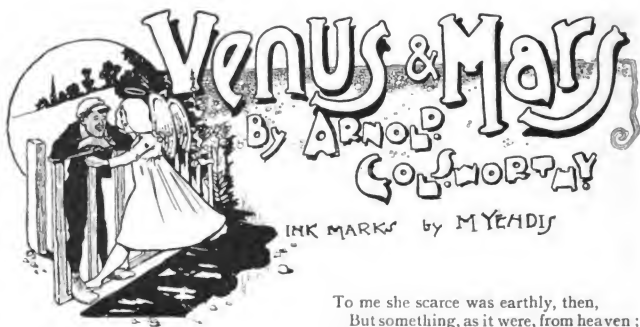
IV.



V.



VI.



OF all the days long left behind,
On which the mem'ry fain would
tarry,
How sweet are those that bring to mind,
The sweetheart that we didn't marry!

The dear young thing whose presence
woke
The first grey dawn of tender passion,
Whose voice was gentle as she spoke,
Whose clothes were never in the
fashion.

Of such a memory I sing,
In these drear days, so dull and lonely;
For then I loved, like anything,
Matilda Jones—Matilda only.

Her hair was golden (you'd surmise
This detail e'en if I suppressed it);
The colour of her laughing eyes
Was blue, of course—you must have
guessed it!

Her frocks had seen a better day,
She wore them one year with another,
And anyone could see that they
Had once been sported by her mother.

When first we met her glance was kind,
Her manner sweet, *O si sic semper!*
(It took me several months to find
That she'd a really naughty temper.)

But let me not anticipate:
I only know that, swinging limply
With her upon her mother's gate,
I reckoned her a daisy, simply.

To me she scarce was earthly, then,
But something, as it were, from heaven;
(I may explain that I was ten,
While she'd already turned eleven).

I vowed to her, that, for her sake,
I'd win a lofty social status;
That in a year or two I'd make
A bigger pile than Fortunatus.

And when I think upon that vow,
So fervently but rashly spoken,
I wonder if Matilda's now
Aware how badly it's been broken.

My spirits rose to hear her own
That nought our future lives should
sever;
While I vowed I'd be her's alone,
Her own true, faithful love for ever.

From that time forth, our hearts were
bound
By Cupid's wondrous silken fetter,
Until, in point of fact, she found
Another fellow she liked better.

He was a younger boy than I;
In love, the merest raw beginner,
But he had brought to school some pie
To eat in playtime for his dinner.

Oh, Love! thou fairest vision made,
Sweet furnace of the heart's affections,
Alas, that thou shouldst be betrayed
By home-made pie cut up in sections.

Yet, Love, thou art a wayward youth,
At all times prone to be a rover;
That night I learned the bitter truth—
Matilda Jones had thrown me over.

I met her later in the
day
And blamed her that
she'd spurned my
pleading;
And then I much regret
to say,
Matilda Jones forgot
her breeding.

'Twas clear her love for
me was dead—
The fact was plain,
she never hid it.
She answered that she'd
punch my head,
And, what is more, she
simply did it!

I'll own I was astonished, for,
Although there may be no denying
That all is fair in love and war,
The two combined are rather trying.

I begged Matilda that I might
Just understand the matter clearly,
Was this intended for a fight—
Or just a lover's quarrel, merely?

I'll fight with pleasure—or, I'll woo
With ardour till I'm loved or hated;
But both at once I cannot do,
I much prefer them separated.

I like a girl to make it clear,
When there is anything between us,
If I'm expected to appear
As devotee of Mars or Venus.



If Venus is the word, then I'm
The first to know when I am best off;
If Mars—well, then I know it's time
For me to take my coat and vest off.

Matilda would not say outright
Just what was up; in accents mealy.
She said she didn't want to fight—
And then commenced to punch me
freely.

This showed that fighting had begun,
And it was clear that I was in it;
I reckoned that we'd have some fun
In something under half a minute.

We both squared up, one blow began
To quickly lead up to another;
And then Matilda turned and ran
And vigorously screamed for mother!

I was not glad the day was mine,
Indeed, my feelings on the morrow,
To paraphrase a well-known line,
Were less of anger than of sorrow.

We parted thus without a word—
I've sometimes thought it was a pity—
But she is married now, I've heard:
Her husband's something in the City.

And when I meet him all upset,
And hear about the life he's living,
I feel that, if I can't forget,
I'm glad that I can be forgiving.

And sometimes now my glass I raise,
When dining at my hour of seven,
And toast, "My love of bygone days"—
She didn't marry me, thank Heaven!



THE KIRK GHOST.

By HEBER K. DANIELS.

"The Dom Kirk clock strikes at every hour, and the great bell itself was tolled at midnight and at every succeeding fifth hour until the mysterious disappearance of a watchman, and the rumoured ghostly visitations that confronted his successor, induced the authorities to dispense with the midnight vigil."—GUIDE BOOK.

"**W**AS that theseven o'clock ringing, little Marta?" inquired Peder Olsen, the ex-watchman, with an involuntary shudder, as the deep booming sound of the Dom Kirk bell reached his ears, sitting at the open window of his little wooden house in Drontheim.

"Yes, grandpa, it is seven o'clock, and the bell will ring no more until the morning."

"And, grandpa mine," cried the still smaller Olaf, as he sidled on to the old man's lap and stroked his white beard, "you have so often promised to tell us some day why the bell of the Dom Kirk is never tolled at midnight. Will you not tell us now?"

"Not now, my boy," replied the old man, with an expression of pain on his fine rugged features. "When you and Marta are older—when you are grown up; then, if your grandpapa is still alive, he will tell you. See, there is mamma calling you to prayers. Go, my children, and may God the All-seeing watch over your slumbers." He kissed the little ones affectionately, and turning to his friend, Captain Nerdel, who was sitting by his side smoking his pipe, observed, with a sigh, as the children withdrew, "They shall never hear it, Nerdel, for I shall be dead then, and the event of that night will die with me."

"But my good man, Peder, why should not I hear it? The story has already gone abroad through Drontheim—ay! through Norway itself, in a more or less distorted form. Mine is no old woman's

curiosity, as you know; and mine is no babbling woman's tongue to betray my friend's secret. Let me have it, then—this Dom Kirk adventure."

"I have told it but once, Nerdel—to the chief of the watch: it is years ago now. He did not believe me then—nor does he now. He is a stiff-necked, opinionated man; yet not so self-confident that he would accept my challenge and pass a winter's night alone in the tower of the Dom Kirk, as I once did so many years ago."

"As a young man, Olsen, you were always of the strongest nerves," remarked the captain. "I will vouch for that. Do you remember as a boy the bet of the *lig-kjelder*—the corpse-cellar—when you entered the crypt of that same Dom Kirk alone one night—along the subterranean gallery, where the ancient dead stand up on either side, as they did in life, with all their fineries—and grin? Ugh! I have the same chill on me now I had then, when, with one accord, they seemed to turn their sightless heads at me as I stood and looked tremblingly in at the doorway!"

"I never fear the dead, Nerdel," observed his friend calmly, "for to me they were but as the stone and mortar that went to make the Dom Kirk—as they will go in time to pave the crypt. Yet, I have often thought in my night watches that the spirit of bravado that led to that wager and its winning was a bad one, and one that would some day bring its own punishment."

He wheeled his chair round till he had its back to the window, and sat for some time facing his friend in silence.

"You will remember Halvorsen," said he presently, in a firm, clear voice, as if he had in the interval rejuvenated himself by a study of the past. "Halvorsen the watchman, who entered the cathedral one December evening to keep the midnight vigil, and has never to this day been seen or heard of. You were away in America then, but I remember it well."

"I heard of it on my return, Olsen. They searched the old tower, the bottomless well within the church, the crypts—every place where a man might have fallen, but without result."

"I conducted the search," said the old man, who seemed to speak as if he were inspired. "No man had ever explored the depths of that terrible well within the memory of the oldest Drontheimer. But I volunteered, and was lowered by a rope down—ay, down, down, down within its awful depths, until I sank in its icy flood up to my waist. Yes, there, in the pitchy darkness—for the light would not burn—and heard towards the north the mysterious thunderings of subterranean waters."

"Heaven preserve us, Olsen! I have heard that there is an underground passage leading from that well beneath the sea, and that it has an outlet in distant Monk's Island!"

"I felt, then, fear for the first time in my life," continued the ex-watchman, without noticing the interruption, and speaking as if to himself only. "For it was the fear of the unimaginable in which the strongest of us are born. I have still those deep moan-sounds in my ears and the cold breathings of that unknown world in my nostrils when I am sleeping at night."

"I helped them to search the staircase to the tower, and the dangerous landing leading therefrom. I thought then, as many others have imagined, that I knew every corner in this mysterious old cathedral, whose very repairs run into centuries of time, and within whose vast spaces four priests have preached to as many congregations at one and the same time without confusing their orations."

But of Halvorsen we could find no trace whatever. The man, his staff, lantern, food utensils and all, had disappeared as mysteriously as though he had been burnt in a furnace and his ashes scattered to the winds.

"As the days went by without bringing any tidings of the missing man, it was necessary to provide the town with a substitute. It was resolved by the watch committee that the man who had as a boy emulated this Halvorsen, and visited the *lig-kjelder* alone, at dead of night, was the one most fitted to take up his duties. And thus I came to be appointed to his place."

"I had only recently been married, and Ulrica, my wife—rest her dear departed spirit!—endeavoured with all her sweet persuasion to deter me from accepting the appointment. But I felt that my old reputation for dare and do was at stake, and, notwithstanding an uncomfortable feeling that it would be better for me if I listened to my wife's counsels, I knew I was bound in honour to accept a proposal that no other watchman would now entertain."

"It was therefore with a heavy heart that I kissed my wife and turned my steps, one dark night, towards the old grey cathedral of uncanny repute to fulfil the first duties of my new watch: to toll the bell at midnight, and at five o'clock in the morning."

"It was snowing heavily. Indeed, for the last three days and nights snow had been falling incessantly, and as I passed through the graveyard it was with difficulty that I trod my way along the obliterated path in the direction of the porch."

"Despite my best resolutions, I could not divert my thoughts from the dead Halvorsen and the probable event that had taken him out of the world; and the more I pondered on the circumstances of his disappearance the more gravely did I weigh the probability of a like mishap falling to my lot on this very night. I remembered again my Ulrica's tearful admonitions, and felt at one time more than half inclined to retrace my steps. But again I recalled the fact that my appointment was now in the knowledge of the entire town, and that any

faint-heartedness on my part at the last moment would involve me in the deepest disgrace in the eyes of my countrymen.

"When at last, therefore, I stood within the Dom Kirk and closed the heavy doors upon me, I was aware that the old undaunted spirit of my youth had taken possession of me to an extent that induced me to indulge in a low chuckle of defiance as I cast the light from my lantern through the hoary vastness of the silent aisles. I had determined on concentrating my mind on the mere duties before me, and

behind the choir, and involuntarily the words of the Danish poet came into my mind with intimidating reality:

'When cold dew falls upon sepulchral stone,
And through the gloom the flickering lamp
of night
Casts feeble radiance down upon the grave—
When hollow church-clock soundeth its
twelfth stroke,
And owlets whoop, and startled cock doth
crow—
Then Olaf in his royal robes arrayed,
Rises as King of Night, and scares the
guilty!'



THE DOM KIRK, DRONTHEIM.

glanced therefore neither to the right nor left of me as I advanced with somewhat unnecessary clatter up the church towards the belfry tower. Yet as I passed by the altar I could not for any number of rix-dollars have refrained from throwing my lantern's rays on the gigantic statue of our Saviour, who, with extended arms, and flanked by the Holy Apostles, had always inspired me with the deepest reverence during my youthful devotions in the venerable cathedral.

"From that sweet calm face, the work of the inspired Thorwaldsen, the beams of the light passed on into the dark recesses

"The fantastic shadows thrown by the light were beginning to conjure up uninviting subjects for reflection, and to end them I shaded my lantern and made my way in the dark to the foot of the tower stairs. A cold sensation, such as one will experience on entering a vault, informed me presently that I had arrived in the vicinity of the mysterious well of St. Olaf; and putting out my hand I could feel its low, smooth parapet—and at the same moment from its depths there issued forth a deep sougling noise—the sound that had before so scared me when I stood innumerable fathoms below its surface.

"Up the worn and crumbling stairway I slowly toiled in the dark, halting only on each landing to uncase my lantern and favour the ancient struts and cross-beams with its feeble glare. Never in my life did my footfall's appear to evoke so much stir and bustle as they did on that night. At times their multitudinous echoings would almost convince me that I was being approached from above and below; and so real was the impression in my mind at times, that I halted with staff upraised, fully expecting to encounter some person or persons on sacrilege intent.

"Arrived in the little room at the summit of the tower, I placed my lantern and staff on the table, and opening the casement windows I looked out upon the sleeping town and drew the cold night air into my lungs with a sense of the greatest relief.

II.

"**N**OW I ask you, my friend Nerdel, to believe me when I most solemnly assure you that as I stood up in that tower looking down upon the snow-laden streets of Drontheim and endeavouring to distinguish my Ulrica's home, a hand—a ghastly blood-dried hand—hovered about my cheek for the space of one horrible second and then sank unhesitatingly upon my shoulder!

"I wheeled round with a shout of dismay and terror, and seizing my lantern I swung it round and about my head, with starting eyes, and—yes—with peal on peal of the most boisterous laughter! Such laughter—my God!—with the horror-chills running up and down my spine and the cold drops standing out upon my brow like the sweat of the dead!"

"May Heaven preserve us! that was a very ghostly experience!" murmured the ship captain as he glanced from his host to the open window as though he feared that some similar visitation might transpire within the room in which they sat.

"When I was sufficiently composed to search the room," continued the old man, who spoke as one nerved to calmness by this one baleful experience of a lifetime, "I found everything in the same order as when I had turned my back upon them.

The door was locked, as I had left it; and, when I opened it with trembling hands and gazed fearfully down into the darkness of the cathedral below, no sound fell on my ears except a noise from the clock that warned me of the approach of the midnight hour.

"After that experience you may be certain that I kept my eyes well about me, and never for one instant turned my face to the window. In my bewildered state of mind I had associated the manifestation of a presence with the dead man Halvorsen. The hand which I had seen was the hand of a big man, which Halvorsen certainly was. I had time to note that the fingers were long, wrinkled and waxen, and that they clutched at the air like those of a drowning or falling man when he first realises his deadly peril.

"The moments seemed like hours—nay, days—as I sat with my back to the door waiting for the clock to strike. It was my duty then to appear at the open window and call out in loud tones the hour of the night, and the aspect of the weather at the time. After which it would be necessary for me to pass into the belfry and toll the midnight bell.

"In my first fright I had vowed by all that I held dear to me that nothing would ever tempt me to again turn my back to the room, much less to ring the bell; and that sooner than do so I would sit there in my chair by the door until daylight appeared, when I would proceed directly to the watch officer and tender him my resignation. But as the minutes went by and nothing disturbed the silence except the beating of my own heart, my self-pride began again to assert itself, and I plucked up courage sufficiently to brave the attempt—resolving in any event never to enter the Dom Kirk again after nightfall.

"Suddenly the machinery of the great clock let go with a deep rumbling noise, and then with a clanging roar that shook the old tower to its base the Dom Kirk proclaimed the midnight hour to the sleepless ones of Drontheim.

"The silence that now followed on the hoarse clamour from the bell-tower was so intense that I could distinctly hear my own breathings as I rose and approached the window.

"I stopped for one moment at the table to remove the burning wick from the lantern in order that its light might be more equally diffused about the room; and then I moved towards the window, and, with one last look over my shoulder, flung the casement open and looked out.

"The wind had dropped, and the snow was now falling in columns of immense wet flakes that effectually shut out any prospect of the town beneath. Summoning up all the resolution that I then possessed I leaned well over the stone sill and called out at the top of my voice:

"The clock has struck twelve. It is a snowy night; and the wind is *still*!"

"The last word generated into a loud scream of terror as the awful fingers with their convulsive movement danced before my eyes in all their silent horror, and then suddenly fastened to my shoulder as to a loadstone.

"I remember calling aloud for help and endeavouring to climb upon the sill, with some wild purpose in my mind of jumping out, and thus with certain death beneath me avoiding my hideous pursuer. I remember desisting from my mad purpose and staggering back into the room, to find it in complete darkness; then the scrambling search for matches that followed—the while that appalling incubus flicked at my cheek, or fumbled at my collar! Oh, my friend, my friend, but it was too awful! I thought I should lose my reason while match after match flared and went out, and still that deathful weight lay there—here, with the long gaunt fingers affrightedly grasping as if for dearest life!"

The old man pressed his hands tightly to his eyes as though he would blot out the ghastly reminiscence from his mental vision, and his friend the captain fidgeted about very nervously in his chair.

"When at last I succeeded in getting a light," said old Peder, when he had removed his hands and presented a very white face to his friend, "this evil thing had gone; but the sensation—the very imprint on my clothes—was still there; and this alone served to convince me of the reality of its visitation, even if I had been inclined to set the painful incident down to a diseased and morbid fancy.

Still facing the room I hurriedly closed the shutters and, working around with my back to the walls, I reached the door and tried the key.

"The lock had been undisturbed. The chair with its back to the panels was there exactly as I had vacated it. Very apparently then no one had entered or left the room.

"My mind was made up now. I had resolved, come what might, to at once leave the place and return to my home. The incidents of that dreadful hour had at last completely unnerved me. Let the consequences be what they might, I, for one, would certainly not enter that distant belfry loft and toll the midnight bell. I had only one thought, one resolution to carry out, and that was to make my way out of this unholy apartment while a vestige of reason remained to me. I thought of that long dark winding passage leading into the body of the church, and I prayed to my Lord with all the fervour I was capable of in my agitated condition that I might accomplish the journey without the companionship of that grisly hand.

"I trimmed the lamp and pricked up the wick to its fullest capacity, and then, humming a tune to myself, as schoolboys will do to keep up their courage in the dark, I unlocked the door, threw it wide open, and then, with my staff tightly gripped in my hand, I proceeded down the time-worn steps—singing unceasingly this mockery of a tune, and turning my head from side to side with my ever-increasing trepidation.

"All went well until I had reached the landing from whence a timbered and dangerous passage led to the platform over which the bell rope was suspended. Not for all the earth's most precious treasures would I have entered that dust-laden gallery, with its creaking boards and chasmy outlooks on the silent vast of the great nave below. How had my pride of courage fallen when I dared not even direct my light along the well-remembered way, within whose intricate windings I might at any other time but this have passed blindfolded! With but a hurried glance in its direction I was passing on downwards with teeth tightly set and my

heart thumping audibly against my ribs, when suddenly a sound fell on my ears that seemed to freeze the very life-blood in my veins!

"The great bell was tolling the hour of midnight! I had been anticipated!

"I tried to cry out, but my tongue lay, as it were, swollen and paralysed within my chaps, and I could do nothing but lean against the cold, damp walls and listen. I heard the old familiar sound that accompanied the exertion of ringing with a distinctness that was now all the more appalling: the creaking of the boards, the hollow coughing noise made by the ringer's breath, the tug at the rope, the rocking overhead, and, above all, the reverberating roar of the antique bell as it boomed and quavered under the evenly-measured clapper-strokes.

"Presently the sounds ceased, and I who in my despair and fright had not ventured even to show my light upon the belfry floor, slunk up the steps in sheer helplessness of fear, and sank down there in an angle of the wall awaiting further developments.

"I had not long to wait. A rattling and creaking sound among the warped boarding proclaimed the movement of some heavy body, and the direction of the sound indicated the approach of some person towards the stairway wherein I lay. Nearer and nearer it came towards me, until I knew that it had arrived off the landing on to the very steps themselves, and then suddenly the movement ceased.

"Who could be there at this time of the night, alone, and not even bearing a lantern? I thought again of the dead Halvorsen, and held my breath in an agony of suspense.

III.

"INTENSE as was the stillness, and utter as the darkness was in the confined space of the winding stairs, I felt—I knew—that there was someone close at hand. I even thought I heard a faint sigh and saw a deeper shadow pass along in front of me and downward into the swart depths of the belfry descent. However that may have been, I was positive at last that I was completely alone again, and was summoning

up what poor remnant of courage I had left to me, when a deep tremulous muttering, such as one hears when the lowest note of the pedal organ is touched, came up the stairs, and increasing in volume, filled and shook the limited air-space with a sustained rumbling sound as of distant thunder. A dreadful pause supervened, and then on my startled senses came the opening chords of the funeral march to a 'Dead Hero.' There could be no mistake about the organ sound, or the piece that was being played. The latter was a familiar one to me, having been often rendered in my hearing by the old organist Romberg, then long gone to his last rest.

"What a miserable dilemma I was then in, I leave it to you, friend Nerdel, to imagine. Close at hand there gaped that landing and the belfry room beyond—whose precincts might yet contain some unknown and more scaring horror than anything I had as yet witnessed. Above me, the watchman's apartment into which I felt it would be madness or death to again venture. Below me the dark aisles, with the *lig-kjelder* beneath them, the mysterious executant in the organ loft; and, above all, the awful possibility of meeting the incomprehensible whose ghostly steps I felt certain had preceded me down the stairs!

"I was, however, too thoroughly frightened to remain where I was. I thought of my dear home and Ulrica, and felt that if I wished ever to see them again I must be up and going, or in my then frame of mind daylight would reveal to my townsmen a dead or a mad man within the tower of the Dom Kirk.

"Yes; I would steal out in the darkness, feeling my way along the walls and columns until I reached the main entrance. Not for worlds would I have opened my lantern's slide to see that which it would be better for my sanity perhaps I should never behold.

"With the organ sounds wailing their last tribute to the dead I commenced my descent with one hand on the guiding rope and the other pressed tightly to the wall. I had taken off my boots and left them behind me, on the stairs, in order that my footfalls might not further

contribute to my extreme nervousness. How different indeed was it to the order of my going up! As I neared the level of the organ loft I could feel the vibration of the wall from the swell of the music, and when I eventually reached the landing beside it, my hand glided on to the little wooden shutter that sealed the aperture from whence a view of the loft and the body of the church itself could be obtained.

"As the shutter yielded under my pressure, I observed to my utter amazement that a light shone through from without, and with an impulse that could not be controlled I pushed it wide open and looked through into the church.

"I could scarcely believe my eyes, or indeed my senses, when I perceived that the whole interior of the cathedral was lit up as if for some special festival occasion. The altar lights were ablaze and so were the standards and coronæ, and under the brilliant rays the immense statues of marble in the choir seemed as though they were imbued with life.

"My transport of surprise gave way at once to a feeling of immense relief at the thought that the building was occupied by others than myself; that some midnight service, of which I had not been notified, was then being conducted, and that at last my ghostly experience had come to a long-desired end.

"Eagerly my eyes sought the organ loft beneath me for the well-remembered form of my young friend Sigurdson the musician—and in one fell moment the fright-film had half blinded them when I perceived that his place at the keyboard was empty, and, horrible to relate, the keys themselves were falling and rising under the manipulation of unseen hands. The very leaves of the score were under the same mysterious control, and silently turned at regular intervals with a movement that gave no stir or flicker to the burning candles within their sconces.

"Fearfully my glance went from there into the nave to note what I felt I was bound to discover—that the whole function in progress was of an order supernatural, and ghostly in the extreme. Yes, indeed it was empty of human forms. The great massive doors opening into

the nave were still closed; the pews, pulpit, chancel, choir-stalls—all were as devoid of life as the loft beneath me with its invisible executant and its invisible blower—for I had still a sufficient sense of curiosity left to observe that the handle of the bellows was rising and falling as methodically and quietly as the black and white notes of the haunted keyboard!

"I had now within me the first true indications of that madness that comes of a long sustained fright; and without the least control over my actions I stood there at the little window and gibbered and laughed and cried in turns, until the spectral tones resounded among the ancient groins like the revelry of a Walpurgis-night's holding.

"At the first sound of my voice the music of the organ ceased abruptly, and upon the instant every light in the edifice went out. The great clock overhead boomed out the first hour of the day.

"Of the events that succeeded I have but the faintest remembrance. I can only relate my impressions as one who has passed through the preliminary stage of some malignant fever. I knew that I was hysterically sobbing; that I had dropped and lost both my lantern and my staff, and was crawling and tumbling by turns down the silent spiral with my half-demented mind concentrated regardless of all else on that one distant object-point—my home and my Ulrica.

"When I emerged from the doorway to the tower and stood upon the floor of the aisle, I found myself in a darkness so profound that my frenzied brain must alone have been responsible for the luminous horrors that danced upon the sable canopy before and around me. Indeed, so affected had my overstrained imagination become by spectral phantasies so real and apparent, that when the faint light of a lantern shone suddenly before me, revealing the huge form of a cloaked and hooded man holding it in his grasp as he made his way down the aisle towards the porch, I made no hesitation about following a'fter, even while some instinct, at such a moment, counselled me that in doing so I was pursuing some new subject of unrevealed devilry.

"And my suspicions were soon to be very frightfully confirmed. For the figure had halted by the parapet of the bottomless and half-explored well of St. Olaf, and, holding the light to its face, was regarding me with Halvorsen's fixed death-look as it must have appeared when he was called away from us at that last moment of his stay upon earth. Were I an artist I could place on canvas, even at this distance of time, a countenance so beseeching, yet awe-stricken; so despairful, and, withal, so death-claimed, that it would most surely appal the stoutest Norwegian heart in our land.

"Even as I moved towards this poor restless spirit as one who in some dream of crushing horror advances in the certainty of a consummated hell-vision close at hand, the figure dropped the lantern to its side and turned suddenly towards the well.

"Have you ever, friend Nerdel, stood alone and seen the first dread movement of some stupendous disaster, involving life—a disaster so fascinating and spell-binding that you were unable to lift your voice to a whisper to warn the ill-fated wretches of their impending doom? So stood I then that night and saw this figure—this soul-tortured Halvorsen—stumble and fall over the parapet down into that well!

"There was no cry, no sound of falling—nothing. It was the occurrence of a moment. I saw the long gaunt hands with those terrible fingers clutch futilely at the smooth hard parapet, and then rise aloft with a convulsive movement of utter despair as the light, the man—all—all, went down out of sight, leaving the well and its surroundings to their former darkness.

"I screamed out aloud then, I can assure you, my friend. I could do naught else. And the louder my cries with their thousandfold echoings rang and pealed throughout the immensity of the cloistral space, so was I driven on to shriek, and shriek, and shriek, more loud and ever louder, until at last in the palsy horror of the whole thing I felt that I was swiftly drifting towards epilepsy or total unconsciousness.

"Peder! Peder!—where are you, my husband?"

"Oh, good Father in heaven—that voice! It was like an angel's from above, Nerdel; and I felt like unto an outcast spirit within reach of redemption.

"Ulrica!"

"A light blazed up at the end of the nave, and I could hear the sound of hastening footsteps approaching me from the direction of the porch. Nearer and nearer came that welcome light towards where I knelt and prayed to the Great God Almighty for this timely deliverance; and then suddenly, like unto a holy radiance from above, it shone upon that beloved face whose sweetness has long since gone from me to Him who sent her to bless my lot upon earth—my Ulrica.

"No child to its mother ever turned with so delirious a paroxysm of joy as did I—her poor nerve-shattered, semi-demented husband—to my dearly-beloved wife. I felt her soft arms twine about my sinking form; I felt her warm breath and lips upon my cold brow and cheeks; I heard her low-muttered prayer of heartfelt thankfulness to God for her providential arrival; and then I seemed to lapse into a most profound, peaceful, and dreamless slumber."

With the reaction of feeling induced by the *dénouement* of his story the old man's voice died away in faint accents until, with the last whispered word, his chin sank upon his breast, and Nerdel saw that his eyes were closed and that his lips were moving in silent and earnest prayer.

He recovered himself presently with some effort, and turned with his normal look of quiet resignation to his awe-inspired friend.

"There you have the story of the Dom Kirk, my dear captain, as I related it to Herr Bredvig of the watch when I recovered from the long and dangerous brain sickness that seized upon me that night and held me for days in a raging delirium.

"That the unfortunate Halvorsen fell into that dreadful well and was carried off into the subterranean passage by the waters within it, I have now not the slightest doubt; although nothing would

tempt me, or any other man, to verify the fact by a descent into those depths. Herr Brodvig thought it best, for obvious reasons, not to mention my experiences to the other watchmen, nor even to make them public. He has kept his counsel, and so have I, until this evening; for not even to my beloved wife would I ever relate the events of that fearful night."

"But how came she to seek you within the cathedral, Olsen?" inquired the captain. "Had she then been warned?"

"Her anxiety about my safety had induced her to sit up and wait for the tolling of the midnight bell—the signal to her that all was going well with me. But not hearing it——"

"Not hearing it, Olsen!"

"The sound of the twelve o'clock bell reached the ears of no living mortal but mine. It was a ghostly performance, and

one that may be proceeding nightly—who knows?—if one could be found with sufficient courage to pass the dark hours in that room aloft. No; my Ulrica heard it not, and fearing that some mishap had befallen me, she had aroused the neighbours, and then, lantern in hand, they had proceeded at once to the Dom Kirk. Hark! it is the eight o'clock striking. The children will now be in bed, and little Marta—my Ulrica's second self—will be waiting for her grandpapa's nightly kiss before she closes her eyes in sleep. Good-night, my very good friend Nerdel. Keep this ghost adventure to your sole knowledge while old Peder Olsen lives. When he is gone, the half-guessed truth may then be fully told. But whether it be or not, of this be assured: the midnight bell of the Dom Kirk tower will never, within our lives, be tolled again."

THE SAME TO YOU.

THE Chief has
ordered me to
turn

Out quickly a poetic
gem,

To put beside this weird con-
cern

That's crawling up the flower
stem.

As far as I can understand,
He wants to have it made
quite clear

That he and the ENGLISH ILLU-
STRATED band

Wish everyone a Bright New
Year.

I'm always anxious to do what
He wants—as far as in me
lies—

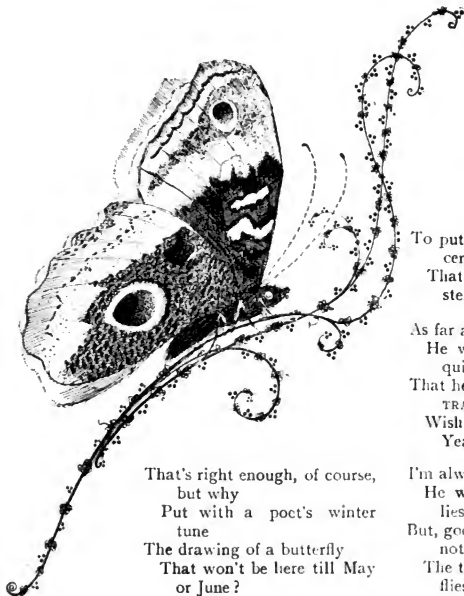
But, goodness gracious! this is
not

The time of year for butter-
flies!

That's right enough, of course,
but why

Put with a poet's winter
tune

The drawing of a butterfly
That won't be here till May
or June?



1890



HARRINGTON MANN

UofM

LADY DICKSON-POYNDER.

From a drawing by Mr. Harrington Mann.

THE
English Illustrated Magazine.

JANUARY, 1907.



THE PAINTINGS OF
MR. HARRINGTON MANN.

Illustrated with black and white reproductions, specially taken for this article.

IT is, I grant, a somewhat hazardous thing to devote the pages of a popular magazine to examples of the art of the portrait painter. Portraiture is a popular branch of art so long as it ministers to a crude and too often snobbish curiosity—popular to just the extent to which it presents persons of high distinction in politics, art, letters, commerce, and, especially, society. I am afraid it is the sitter, not the art of the painter, that engages the rapt enthusiasm of most visitors to any exhibition of modern portraits—that determines the length of the scrutiny, and the size of the crowd that lingers, before any portrait on the walls. The picture that does not tell a story obviously, or, at least, stimulate a somewhat jaded imagination to seek an interpretation of it—that picture, I mean, which appeals to an intellectual appreciation in terms of art, in which the composition or the scheme of colour or the technique of the artist is the essential quality, may captivate the artist or the connoisseur, but usually fails to hold the untrained eye. Portraiture

belongs to the very highest branch of art, because it shares with those compositions that interpret the spirit, rather than the letter, of nature, the distinction of demanding the most subtle appreciation of vital truth which the artist can command in its production. This is a truism, of course, but it is not always remembered, and may be pressed home, perhaps, with advantage.

For a moment's reflection will make it evident that the portrait painter is a good deal more than a photographer. There are grades of photographers, to be sure, but the best among them could only by accident, never from choice, obtain on the sensitive plate in the camera anything more than one facet of a many-sided gem. There are men who paint portraits. I may be told, who do no more; and that is very true, but they ought to be rated rather as expensive photographers than as artists. The true artist goes a great deal deeper. He seeks to produce not a transient expression or even mood of his sitter, but the man himself or the woman herself. To the artist the sitter is a

many-sided personality, sometimes a puzzling compound of apparently contradictory qualities, and always the real individual is something quite different from any single one of the many facets he turns to the world. The true artist aims to present on the canvas the real individual. He aims in this, as in all other forms of art, at the basic truth, and the artist who, studying his sitter, most clearly sees through the outer shell into the very soul of the man, and can then declare what

States he is so highly appreciated as a portrait painter that he now spends a considerable part of each year in America, executing commissions that pour in upon him in ever increasing numbers. He is a native of Glasgow, and began his art studies at the Slade School of Art in 1880, when he was only fifteen years of age, thus very early in life indicating by unmistakable preference where his choice of life-work lay. While at the Slade School, which he attended diligently for



MR. HARRINGTON MANN IN HIS STUDIO AT MELINA PLACE, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.; WITH PORTRAITS OF MRS. HARRINGTON MANN AND THEIR DAUGHTER "MONA" ON EASELS.

he sees by the work of his hand, is among the elect of portrait painters.

The above is not to be accepted as a kind of apology for including the work of an acknowledged portrait painter in this series of studies of modern British artists, but rather as some help towards a finer appreciation of the exact status of such an artist as Mr. Harrington Mann, whose true *forte* is undoubtedly portraiture, though, as our illustrations show, he has won distinction in other classes of subject as well. Mr. Mann enjoys an international reputation, and in the United

States he is so highly appreciated as a portrait painter that he now spends a considerable part of each year in America, executing commissions that pour in upon him in ever increasing numbers. He is a native of Glasgow, and began his art studies at the Slade School of Art in 1880, when he was only fifteen years of age, thus very early in life indicating by unmistakable preference where his choice of life-work lay. While at the Slade School, which he attended diligently for

several years, he studied under Alphonse Legros, the celebrated painter-etcher who succeeded Sir Edward Poynter as Slade Professor of Art at the University of London. Mr. Mann obtained an Italian Travelling Scholarship for three years, 1887-1889, and during this important period of his art training he worked chiefly in Rome, but visiting most of the important centres of art and interest in Italy, including Sicily, Florence, Venice, and other cities, and everywhere advancing his knowledge of his chosen craft in the land that



THE LATE JOSEPH COWEN, M.P. FOR NEWCASTLE.

From the painting by Mr. Harrington Mann by permission of Messrs. Mawson, Swan and Morgan, Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne, the publishers of the engraving.



ATTACK OF THE MACDONALDS AT KILLIECRANKIE

From the painting by Mr. Harrington Mann in the possession of Colonel Angus at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

witnessed the birth and apotheosis of Christian art.

Afterwards Mr. Mann visited Algiers, Tangier, and Spain, and then settled down again in Paris as a student under Boulanger and Lefèvre. It was during this period that he competed for and won the painting *concour* at Julian's famous art school. Among his more intimate associates in Paris were Raven Hill, the well-known illustrator; Gari, Melchers, and others. While at the Slade School of Fine Arts he had among his fellow-students William Strang, the painter-etcher, illustrator of Rudyard Kipling; Charles Holroyd, who was assistant to Professor Legros for several years, and afterwards, amongst other volumes, published a series of etchings of Michael Angelo's works; the late C. W. Furze, who also won a Slade Scholarship, and whose untimely death was a serious

blow to British art; and Mr. A. Chevallier Taylor, who, it will be remembered, was the subject of an article in this magazine in the December number of 1905. And among Mr. Mann's more intimate associates in later years are to be named John Lavery, R.S.A., James Guthrie, A.R.S.A., one of the most distinguished of the newer school of portrait painters; Edward A. Walton, A.R.S.A., and Alexander Roche, R.S.A.

Our artist enjoyed the unusual gratification of seeing his first painting accepted and hung at a Royal Academy Exhibition when he was only nineteen years of age. This was his "Attack of the MacDonalds at Killiecrankie," the famous battle in 1689, when Viscount Dundee, at the head of 3,000 Highlanders, so disastrously defeated General Mackay, killing or making prisoners 2,000 of the Royal forces; in which, too, Dundee lost his



THE GRANDCHILDREN OF SIR MICHAEL NAIRN, BART.

life while leading the final charge. Though in this picture (which we reproduce on page 340), the figures are singularly few for a battle scene, there is no mistaking the impetuous fury and mad onrush of the charge. The van of the attack leaps out of the canvas into the very eyes of the spectator, so that he feels it as a personal menace, and unconsciously nerves himself for the conflict. Thus early in his career the artist broke away from tradition. Instead of representing both the hosts in the moment of impact,



MRS. HARRINGTON MANN.



A. KENNEDY ERSKINE, ESQ.

or the height of the struggle, he puts the spectator in the place of one of them, and grimly pits him against that eager clutch of death. This is genius. The fortunate possessor of this painting is Colonel William M. Angus, C.B., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who has held a commission in the Volunteers for some thirty-five years.

What a contrast between this picture and the one by Mr. Mann last exhibited (1906) on the walls of the Royal Academy, "The Fairy Tale," which is reproduced on page 350. This is very far indeed "from the madding crowd," a sweet, tender picture of perfect peace and rest and innocence. Mr. Mann's children are



COLONEL FRANK RHODES.



MASTER WILLIE DU PONT.

delightful creations, as witness the several portraits of youths and maidens given with this article. He understands and values the spirit of childhood; he paints them in natural poses, with no artificial assumption of fine manners; they are not obviously "sitting for their pictures." "The Fairy Tale" appeals to one with much the same quality of vividness as the "Killiecrankie" picture. We feel the same immediate sense of truthfulness in both. The perfect repose of the one is just as actual as the immense action of the other, and I think we can understand from these two pictures "with a story," painted at the two extremes of Mr. Mann's career up to the present year, what it is which has given him his pronounced success as a portrait painter. These two pictures demonstrate his

possession of that fine artistic second-sight, the capacity to get behind the veil most of us draw so jealously around our real selves, the intuitive insight into character, of which I have already spoken. Mr. Mann is not deceived or repelled by that aura in which we stand when we are consciously "on view."

If we seek more convincing proof of this quality in the artist we shall find it on comparing the full-page reproductions of the three portraits of the late Mr. Joseph Cowen, Colonel Frank Rhodes, and Mr. A. Kennedy Erskine. First, consider the pose of each, how in each case it is selected with consummate regard for the most significant trait of the sitter. In the first is the calm repose of the study, the steady gaze of the convinced statesman, the crossed hands giving the sense



MISS MARION DU PONT.



MRS. HARRY LINDSAY.

of self-repression which must be natural to the born orator in moments of preparation, in contrast with the moments of action. In the portrait of Colonel Rhodes there faces us something less than great creative genius and the inborn passion for splendid achievement. The face is too genial, the bearing too unstrained to allow us to see a spirit by

notwithstanding its martial air, breathes good fellowship, a certain moral cowardice that subordinates instinctive principle as a guide of action to loyalty to a stronger will. I say we see these things in the portraits as I believe we were meant to see them, and so in the third of the three we are comparing there are certain moral qualities that



THE WINDOW SEAT.

which continents are tamed and those mighty projects accomplished that change the face of the world. But we read in the face and the pose staunch loyalty, absolute fearlessness, unfaltering determination when once the course is fixed—by someone else. The Cowen portrait, in spite of the air of repose, breathes power—the power that belongs to settled conviction and the passion of the propagandist. The Rhodes portrait,

push forward into view through the revealing art of the painter. The alert attitude, so vibrant, so unacademic in pose, smacks of the open air, the downs, the kennels, distaste for conventions, bare tolerance of tea-table gossip. The portrait is almost *genre* in quality, and the figure seems about to step out of the frame and mount the horse standing ready-saddled just outside the picture.

Even when Mr. Mann paints a portrait



THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

Uorh



THE MARQUIS OF GRAHAM.

Painted before his coming of age.

of ceremony, as that of the Earl of Shaftesbury on page 347, he imparts to it something more of individual character than the mere likeness. Of course, in this class of portraiture the painter is necessarily limited. A peer of England in his robes is not to be lightly trifled with even for the sake of truth, but the artist declares his own emancipation by placing the dignified young nobleman in a natural environment, without other aids to pomp than the necessary splendour of his own personality. In other words he paints the man and not a demi-god.

Now let us turn to his portraits of women. As a frontispiece we have placed

his Lady Dickson-Poynder, the wife of Sir John Dickson-Poynder, Bart., of Hartham Park, Corsham. The original is a crayon drawing, and, notwithstanding it is rather a sketch than an elaborately finished portrait, it is impressive from the vividness with which it realises the personality of the sitter. Again, the portrait of Mrs. Harry Lindsay on page 345 is a triumph in this difficult field of art, in the skill with which all the detail is made to lead up to and to emphasise and interpret the elusive qualities of character—elusive, that is, to the ordinary eye which may apprehend without the power of delineating. Mr. Mann's portrait of his wife on



MISS MAUD W.—.



GENERAL JOHN GILL, OF BALTIMORE.



DULCIBEL.

page 342 almost disposes one to surmise that in this case he maintained a certain

reserve in interpretation, a self-restraint due to pride of possession, but it is a very beautiful work of art. The same portrait appears in the photograph, taken for this article, of Mr. Mann's studio, side by side with one of their daughters, Mona, on which the artist was engaged at the time. With a somewhat disappointing modesty, Mr. Mann himself resolutely kept his own face averted from the camera. He is now a member of the International Society of Painters, Sculptors and Gravers, a member of the Society of Portrait Painters and a member of the Pastel Society.

We are, unquestionably, witnessing to-day a very strong revival of the art of portrait-painting, and that revival is distinguished by a vigour, a perspicuity and a certain virile fearlessness that give the highest promise of its further progress. It is sincere, and that is saying much, and among the most sincere of the new school we may surely reckon Mr. Harrington Mann.



A FAIRY TALE

Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1906.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MINOR POET.

HIS manner is erratic, for he lived
up in an attic,

And he never got his hair cut—
it was flowing, wild, and
free,

And he smoked a shilling briar as he sat
beside the fire;

And he dreamed of fame and fortune
which he hoped one day to see.

But it was decided quickly that his songs
were sad and sickly,

That his muse was too consumptive was the general decree.

And the critics, in addition, just to prove their erudition,

Said he sometimes put a spondee where
a dactyl ought to be.



And the wretched minor poet, though
he laboured not to show it,

Grew poorer, till his only pants were
baggy at the knee;

Yet he still continued writing, and
against misfortune fighting,

Till reduced to chipped
potatoes, which he
took instead of tea.

Midnight oil he nightly burned, but his poems were returned,
Though he sang of Love and Murder and the Restless, Rolling
Sea;

Disappointment and starvation filled his soul with desperation;
There was never minor poet half so terrible as he.

So he changed his style and metre, grew less cynical and
sweeter;

Then he wrote some comic verses about being on a spree;
For he found a fund of humour in the ethics of the bloomer;
And the public wanted more, and said that he could name his fee.

And the critics, all ecstatic, interviewed him in his attic,
For Fame had decked his temples—he had climbed the highest
tree.

So the moral is: be Funny, if you're anxious to make money,
For Sentiment means Poverty, and Humour—£ s. d.





The lovers stood at the vicarage gate.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

By

LOUISE JORDAN MILNE.

she never lost anything by her un-failing sweetness. It won her friends and favours numberless. Her people were very poor, and the fight for existence that was waged in the parsonage was ceaseless and bitter. But most of the rough places were smoothed for Angel—smoothed by her own face and her manner.

The girl was looking more like an angel than ever since her engagement to Dick Stevens. It was a love-match pure and simple. And everyone thought that Dick had rather the better of the bargain. Dick was a manly, handsome fellow of twenty-nine, and he had twenty thousand pounds of his own. "But Angel was so very sweet—she was such a saint! Of course, she hadn't a farthing; but Dick was very lucky to get such a girl," said all the parish.

Dick entirely agreed with them. Indeed, there was but one dissenting voice, and it came from a distance. Angel's father was the vicar of a pretty little English town. Dick's father was a millionaire in Melbourne. Dick's father, upon hearing of the proposed marriage, had written both to his son and to Mr. Reynolds in a vein that was as far from congratulatory as possible.

The lovers stood at the vicarage gate. Angel wore a dove-coloured muslin, with a big sash of baby blue. She was twenty-two, but looked under eighteen, and here in the moonlight she scarcely looked sixteen. She had a low, caressing voice, and spoke with a quaint, slow inflection.

"Dick, dear," she was saying, sweetly;

I.

SHE had been christened Harriet—Harriet Louisa Reynolds. But from her babyhood she had been called Angel. Certainly nobody ever had a more beatific face, and the angelic look grew as the girl grew. She was very fairly pretty. But mere prettiness was insignificant compared with an expression, an air, such as hers. And she quite lived up to her seraphic appearance. No one had ever known "Angel" Reynolds to do anything unbecoming—to be less than saintly. She was taken to the dentist when quite a child. It was rather a nasty operation, but when she got out of the chair she shook hands with the dentist and said, "Thank you," so sweetly that the man of pain could not answer for amazement. But he said to himself afterwards, "If that pretty little girl is brought to me again, I'll be precious sure I don't hurt her, even if it takes me three hours to do an hour's work." And yet Dr. Brown knew that there was no more uncertain pay in town than Angel's father. Whether the girl knew it or not,

"it is very hard for me to leave you just now. But I know that it is my duty, and that makes it easy."

Stevens caught her to him with a quick, straining motion. "It does not make it any easier to me, Angie," he said, almost fiercely. "It all seems a beastly shame to me. But my little girl thinks she ought to do it. And so I know that do it she will. Oh, darling! how good you are, and how little I deserve you!"

Angie smiled sweetly. "I don't think, dear," she said gently, "that I deserve much credit for being good. It has always been so easy for me to do right. It never occurs to me to do anything else!"

Dick called her an angel again. And then they fell back to their discussion of the trip Angel was to take in the morning. The girl was going to Hastings on the morrow to spend six weeks with a maiden aunt who was blessed with more worldly goods than her father.

"Aunt Margaret wants me so much, dear, I could never forgive myself if I were to refuse her. And she so seems to have set her heart upon giving me my trousseau. I would far rather come to you with the few simple things that mother and I could make. But it would be cruel to deny my poor old aunt. Now, Dick dear, I want you to make me a sacred promise. When your father comes——"

"When my father comes," Stevens interrupted her roughly, "I'll give him a lavish piece of my mind. Confound his impudence to write such a letter as he did to your father! And to say he was coming home to break off the match. Threatening to disinherit me! As if we wanted his mouldy old millions. Thank God! I've more than enough to keep my little girl in comfort for ever. I'll tell the governor plainly what I think of his cursed interference."

"You will do nothing of the kind, dear," said Angel, gently. "I hope that your father will leave all his money to some one else. I am sure that we shall be far happier with your little fortune. Indeed I wish, Dick, that you had even less. I am not a proud girl. But I should so hate it if people thought that I was

marrying you for what you have of your own. Dick, I want you to tell your father for me that I entreat him to settle all he has irrevocably upon his nieces; but that I do beg him to give me his friendship. Dick, it is a terrible thing to quarrel with one's parent. You must be very kind and patient with your father, for my sake. Try to persuade him, dear, and if you fail, send him to see me at Hastings."

"Send him to bully you, pet! No, indeed! Besides, he wouldn't go."

"Oh yes, he will. Tell him that, if he can get me to release you, you will go back to Melbourne with him."

"I give you up!" gasped the man.

"You will never have to give me up. I will promise not to release you. But while he is trying to induce me to do so, and he will try, I will win him over, see if I don't." She raised her face to her lover's. It was the face of a saint. And the moonlight shone about her blonde head like an aureole.

"By Jove! you'd win anyone over, my precious; but I couldn't even say that I would give you up under any circumstances."

"Say it to please me, dear. Say that you can't and won't throw a woman over, but that if he can get me to release you, you will give up the idea of our marriage. Say that, because I ask you. And leave all the rest to me."

Dick demurred stoutly at first. But Angel conquered, gently and quietly, but entirely.

The next morning she left for Hastings. And in three days old Mr. Stevens arrived. Dick did as he had promised, although he disliked it heartily. He failed to win his father's consent. Then he made the offer that Angel had proposed. His father jumped at Dick's suggestion, and went to Hastings the next day.

II.

THREE weeks passed. At first Dick heard from Angel every day, and from his father almost as often; both wrote hopefully. Then Angel wrote less frequently; and his father ceased to write at all. Dick grew impatient, and went to Hastings. He went to a hotel

at which he knew his father was not staying. After breakfast he drove to Angel's address. It was a fine, handsome place. But no one seemed to be about. Finally an under-housemaid opened the door an inch on the chain. Angel and her aunt were out. She did not know when they were coming in. She was not communicative. Dick left his card and drove to his father's hotel. He found his father out. The clerk did not know when Mr. Stevens would return. Dick did not leave a card.

He went for a walk. He strolled down one of the principal streets trying to kill with exercise the hours that must elapse before he could see Angel. As he strolled he hummed almost unconsciously—hummed for sheer happiness—a love song. But it died suddenly on his lips. He was stopped by a crowd that clustered about the doorway of a fashionable church. He saw at once that it was a wedding, and he waited, patiently enough—waited rather sympathetically, in fact. The occasion moved him to a dream—a dream of how Angel would look in her bridal robes. She was to wear them so soon! And when she wore them she would be leaning on his arm! Ah! how strong his arm felt! Troubles might come—must come in the natural course of life. But come what might, he would always have the strength to shield and support Angel—Angel, who was so unselfish—so noble—so good. Was he fit to live with such a woman? No, indeed! But she was so generous. She made so many allowances for him. The church doors were thrown open, and Dick moved forward a step to see the bridal party. The bridegroom was an old, repulsive-looking man.

Dick staggered a bit. It was his father!—his father who had gone to Hastings a few days before to try to break off the engagement between Dick and sweet Angel, whom Dick so loved! For a moment Dick writhed beneath the sharp grip of green jealousy. He was jealous for his mother's sake. And then the good sense of his sex came to his rescue. His poor old dad had lived for a quarter of a century alone. He had

come to Hastings in an ugly mood. But he had met some sweet-voiced, soft-haired old lady, whose companionship had brightened the sunset of his life, and he had made her his wife. Lucky old governor! And what a brick he had been not to invite Dick to the wedding. Dick could not, under all the circumstances, have declined the invitation. But the thought of his dead mother caught him by the throat, and he was thankful to have escaped that wedding celebration. Ah, well! perhaps it was only right that the dear old gentleman had married. Being a bridegroom himself, he could scarcely hold out any longer against Dick's happiness. That thought softened Dick wonderfully. He might, perhaps, in time, even become distantly, platonically, fond of his step-mother. How funny it seemed! the governor in love with an old lady, and an old lady in love with the governor! Dick looked up with an almost filial smile at his father's companion.

He staggered back and almost fell against the doorway. Could he believe his own eyes? The elderly bridegroom was his own father! But who was the bride? Clad in gleaming satin, priceless lace, leaning on her aged husband's arm, and smiling into his face with a look of beatific love, was Angel. His father's bride was Angel, his own promised wife. Dick drew back a step. As he moved he swore a rather nasty oath. The new husband and wife looked from each other up to Dick. The old man hung his head with a pitiful look of shame. The girl looked into Dick's eyes with a flashing glance of triumph. The old bridegroom almost halted. But the girl bride drew him on.

Dick saw no more. The girl, who had jilted him for his richer father, and his father, were well in the middle of their honeymoon when he came back to the world and a sense of his own flesh.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

But there are men who love with a love almost like unto the love of a woman. There are men sincerely emotional enough to turn under provocation the wine of life into gall. Dick,



"Clad in gleaming
satin . . . was Angel."

who all his life had been a very average fellow, came back from the funeral of his first great love a superlative cynic.

The first night after the trained nurse had left him (he had lain dangerously ill for weeks) he sat up most imprudently late, reading his dead mother's letters, and gazing at Angel's picture. It took him far longer to read the face of the girl he had lost than the letters of the mother who had died. He lit a cigar with Angel's face. He thrust his mother's letters into a pocket that chanced to be above his heart. He would go to London. But when the day came he was too weak.

For some days he roamed aimlessly about Hastings—if a wild human endeavour to relieve pain can be called aimless. Dick had loved Angel very deeply. But her treachery had worked in him a revulsion that was almost feminine. He hated Angel as much as he had loved her. But he hated her with a cold hate. In that he differed from the woman whose love is turned to hate. Dick had suffered a heavy blow. He was shaken mentally, morally, and physically. At last he made his way to London. He was trembling in limb—quivering in nerve. He had heartache and headache. And his breath smelt of brandy.

He drove at once to the chambers of an old college friend who was doing rather well at the Bar. He broke into business at once. "I am going to bring a suit for breach of promise," he said. "I want you to get me the sharpest solicitor in London, and the meanest."

"Are you mad, or drunk?" demanded his friend, with the ready impertinence of close friendship.

"Both."

"See here, old chap——"

Dick interrupted him. "I have made up my mind what I want to do, and I am going to do it. When it's done, perhaps I'll cut my throat, or go to the devil, or go out to Africa and make a fortune. But now I am going to do this thing. Nothing will change my determination. I want you to help me. I want to feel that I have one friend who will stand by me. Will you do it?"

"Yes."

"Good! Give me a drink, and I'll tell you all about it. I was to have been married this month to a girl I worshipped. She threw me over for my own father, who is richer than I am. Now I am going to sue that woman for breach of promise. There is no other way in which I can hurt her. She sold herself for money. I am going to get as much of that money as I can."

When Mr. and Mrs. Stevens came back from their honeymoon they found a nice, scandalous breach of promise suit in full blast.

"He's gone mad! I'll have him put into an asylum," cried the old bridegroom in a great rage. Angel looked very thoughtful. In the legal notice that had been sent her Dick had named the damages at £200,000.

Pressure was brought to bear on Dick from every possible side. Even his mother's people entreated him to spare his aged father's name. He laughed at them.

Old Mr. Stevens went to see his son. "You are taking the thing quite wrong, my boy," he said. "Angel thought she loved you until she came to know me. I am sorry for you, but——"

"I am far sorrier for you, sir. You have married a ——." Dick used so rough a word that his father sprang towards him. "Don't lay your hand on me!" thundered the younger man. "That woman's husband isn't fit to touch my mother's son. And, by Heaven, he shan't!"

The old man sank back into his chair and eyed his son piteously. At last he went away without having gained his point.

The next day Angel called upon her stepson. They conferred together for half-an-hour. That night Angel cried herself to sleep for the first time in her life. Dick sat up all night—drinking. Angel had shaken his purpose even less than his father had.

Dick was adamant. One of two things was inevitable. Angel must face the suit, or her husband must pay the heavy damages claimed. Angel was for standing the suit. But the old husband resisted her will for once. He drew his cheque for £200,000, and sent it to Dick, with

oaths that were neither fatherly nor bridegroom-like.

A month later Angel and her husband sailed for Melbourne. Soon after Dick sailed for South Africa.

III.

THE handsomest mansion in Pott's Point—a far more elegant residence both inside and out than Government House itself, was ablaze with light. The electric lights throwing their sharp white brilliance through the filmy lace curtains made the window-panes glisten like opals in the splendid Australian moonlight. Inside the house the air was heavy and nauseous with the perfume of costly flowers, and the bouquet of costlier wines.

Angel Stevens (her husband's name had appeared, too, on the cards of invitation) was giving a dinner. She sat between a titled *aide-de-camp* and a Russian prince, but neither was favoured with more of his hostess's attention than was every other guest at that sumptuous meal. For Angel, after some years of marriage, was Angel still. Her face was as pure, her eyes as clear, her mouth as innocent, her manner as simple and as ingenuous as it had been when she stood at the vicarage gate in the far-off obscure English village. When she first entered Melbourne society, royally beautiful, and almost babyish-looking, the bride of an old, decrepit, and uninteresting man, the scandal-mongers had opened their mouths wide in eager anticipation of a dainty tit-bit, but the voracious jaws had had to close again. The breath of scandal had never been able to touch the furthest hem of Angel Stevens's garment. She had taken her place by right of her husband's enormous wealth, her own loveliness, and her extreme charm of manner, almost in the front place in Melbourne's social world—quite in the front place, perhaps, after the ladies of Government House.

She had spent her husband's money with a lavish and yet not with an extravagant hand (her solicitor and her maid could have told, what perhaps no one else suspected, how very careful she was of her own allowance, and the

interest money of her settlements). She went into society incessantly; she received incessantly, but she made no intimate friends among men, and admitted to her intimacy only women of most unblemished reputations. She took her husband with her almost everywhere; insisted upon his appearing with her at all her own functions; and when he had been ill (which latterly had been rather often), had almost invariably refused to visit or be visited. She was tireless in her acts of charity, and when, at the end of a three years' residence in Melbourne, she and her husband moved to Sydney, no one in the former city (unless, perhaps, her husband or their servants) had ever seen a frown upon her fair face, much less heard her speak evil of anyone or known her to be less than kind, gracious, and yet dignified. And now at twenty-six her face was the face of a happy, innocent, fearless child.

She wore a simple gown of satiny silk, that was neither quite grey nor quite white, and that contrasted with the gorgeous and elaborate dresses of the other women who sat at the dinner table, as much as her pure young beauty contrasted with their more or less artificial, and more or less questionable, charms. Her low bodice was not the fraction of an inch too low, and was almost as bare of trimming or of ornament as her perfectly plain long skirt. To be sure, the girdle of pearls from which her fan hung had cost a fortune, and she had pearls on her neck and in her hair, and the few flowers at her neck and at her belt would have kept a poor family in something like comfort for a month. But the general effect of her toilette was an effect of simplicity itself, and almost of studied indifference to the pomps and vanities of chiffons. And the priceless pearls that almost hid her neck seemed rather to betoken modesty than a love of display, she wore them with so admirable an air. At the other end of the table sat Dick's father. His shoulders were bent—strangely bent even for so old a man. His hair had grown pitifully scant and white, and his face was the face of a man who had suffered and had lost hope.

There were musicians in the conservatory, but the conservatory was not over near the dining-room, and the music, drifting through the heavy velvet portières, made a soft background to the table-talk, without in the least interrupting it. When the sweets were coming in, a girl's voice began to sing. "Robert, toi que j'aime!" Robert Stevens dropped his wine glass. It shattered into twenty atoms, and the wine trickled from the satin cloth into the satin lap of the daintily-clad dowager who sat at his right hand. "Robert!" cried Angel in dismay, but with an intonation that betokened sorrow and not anger. Robert Stevens apologised rather lamely to the guest, whose face had grown almost as purple as the front breadth of her white satin, and then he turned a face marked with strong emotion towards the direction from which the music came.

Another man was listening to that same song, and was almost as moved to hear it. A moment before, the front door had been opened in answer to a vigorous pushing of the electric button. A man had entered rather unceremoniously—a tall, brown fellow, who was the picture of health, and carried himself imperiously. Mr. Stevens was dining. There was a dinner party there, and the footman who had answered the door did not dare take a card to the dining-room; so the stranger was told. But he repeated his order, and the servant turned to obey him, wondering at his own rashness in daring to disobey the mistress of the house. It was then that the first notes of the old love song rang softly through the house.

"My mother's favourite song," said the man to himself. "Could anything be more diabolical than that I should hear it under this other woman's roof!"

When Mr. Stevens took the card from the footman, and, hastily rising, insisted upon being excused, Angel almost lost her temper. But the old man neither heeded nor cared. "You must be both host and hostess for the rest of the evening," he replied to her, with a strange smile, when she remonstrated with him for his rudeness; "and our new friends must excuse me. An old friend

whom I have not seen for several years, and who is more precious to me than everything else in the world, is waiting to see me." Angel bent her head over her plate, but struggle as she might to control herself, she knew that a bad look had come upon her face.

The father held out his hand, but the son shook his head.

"I have not come to make friends, father," said Dick.

"I am an old man, Dick."

"Yes," said Dick, coldly.

"I am a sick man, Dick."

"Yes, I see that," but Dick's voice did not soften.

"Won't you forget, Dick?" pleaded his father; "or, at least, won't you forgive?"

Dick laughed. "I have forgiven, and that's why I am here. I wanted to tell you so. Indeed, I have more than forgiven, and I have come to thank you for having saved me from the most damnable fate that could have befallen a man."

"Yes, I have done that, Heaven knows," said Robert Stevens, sinking wearily into a chair. "I have done that, Dick, and the hell you escaped, boy, is worse than anyone could possibly imagine who has not been in it."

Dick's face grew a little kinder. "Can't you get rid of her?"

"No; I have tried, but it is not her game, and she never plays anyone else's game. No, I shall have it to bear until the end. She is very careful to give me no cause to do anything else."

"Won't she grow tired of things as they are, herself?"

"Not she. Angel"—they both smiled a little at the name, Angel's husband oh! so sadly—"has neither heart nor soul. She would as lief be with me as with anyone else. She cares for nothing but comfort, luxury, and appearances. I have wronged you terribly, Dick. It was an unnatural thing to do, and a caddish. But Angel had cast a wicked spell over me, and you can judge how strong it was. I wish that we might be friends, Dick, and that I might see you sometimes. It would be a great happiness to me, and now I have no happiness in my life."

Dick held out his hand. "I will write to you, father, but I cannot stay here. Things have gone well with me in Africa, and I must go back there. I think I should like to give you back that money that I wrung out of you, but I should like to be sure that there would not be any part of it go to her now or afterwards."

Robert Stevens laughed an ugly laugh. "She had big settlements, Dick, very big. She saw to that, and she has an allowance that many a princess would think lavish. But she shall never have anything that the law will let me keep from her, you may be sure of that. I will find my way to put it all out of her reach when I find the end is coming, never fear. Keep the money, and ask for as much more as you want, boy,"

"No, thanks, I am all right," said Dick, rather awkwardly. "I don't suppose you care to take the money back, but, if you don't mind, I think I would like to make it over to my cousin John, who is ill and horribly poor, and they have some six or seven children, I think." Dick was speaking of a nephew of his mother's.

"Turn it over to him, by all means," said Dick's father; "but can you afford to? and won't you let me do something for you?"

"No, I do not need anything, thank you, father. As I told you, I have really done very well for myself, and my wife is quite rich."

"You are married?"

"Very much married. We are on our honeymoon, that is why I must push on. We have been on our honeymoon for over a year, and we are both anxious to



A little dark woman sat in front of the fire.

get back. My wife has lived in Africa almost all her life; her people are there, and she wants to see it and them. It has been very jolly travelling about, but there are three of us now, and that makes it a bit awkward sometimes."

Robert Stevens went and laid his hand upon Dick's shoulder. "I should like to see your child."

"Come and spend the day with us tomorrow, then, or as much of it as you can. We're at Pharlett's."

"Thank you, Dick," said the old man gently. "Is it a boy?"

"No, it's a girl."

"And you have named it——"

"We have named it after my mother."

As the son left the house, and the father walked heavily to his own room, the girl's voice sang the last strain of "Robert, toi que j'aime!"

Dick pushed the door of his wife's

dressing-room open softly. A little, dark woman, with wilful lips and mischievous eyes, sat in front of the fire. She wore a bizarre-looking crimson wrapper. Her curly black hair was in disorder, and she was reading a novel whose yellow cover would have suggested the immorality of its contents even to one who could not read French. And she was smoking a cigarette.

In a shadowy corner of the room a baby lay asleep, warmly tucked in a bassinette.

"Hallo!" cried the improper young woman by the fireplace when she saw Dick; "you back so soon? I thought you had gone to see an old sweetheart. You looked so tragic when you went out, and I did not expect to see you back until all hours."

"I did go to see an old sweetheart," said Dick, bending over the baby a moment, and then seating himself on the hearthrug.

His wife went on reading.

"Is the second volume interesting?" he demanded, laying one big white hand on one of her little brown ones.

"Ripping!" said the disreputable woman, blowing smoke rings from between her wicked lips, and then dropping her eyes back on to the open pages.

"I say, Devil," interrupted Dick again, "why don't you ask after my old sweetheart? Aren't you jealous?"

The girl laughed. "Not I. I was glad to be rid of you for once, and I don't expect you to be what Rudyard Kipling calls a 'plaster saint.' And why can't

you go to see an old sweetheart? I am longing to see half-a-dozen of mine. That is one reason why I want to hurry on home, and when I do see my long-lost loves I shall keep them more than twenty minutes; you can gamble on that."

"I did not see my long-lost love," said Dick, "but I saw her husband, and he is coming here to spend the day with us tomorrow. I must tell you all about it."

"All right," said his wife; "but ring for nurse, and come into the sitting-room. I am raging hungry, so I ordered some lobster and some fizz."

"What a glutton you are, Devil!"

"Why should not a devil be a glutton? By the way, Dick, how did you ever chance upon that singularly happy designation for me?"

Dick drew his wife close into his arms, crimson wrapper, crimson lips, tumbled hair, saucy face, laughing eyes, mocking mouth, French novel, cigarette and all. "That is the sequel of the story I am going to tell you while you have your champagne and lobster. I wooed an angel once. At least, I thought she was an angel. She turned out to be a devil. Two or three years afterwards I married a giddy little woman, who was always up to mischief, and who was often up to devilment; who had a deuce of a temper, was as spoiled and as tormenting as five feet of woman could manage to be. And I discovered that though she was an imp, and always had been, and probably always would be, that still she was an angel in disguise, and that is why I called you 'Devil.'"





GOOD MORNING !

From the painting by Mr. Harrington Mann, exhibited in the Royal Academy.

A WORKERS' PARADISE.

“MARVELLOUSLY surprising is it that so many of our countrymen and country- and perfection. France and Belgium certainly possess no scenery excelling that of Connemara in the same compass



Photo by]

[J. Harris Stone.

THE RUINS OF CONG ABBEY, CONNEMARA.

women go abroad for change of air and scene and language when much nearer home exist all these concomitants of pleasure in probably far greater variety

of earth surface ; Norway may possibly equal it in some respects, say in savage grandeur, but then Gamle Norge never combines the exquisitely graduated

colouring of early morning and shadowy evening, as contrasted with the glaring light of day which are characteristic of this part of Ireland. Some of the fiord-like intrusions of the Atlantic into Ireland's western shores now and again

scintillating in the glorious purity of Ireland's sunlight and blue sky. Yet it is subtly different to all these."

To many who read them, these words may have the sound of egregious flattery, but not to those who know Connemara.



Photo by]

[J. Harris Stone.

A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF MWEELREA (2688 FEET) FROM THE SOUTHERN SHORE OF THE LITTLE KILLRAY.

do suggest Norway; the island of Gomera in the Canaries is recalled at times when surrounded by Connemara's beauteous vestments of green and flowers; a sudden flash of the Italian Riviera is spread over the recollection many a time when looking at the shores of a big lake

They were written by one who has spent many summers on the west coast of Ireland, and knows and loves the land and its people as few Englishmen do, and that they honestly express a sincere conviction is borne in upon us by the whole tenour of the book from which



Photo by]

[J. Harris Stone.

A TYPICAL CONNEMARA CABIN.

they are quoted.* The author, Mr. J. Harris Stone, M.A., writes with a fervour of admiration which, if only it could be shared by his fellow-countrymen, would soon make Connemara a land of plenty and give even the poorest peasant his chance of becoming a capitalist—on a small scale. In the firm belief that the *ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED* can do no better service to its English readers than induce them to seek for themselves those bracing sea-airs—to see with their own eyes how lavishly Nature colours hill and lake, and how profusely she decorates field and hedge with bloom in Connemara—to feel in their own hearts the unspoiled charm of its simple-hearted peasantry, this article has been drawn in large part from the book referred to; and if at the same time some service is done to a country and a people for whose welfare we ought to have the deepest concern, so much the better.

Attention to Irish affairs has for a good

many years occupied a fair amount of every thoughtful Englishman's time. Of course, the political agitation has been chiefly responsible for this; but if, now that we have acquired the habit of thinking about Ireland, we could for a time drop the political aspect and its acrimonies and consider the relations between us from a more personal and sympathetic point of view, we should gain on both sides. Mr. Harris Stone's book on Connemara leads straight in that direction.

If one would study the social and industrial problems of Ireland, he can find no more illuminating page than Connemara. If he is an artist, there Nature offers him the most varied and captivating effects of colour. If he is in search of perfect rest he will find it in Connemara. He can dream on the shores of her lovely lakes, stroll for hours over hill and through vale and meet no soul, boat in the bays the Atlantic has bitten deep into her coast. If he is a sportsman, what fishing he may get on lake and sea, on lough and stream. If he is a botanist, the hedgerows and fields teem with wild flowers, including in that

* "Connemara, and the Neighbouring Spots of Beauty and Interest." By J. Harris Stone, M.A. With numerous illustrations from photographs taken by the author, and several maps. Health Resort Publishing Co., Ltd. 15s.

humid atmosphere many plants that elsewhere are only grown with careful cultivation. For the archæologist there are the ruins of past grandeur, and close at hand whoever is philanthropically disposed can find examples of two methods of restoring prosperity to a stricken land—the one simple, inexpensive, effective; the other wasteful, wrong-headed, futile. In short, Connemara is a typical Irish district, typical of all that makes Ireland at once a problem and a fascination.

To an open mind, not too fastidious, the peasant is the most absorbing product of Connemara. There is any amount of human nature of a sort in the Connemara peasant. Beyond a certain very limited point he is dreamy, unpractical, the slave of custom. Nothing, Mr. Stone is convinced, will change his manner of life. "As his forefathers lived, so will he. He desires nothing different—he would not consider it better." And what is this "best" of life in his eyes? A one-roomed hut built of unmortared stones, without ceiling or floor except the roof and the hard earth, and here he and his wife and their children,

few or many, and their pigs and fowls and cow, if they have one, live and eat and sleep in blissful content. The bed is at one end of the cabin, the live stock at the other, the peat fire on the floor and its fumes in every corner. But there are compensations. Nature has buoyed the Irish character with some qualities that keep them from sinking into the depths of hopeless despondency—with a sense of humour, a soft heart, a passion for talk, a poetic imagination, and a great capacity for misdirected energy. Many a good story is told in this volume illustrating these traits. There is one that throws an astonishing light on the ingrained conservatism of the Irish character. A certain landlord, who took a genuine interest in the well-being of his tenants, tried to induce them "to build outhouses for their live stock, so that the time-honoured, communal, Noah's Ark arrangement of the one living-room in the cabin for man, beast and bird might be changed" and a cleaner mode of life introduced. Repeatedly he urged on one of his better-class tenants, who had a large yard with ample space for outhouses, to build a



Photo by]

[J. Harris Stone.

TAKING THE PIG TO MARKET.

A Roadside Comedy.

separate sty for the pigs. At last, after many exhortations, he got a message from the tenant asking him to call and see the new house for the pigs. He went promptly and full of self-congratulations on the success of his efforts. He looked

cabin, carefully thatched, with a half-door finished off in exact imitation of the full-sized structure," but built on the *inside* of Maloney's one-roomed dwelling instead of outside it! Poor Maloney's imagination had never carried him even



Photo by]

[J. Harris Stone.

THE SPECTACLE BRIDGE, NEAR LISDOONVARNA.

over the yard, but there was no sign of the improvement there, so to the door of the cabin he went. "Well, Maloney," said he, "where's the new house for the pigs?" "Sure it's straight in front of you," answered Maloney; and sure enough there it was, "a neatly-made miniature

to the conception of housing his pigs anywhere but under his own roof.

One of our illustrations is a picture of a typical Connemara cabin in the midst of a rock-strewn landscape, and, in the plain black-and-white of the reproduction, a desolate, uninviting place for a house

it seems to be, but the men are kindly, if rough and indolent; the women are chaste and industrious; and "in probably few other countries of the world," we read, "are the little ones more petted, fondled, and thrashed than in Ireland." Is it any wonder though, that living in such dreary seclusion from his warm-hearted neighbours, the Conne-

mara peasant always welcomes the stranger who will sit down and talk with him. The visitor need have no compunction lest he be treated as an intruder in an Irish cabin. "Helphim," pleads the author, "ye English who go to Ireland, and, when in Conne-mara talk—talk—talk. By so doing you will elicit from peasants, even from those most isolated from all human intercourse,

sparks of wit and fresh novel word-twistings and original thoughts which may surprise you."

Of the loquacity of Irish cab-drivers every visitor has, surely, had the fullest proof. Little is the encouragement they need to tell you the history of every cabin they pass, and if they don't know the right answer to every question put to them they will invent one that is just

as good, and tell it as glibly as if they were eye-witnesses to the whole story, with many a droll turn of speech, too, that is irresistibly captivating. The Celtic imagination goes far towards making the monolony of Irish peasant life endurable. Months, years, a lifetime goes by with little or no change in the day's routine; they live as their grand-

fathers lived; they still, as one of our illustrations shows, drive their pig to market with a string tied to one of its hind legs, the old mother busily knitting as she plods along the highway.

Conne-mara offers a strong temptation to the angler. Salmon up to 36 lbs. in weight are caught in the Corrib river at Galway; and the average catch by anglers in the last



Photo by]

[J. Harris Stone.

LISDOONVARNA SPA.

twenty-six years has exceeded a thousand. We reproduce a very remarkable photograph, taken from the Galway Bridge with the camera pointed straight down upon the surface of the water. In the clear light the pebbles on the bottom below the almost unruffled stream can be plainly seen, and above them what a splendid run of salmon! Lamprey eels and grisle frequent the river Corrib also. The lakes

and streams of the district are well stocked with trout, and the bays that indent the whole coast afford the amplest

"splendid," and again as "the most enjoyable sea-fishing I know of." A mackerel of $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. in weight is



Photo by]

[W. E. Ward.

SALMON IN A SMALL SECTION OF CORRIB RIVER, GALWAY.

(Taken with camera pointed vertically down upon the stream.)

sport. Mackerel run up in great clumps, as they are locally called, and the fishing for them with sea-rods, in a propelled canoe, Mr. Harris Stone describes as

by no means uncommon. "The splendour of the living fish," he adds, "is indescribable, and he who only sees the fish dead has no idea of its beauty."

In the Great and Little Killaries whiting are plentiful, bream and grey gurnet abound, pollack and "gunners" up to 8 lbs. in weight, and sometimes larger. Gar-fishing is even better sport than mackerel fishing, and an evening's catch of plaice off the islets at the mouth of the Little Killary may run to fifty fish. Mr. Stone describes one occasion when, with three fathoms of salmon line, with seven flies on the end, he landed in his canoe at one pull-in six pollack and a large mackerel, his sea-rod being without the top joint, which could not have stood the strain; and he often took catches of four, five, and

six at a time. But all fishermen will enjoy the twenty-fifth chapter of this entertaining book, and will be eager to repeat its writer's experiences on the prolific waters of Connemara's bays.

The west coast of Ireland also has its Spa, which, we may hope, will in process of time rival its English mineral water resorts. Lisdoonvarna lies in county Clare, a little south of Galway Bay, 600 feet above the sea, at the top of Corkscrew Hill, in full view of the Atlantic. But it is not the air alone, or chiefly, that brings some 2,000 visitors to Lisdoonvarna in its "season." The sulphur, chalybeate, and magnesium springs that abound here are the chief occasion for this annual migration—the attraction that singles out this spot rather



Photo by

[J. Harris Stone.

A QUEER BRIDGE ON THE FOOEY RIVER.

than some others as the place destined to be famous some day as a resort. The water is drunk as it rises cold in the wells, and is also used heated for baths. Chronic gout, rheumatism, dyspepsia, skin affections, and various forms of chlorosis and anæmia are the human ills for which both the internal and external use of Lisdoonvarna waters are successfully prescribed.

Of course the air of Lisdoonvarna is wonderful. Its altitude, its neighbourhood to the sea, the total absence of all contaminating influences, make the air practically a curative for most ills without other aids. The scenery is delightful, and points of interest within easy walking distance abound. The "spectacle bridge," of which we give a view, is one of the

pervading sights of the neighbourhood. The road that winds from the coast, where visitors land from the steamer, passes by many zigzag turns and twists, and in its way to the Spa crosses this odd bridge. Its round staring eye, pierced through the masonry, disposes one to wonder whether this is not a staring instance of another Irish characteristic, viz. a habit of incurring infinite trouble and increased expense from an impulse to save material in the job. Interesting ruins and antiquities abound in the district, and serve for delightful excursions by foot or car; and nowhere in these islands of ours are finer and more impressive sea-cliffs than those of Moher, which tower to a height of 700 feet, almost straight from the wild Atlantic surge at their feet.

Perhaps the most significant and instructive passages in this thoroughly entertaining volume are those in which its author criticises the work of the Congested Districts Board. The criticism is honest and fearless, and written, as it is, by an Englishman, and one whose professional training is no inconsiderable guarantee for both wisdom and discretion, it should reach quarters where it might influence a more sensible policy. The motherly expedient of extending Government aid is condemned on general grounds. "To bolster up a nation by Government money, given in any shape or way to people too indolent to help themselves, is never eventually advantageous to the recipients of the benefits . . . is detrimental to moral erectness and manly perseverance, because it engenders the feeling that there is always the Government in the background to help in emergencies." The policy of aiding the fishermen by lending them money to acquire boats and fishing gear on easy terms, or by sharing the cost and the proceeds, appears to be not working satisfactorily. At Cleggan the Board has expended a very large amount of money in constructing piers and seawalls, only to discover that the long

distance the fish have to be carted to the railway is very detrimental to their condition in warm weather. Surely such a contingency might have been foreseen before the money was spent. Something over £140,000 have been spent by the Board in trying to turn Cleggan into a fishing-port. Now, there is one thing which the west of Ireland does need, and very badly, and that is new and improved means of intercommunication, both roads and railways. All history proves that easy transit is the life-blood of prosperity, and if the Board would devote its attention in this direction there would be less occasion for these special expenditures to benefit certain classes. Large sums have been expended elsewhere with as little judgment as at Cleggan. The Board build concrete piers and harbours at spots where they are useless, and neglect those districts where such conveniences would be of real utility. We have no space for giving details of blundering mismanagement on the part of the various Boards that have been created to regenerate Ireland, but we may quote Mr. Harris Stone's vigorous summing up: "If one half of the salaries of public officials in Ireland was available and actually spent in making new roads, more light railways, and in the reduction of railway fares for passengers and goods, I venture to assert that many of the troubles and drawbacks in Ireland would gradually disappear of their own accord—would eventually right themselves. They would dwindle, diminish, go. We should hear no more of them. The great influx of English into the country would bring money. The vastly increased means of intercommunication would result in obtaining better prices for farm produce. The demand for Irish produce and home industries would be greatly stimulated. . . . The peasant farmers would be able to hold up their heads; handy markets would be available for fresh fish. . . . The whole country would benefit." Will Ireland ever be administered with common sense?



THE SPHINX ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

"Hoo! What's *your* name?"

THE EXPLOITERS.

By CHARLES SHERIDAN JONES.

I.

THERE are some women who, while possessing all the virtues emphasized of the copy-books, are more unlovely than the most outrageous characters that used to be—perhaps still are—depicted to our young as awful warnings. The latter are at least partially human—though they do not exist—while those indubitably existing are yet entirely dehumanised. They usually make scrupulously careful housewives, admirable heads of well-arranged households, who can respond automatically to all the details of a mean routine that would drive a broader mind to madness. They have punctuality, thoroughness within narrow limits, indomitable energy that they fritter away on trifling tasks, and an opinion of contentment with themselves compared to which the egoism of the most enraptured artist is as nothing.

But they lack one thing—sympathy, and the lack of it has dehumanised them. They live honoured, respected, and *feared* of their husbands; and unloved of their children—often without knowing it.

It takes something in the nature of a moral volcano to stir such a one. But should the shock come you get results that surprise. Deep waters are still, but explode a force beneath them, and they mount mountains high.

Conceive, if you can, a girl brought up with all the prejudices of caste and rank that attach to a clergyman's daughter in a country village, when that clergyman is the one educated being amidst a population of hinds; brought up to love, honour, and obey that father before and above all others, and, mark it well, to tolerate her mother with a

large and liberal toleration—conceive, if you can, that girl reared in beliefs the world is forgetting, or only remembers as beliefs, brought up with narrow, hard, impossible views of men and things; brought up to regard herself as being an altogether extraordinary and super-excellent person round whom the universe revolved, as indeed, seeing that universe was but the Rectory and the village, it did.

And then conceive that girl making the discovery—how big a one for her, how small for the world—that her father, he who must be obeyed, honoured, and respected was—a forger, a thief, and had been so for years.

Think then how she would act.

According to the romanticists she would be that father's good physician, leading him back to moral health; the pupil would instruct the teacher; the man of forty would learn from the daughter not half his age.

But between the romanticists and human nature there has ever been a gulf that even the reading of romance has not bridged.

And the girl, had she wanted to act thus, could not have done so. She judged her father with all the cruelty of inexperience and youth. Nay, she did not even judge him. She turned from him as from a shattered illusion, angry with the illusion that it had so long deceived her, angry beyond expression.

She did not try to piece together her broken idol. She did not even try to speak one single syllable of human comfort to the reality behind—a weak, a sorrowing, but not consciously a wicked, not consciously a hard, man. She did not whisper one word of sympathy in her father's ear.

Instead she stabbed him to the heart.

She did an incredibly foolish thing—but yet I think a fine one. She shook the dust of the village off her feet, and with two pounds of money earned by herself in her pocket, she travelled up to London, without one word to those behind, without one clue to where she went.

I say she did an incredibly foolish thing, but grant, also, a remarkably fine one. At least this woman, pitiless to others, did not spare herself. At least this woman was not one to live without a meaning, to sniff flowers in a fool's paradise, and lie to herself all day by never acting truth.

No, the shock had come—and she rose.

Her little world had come to an end, her sun had gone out; she must find a new one.

Ah! happy they who in like plight can seek boldly for a new light when the one that guided them is darkened; happy they who will tread the right road, even if it be over their own hearts! For in themselves they have triumphed, and the rest matters little.

But to those who cannot do this, give, if you can, your pity. It will be useless, but it will be all after awhile you will be able to give.

When Rose Turner stepped, not without some trepidation, from the train that had borne her away from her home for ever on to the platform of St. Pancras



Her father was a forger.

Station, chance caused it that she should be thrown against one of the handsomest, and best dressed men in London. As she was turning away, having duly apologised, the good-looking stranger touched her lightly on the shoulder. "I think," he said, "that you dropped this." He handed her, as he spoke, a card, with her name upon it. There it was unmistakably—Miss Rose Turner.

Frowning and annoyed she thanked him coldly, wondering the while how she, so careful, had let it escape her grasp.

But the stranger was not done with yet. "If I am not mistaken," he said,

with a low bow, "I have the pleasure of your father, Mr. Turner's, acquaintance. I met him some few years ago at Oxford."

Her father! What a terrible irony of fate it seemed to be reminded of him so soon.

But she was a woman, and therefore equal to the occasion.

"You are mistaken," she said, with an accent that to anyone not unnaturally imperturbable would have proved depressing, "My name is not Turner. I am merely an acquaintance of that lady on whom she happened to leave her card when calling."

And she sailed off.

Thus here she told her first deliberate falsehood—not well enough to deceive the man to whom she had spoken.

Still it is wonderful what an expansive effect the action had.

One effect was that Rose Turner disappeared and Rose Lucas took her place.

II.

DO you know that old Flemish picture that hangs in the most neglected of all our institutions—the institution that every Englishman visits, and not one in ten thousand knows, though it would cost him at most sixpence for a catalogue to do so; I mean the National Gallery—do you know that old Flemish picture called "The Usurers"?

Two men's heads, and some money; that is all. But the artist tells you more than whole miles of canvas that worthy people try to delight in each year at Burlington House. The artist, like our modern Hogarth, Beardsley, who has been called many hard names for doing it, has pierced down beneath the surface of bone and cheek, and painted us the men's souls—hideous, fretful, and damnably unhappy, unhappy with the misery

of men who never possess anything, not even the common heritage of the sunshine, whose one desire is to get something they do not possess, and who for that reason are the poorest as well as the most wretched among us.

"A powerful realisation of the new beatitude, 'Blessed are the merciless for they shall obtain money;'" thus has a modern critic described the work. Yet, looking on those faces so strained, so thin, worn and wan, how can we call them blessed?

Quite otherwise is the case with the modern usurer.



Mr. Marcus Carrington.

He is not thin, worn, wan, or strained. His face is fat, and jolly; coarse, and bloated also, but without one trace of care upon it. You meet him at dinner, and he dines of the best; even gives the waiter sixpence more than the other diners, and probably pays more than any for his wine. His coat is immaculate, his linen faultless; were he a shade more quiet, and less ostentatious in his spending, you might at first blush

mistake him for a gentleman.

And yet, and yet, methinks, the old usurers with their pinched faces and soiled surroundings were of the two the least ignoble.

They, at any rate, were content to live in the world's scorn, to be pariahs, shunned of men, and sometimes burnt by them, provided they could nurse their miserable passion, could clutch and finger gold, and count vast possessions by a guttering candle. They, at any rate, were not hypocrites; they, at least, did their own dirty work and never pretended that they did not like it.

Whereas your modern usurer—why at times he contrives to be mistaken for a good fellow; he robes in purple and fine linen, and bemoans "the necessity"

when he sells up the widow, and turns her and her children into the street.

Above all he is respectable, a subscriber to charities, an enthusiastic Imperialist, and fervent for the Flag.

Why? Well, if you keep your statesmen engaged in foreign complications, and in sending out vast expeditions, they are not very likely to pass effective measures limiting usury. That is why.

Such in brief was the man who sat one fine morning in an office in Bloomsbury, reading the morning paper, and humming a tune. A rigger of bogus companies, a pestilence under many names, he exploited his fellows in fifty different capacities, without disclosing his identity in more than one; and was throughout as self-satisfied a man as any in the King's dominion—aye, even in his Houses at Westminster.

Just then he felt particularly jubilant, for he had concluded a loan at enormous interest with a young nobleman, bent on going to ruin at breakneck speed.

But it sometimes happens that fate breaks in, even on the joy of a usurer. So it was to fall out that morning. The avenging angel was to descend upon Mr. Marcus Carrington, not with horse, foot, and artillery, but with the quiet firmness of one who strikes to the root of things, and with one pin prick was to burst the bladder of Marcus's joy. On that occasion the avenging angel was personified by Mr. Carrington's typewriter.

Perhaps you think it remarkable that a man like Carrington should care what his typewriter said, thought, or did. But that shows how very little you know of the type of man with which we are dealing.

The young lady in question—the very best, Mr. Carrington used to tell himself, that “he had ever been lucky enough to get”—had been engaged in preparing some of Mr. Carrington's epistles for the post. She had executed the work with her usual neatness and carefulness—qualities rare, be it noted, among typewriters; but, when it was over, she stood waiting. Evidently she had something to communicate. And Marcus was good enough to intimate, with a con-

descending wave of his hand and beatific smile, that he was prepared to listen.

Evidently, however, the communication in question occasioned the lady some embarrassment. Usually so self-possessed that the imperturbable Marcus sometimes found himself a shade discomposed, on this occasion she hesitated, commenced twice, broke down, and finally turned rather red.

Seeing which the astute Marcus put forth a chair, and begged her to be seated—an invitation which she did not accept, and which did not seem to help her.

Instead, she got a little redder, and spluttered a trifle. Then, all on a sudden, she became icily cool, and perfectly direct.

“I am afraid I have to tell you, sir,” she commenced, “that I desire to leave your employment. In fact—that is—I wish to give you a week's notice.”

She had expected Carrington to be surprised. But this man thought he held a key to all actions, and was only surprised when that key failed him. He did not show surprise now. Instead, he smiled, bowed, smirked, and said:—

“And have you already found another appointment, Miss Lucas?”

The girl shook her head.

“I may take it you will be looking for one. May I ask if you will seek a much larger salary than you are at present receiving?”

The young girl became instantly business-like, and very frigid.

“I have not considered the matter,” she said, coldly.

“You can't expect much more than I have been giving you, Miss Lucas.”

“I do not hope for half so much,” she broke in.

“Then why are you going?”

Again the lady became red and confused.

“If you do not mind, Mr. Carrington, I would rather not tell you.”

Now Mr. Carrington was by no means the man to lose his typewriter without knowing the reason. A plain man of business—that is, a man who never goes outside the accepted creed, who never buys at much less than 10, or sells for

much more than 15 per cent.—would merely have said, "Very well," and then and there decided that the lady's reference should not be all she would desire. But these plain men of business cannot do the things that Mr. Marcus Carrington took a pride in doing.

For instance, men of business cannot act. Mr. Marcus Carrington could.

He rose from his chair with admirably counterfeited haste, and gazed at his employee with an intensity that would have done credit to an experienced actor.

"Have I, Miss Lucas, have I ever treated you with any disrespect?"

The girl was too young to see through the flummery. Instead, her confusion and reluctance to speak returned. In a lowered tone she answered:—

"You have been most kind, Mr. Carrington; my reason—is wholly different—I desire to keep it entirely to myself."

Here was a situation. Dives losing his handmaiden at thirty-five shillings a-week, unable to find out the reason, and, mind you, wanting to, and wanting to badly.

But Mr. Carrington was too astute an actor to press the matter, obviously. Instead, he looked hurt—genuinely hurt—so hurt, that one more experienced than the girl before him might have been deceived.

"As you please, Miss Lucas," he said. "I have, of course, no business to interfere in your affairs."

But this was just the sort of reply most calculated to disarm the girl, who now wavered more than ever between silence and speech.

"I have to thank you for much kindness and consideration," said Innocence.

"Oh, please not to speak of it," said Craft, but added with a supreme appearance of sudden bitterness, forcing itself out against his will: "I don't think I have deserved this."

The shot went home. Innocence sat down now, and balancing her chin in her hands, regarded the money-lender steadfastly.

"Mr. Carrington," she said, "I am afraid of offending you."

Instantly the alert Marcus was all suavity.

"My dear Miss Lucas, nothing you are likely to say could possibly offend me."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

The girl took a hard breath; then, speaking very low, but with a clear front, she said:—

"Mr. Carrington, the business is not honest."

At this thunderbolt, so utterly unexpected, so essentially the last attack he would have thought of having to meet, Carrington gasped. To say that he was astounded is but faintly to describe his feelings. Wrath, vexation, a sense of humiliation, and still more—a thing the man had rarely felt before—of impotency surged through his mind. And the worst of it was he had no answer ready. He had accustomed himself to meeting half a dozen arguments against the practice of usury, contrasting it, and favourably, with half-a-dozen other belauded departments of commerce that were, as he knew, not to be essentially differentiated from his own. He had even thought out all his replies to a Parliamentary Committee that had—how thankful he had been—omitted to call him as a witness; but, now the attack had come, he sat mentally paralysed. All his acting was gone; he was bewildered and speechless. The man of many words was reduced to silence.

While he was yet searching for some reply that would have the appearance of dignity, and while he was yet conscious of looking a little ridiculous, something happened to relieve the tension.

A new figure, and one that neither he nor his assistant had ever seen, walked into the office.

III.

IT is one of the advantages of money-lending that you seldom see your victims. Of modern money-lending that is. The usurers in our old Flemish picture probably dealt direct with theirs. To-day, the modern usurer knows the men he ruins merely as A. G. Smith or Arthur Brown. They are mere abstractions—human machines for the production of interest—which, it seems necessary



A new figure walked into the office.

to remind people, does not grow, but is in all cases—even in that of consolidated stock—made by the labour of men and women.

Now, however, one of the victims was to meet and speak to Shylock face to face—a rare occurrence for, oddly enough, people who borrow money are, as a rule, as loath to be seen as the lender.

This victim differed then in some essential from the rest, either in himself or in the circumstances that had compelled him to take the course of bearding the lion. At a second glance you would have said it was the circumstances. According to the romanticists this youth, who walked boldly into Shylock's sanctum, waving aside the office boy, should have been handsome, clever, though with the freedom from guile that all youths should have (according to the romanticists), and with no worse fault than high spirits, and a large spending capacity.

According to fact, which I desire to chronicle here, he was none of these things. He was not even the son of a peer, and it was not aristocratic follies, or the even meaner desire to ape them,

that had led him into the money-lender's clutches. He was awkward, ungainly, more than a trifle snobbish. Still that he had some touch of manhood about him this frontal attack proved, and he had not been in the office ten seconds before he did one small thing which, had he known it, though he never did, "saved his bacon."

Rose Lucas had risen to go when this specimen of young England had thus forced himself upon them, but something in the new arrival's face roused her curiosity, and with the intuition that, in moments of excitement, comes as a sixth sense to women, she saw that her employer would rather she stayed than went. She wavered, needing an excuse. The youth provided it. With more courtesy than he would have shown had he not been mentally in a tumult he handed her a chair, and then deliberately took one himself.

Marvellous femininity! That action won him the day.

The youth commenced his attack—his appeal one should say—at once, and, although he was not impressive, he did

not whine. First, with a touch of the snobbery I have mentioned, he took out his card and handed it to Carrington, who received it imperturbably. Then he commenced.

"You hold a bill of mine," he said, "for seventy-five pounds. I want to know if you object to having it renewed."

Carrington remembered the bill and all the circumstances connected with it perfectly, but all of us have our little ways of conducting business, and, without speaking, he rose, went to the escritoire, and after a few minutes returned, holding the bill before him. Then with a perfectly equable face he asked the victim for how long he desired "the convenience of renewal."

"Three months."

"Then, if you come here to-morrow, Mr. Richardson, with your co-signatory, Captain Stephen, I have no doubt that the matter can be arranged."

Feminine Carrington! He had known for the last month that that co-signatory would as lief have given the money to a beggar as have given his signature again.

The victim gasped, squared his shoulders, and tried to banish anxiety from his face.

"Captain Stephen tells me he is not willing that his name should be used again."

"And whom do you suggest as his substitute?"

The victim tried harder than ever to appear free from anxiety, and failed more miserably than before, though his reply from Shylock's point of view was not so bad as he thought it.

"I am afraid I have no one to suggest."

This at least showed a certain straightforward candour suggesting honesty, and no one is so ready to detect honesty as a money-lender, but he does not show that he values it.

Carrington raised his eyebrows—racial habits will out,—and spread his hands to right and left deprecatingly.

"And what security do you offer for the money, Mr. Richardson?"

The visitor turned pale.

"I am afraid I can offer you no security

beyond my word of honour. But you can rely on that. I have money due to me, more than the sum I owe you, within twelve weeks. I can promise you it shall be paid."

For ordinary men silence is often more eloquent than words. There was a conviction in the voice that said these, which, in the pause that followed, made itself felt, conviction, and something else—fear. What was to happen to this man if the money-lender shut his ears, as shut they would invariably have been in perhaps ninety-and-nine cases; what ruin was he seeking to avert? One could not tell, but one felt somehow, at least the girl at his side did, that all his future, perhaps his whole life, was at stake.

Yet one touch of detail, one solitary fact as to the form that ruin would take, and he had been undone.

It was his face, his eyes, more than his words that pleaded, and they against his will.

The money-lender sat calm and unmoved. He did not take long to decide. One look at Rose's face settled the matter in his mind. That face was a rare spectacle; it showed a hard woman moved to pity.

Oh mysterious femininity! She who had turned from the father, who had worshipped her, without one thought of charity—who would have looked unmoved on tear-stricken women, and grey-haired men beseeching, had found something in this awkward boy that touched her woman's heart.

Perhaps—who knows?—it was the electric spark of youth that vibrates between all temperaments; perhaps—but how can we tell if she herself could not? She pitied—and she did not know why.

And pitying she fixed her eyes large and imploring on Marcus, who read their message in an instant.

"If you will come here to-morrow, Mr. Richardson, I will let you know my decision."

Marcus said this with the air of an ambassador, and the youth retired.

Next moment he was sipping ambrosia. Rose was thanking him.

Women are quite frank about the language they speak with their eyes, that is when that language can be with safety translated. To Rose it was the most natural thing in the world, though she had not said one syllable to Carrington on the matter, that Carrington should have interpreted her wishes.

"Oh thank you, thank you," she burst out impulsively, and then stopped, crimsoned with vexation.

Carrington was regarding her with a stony surprise that intimated she had nothing to do with the matter. And instinctively her woman's vanity felt the loss of power more than the rudeness.

Another minute and the astute Marcus had withdrawn, merely stating that he would be back by four o'clock.

Perhaps, Anglo-Saxondom, pondering these pages, may need some explanation before it can understand this conduct.

It is soon given; the matter is one of race, that is all.

The difference between the Jewish intellect and the ordinary human intellect accounts for Marcus's conduct, baffling to my Anglo-Saxon reader as the Jew is baffling also. The Jewish intellect is clear, keen, nimble, marvellously quick to see and grasp things at once, provided those things lie within a narrow, a terribly narrow, range.

And Marcus knew thoroughly well what he was about; knew, too, what he meant to do with young Richardson when he called on the morrow, which, by the way, Rose did not.

And in that lay the key to his action. In the matter of bargains your Hebrew is not only businesslike, but also artistic. Marcus intended to leave Rose to puzzle her head, and pull at her heart strings all day. Then, when she had exhausted herself, he would come back and make terms.

That, and the fact that an easy surrender to women is rarely advisable, decided him.

He would come in armed *cap-à-pie*, and falling on the enemy divided by doubt, vanquish her.

And sure enough he did.

It was later than four when he returned however, and he admirably disguised any

sense of coming triumph. His first words were a masterpiece. They were,

"Miss Lucas, I have to offer you an apology" (How was it possible to corner this amazing creature?) "It was, I will not say to oblige you, but because I thought you would like it, that I gave young Richardson till to-morrow. But I have not yet decided what I shall say to him. Let me explain to you. The syndicate whose servant I am requires a certain sum to take up one of its own obligations. To get this one of two men must be made to pay or"—he shrugged his shoulders significantly. "I had thought young Richardson was the least worthy of consideration, but I will, if you desire, pass him by, and call on the other, on one condition—that you stay with me for a month."

And without a trace of emotion the girl repeated, "One month. Thank you, Mr. Carrington, you have been very kind."

They shook hands on the bargain, Carrington telling her not to trouble to wait further.

But, just as she was going, he called her back to post a letter. "It is to the other one, you know," he said, with a little laugh, "the one on whose sacrifice you have decided."

She felt quite happy as she took the letter, happy with the sense all women like to feel, a sense of power. But just as she was dropping the letter into the pillar-box, some instinct tempted her to read the name upon it.

When she had done so the blood was boiling in her head, and her legs nearly gave way beneath her.

The letter was to her father.

IV.

"CONSCIENCE," once remarked an acute American thinker, who made the fatal mistake of being a humourist as well, "Conscience needs sometimes another conscience to keep the first in order." Whereat the vulgar determined that he was living in the middle ages, and, indeed, it would seem there is more often a greater need of one rather than two consciences in this drab era of shoddy, scamped work, and make-shifts falsely called expediency. Yet,

none the less, even to-day there are men to whom conscience is at once a scourge, and a delusion; a thing that makes them swallow camels and strain at gnats, and which begets much feverish tinkering, but little real work.

As a rule these men become the worst sort of hypocrites; they deceive only themselves. Other people they bore, and they nearly always get elected to Parliament.

They talk formulas unceasingly, and make speeches, saying nothing, of interminable length. They are great at seeing impossibilities, and, worst defect of all, they have no sense of humour.

It sometimes happens that one of these men whose conscience is always itching, will have at least a part of the root of the matter in him. He will suffer all the tortures of the damned if such be the case, but he will be distinctly interesting.

It is to such a man that I would introduce my readers, and I want to say first that, before all other things he was, when this story opens, emphatically a prig. He was also of the order of superior persons, and his rectitude and precision kept him solitary and alone upon this earth. His sense of self-importance kept him nearly happy. At all events, it prevented him being miserable.

He was of the type of men who feel their moral muscles forty times a day, who keep a diary wherein they record everything they afterwards forget, and who not only have an impossible and hopeless ideal, but, worse still, torment themselves to live up to it.

Yet do not think that the man I am referring to will be uninteresting on this account. Follow this story, and you will learn how the prig became humanised, and even got to take a greater interest in the men, women, and things about him than in himself.

At eighteen he perpetrated social suicide by deliberately telling the truth in his aunt's drawing-room, the lady having a moment previously told a falsehood. The matter he spoke the truth about was unimportant, but in these things Society (with a big S) is relentless.

At nineteen he became a teetotaler,

and was gravely concerned as to whether it was moral or not to eat the flesh of animals.

At twenty he drove his tailor to distraction by insisting on learning for himself the conditions under which his waistcoat, trousers, and other habiliments had been made; the same year he refused to lend his dearest—nay, his only—friend, to square a debt of honour, the sum, which he could easily afford, of fifty pounds.

At twenty-one, when we make his acquaintance, he had come into his property, and on the day we find him, was looking up some hundred and fifty plans of what he was going to do, how he was going to do it, and when it was going to be done.

An altogether intolerable person you will say. Now learn the most surprising fact about him. He was a member of the House of Peers, one of the landed aristocracy, a drawer of unearned increment, one of those "who toil not, neither do they spin," and withal a great believer in his order.

How then, do you ask, did he reconcile this position with the unflagging honesty, unto the uttermost farthing, which he held by? The answer is very simple. It was by Service to the People.

He was to ventilate them, sanitise them, legislate them, educate them—unto what? Contented makers of his increment. Slums existed because of bad landlords, low wages because of bad employers. It was all perfectly simple, and to show that he was not so very stupid after all, I may point out that many people who read these lines will agree with him.

They may even think Lord Davenant had a fine ideal. Let us see how he got on with it.

Behold him, then, setting forth on the morning of his inheritance with the inward intention of cross-examining his lawyer to an extent that would have made the old gentleman desperate.

But fate is an untoward thing, and it happened that the lawyer was to be spared for that day. Indeed, Lord Davenant was not to see him for some time.

And what was it that prevented him?



He startled her by calling a hansom.

Something remarkable? On the contrary, a very ordinary incident.

A woman stopped him and asked him to give her sixpence.

An ordinary incident; yes, but, mark you, an extraordinary man.

An ordinary man of Lord Davenant's means would, thank Heaven, have taken one look at the woman's face, given her the money, and passed on; others meaner would have passed on without even the look; and a few, spiteful as well as mean, might have called a policeman, and given her in charge.

But Lord Davenant had nothing in common with these. If the woman was an imposter she must be exposed; if not, she must be assisted. To avoid doing either was plainly to turn one's back on the whole duty of an aristocrat, and he forthwith proceeded to conduct an inquisition into the woman's affairs.

The woman was worn, wan, shivering, and incurably stupid. Also her faculties were numbed by hunger, and Lord Davenant's searching questions confused, nay, even frightened her. She told him vaguely of a husband lying somewhere in a sick room, and how she had walked miles to Bloomsbury to beg a little money to get him food.

On the whole her story did not convince Lord Davenant, and he summarily demanded the address.

This given he startled her still more by calling a hansom, bundling her into it, and telling the driver to go to the address she had given.

Then he sat back, folded his arms, and said not a word.

You will perceive this man, though he was a prig, had character.

A Calvinist with a touch of the knight errant; a man who took trouble when he had nothing to gain; above all, a believer in duty; such a one should be, in these days, worth studying.

The street to which the cabman took them was of a very ordinary kind, within a mile and a half of Aldgate, rather at the beginning than the end of the East. And the interest in it lay in the inside, not the exterior, of the houses. Wherefore, as we are going to deal with these

later, we need not waste time in describing them now. That to which the woman took Lord Davenant, or rather that to which Lord Davenant took her—although she was the guide—was but little different from the rest. It was let off in tenements, and on each floor resided a swarm of human beings. It was to the topmost floor that the woman and Lord Davenant went, and into the smallest room. There on a narrow bed, partially covered with dirty clothes, half-drunk, half-delirious, altogether too insane to give the poor creature he had ruined by making his wife—as he had ruined himself also—any assistance, lay, who?—the closest friend my Lord Davenant had ever known, the man to whom he had refused a sum as trifling to him as half-a-crown to most of those who read my pages.

You will think Lord Davenant was shocked at this. That shows you do not understand your man.

Surprised he was; not shocked. This man had indulged in vicious extravagance. What more natural than that he should suffer in this way—should be neglected in dirt, and disease, while his wife begged? "To forgive," say the French, "is to understand." And, indeed, how terribly pitiless is your rule-of-thumb man, who never understands anything.

No, Lord Davenant was not shocked. Instead he left two pounds with the wondering wreck of a woman, who had stopped him, sent off a telegram to a doctor, another to the secretary of one of the few charitable societies to which he subscribed, and then—

He dismissed friend, wife, sickness and all from his mind.

He had another task in hand.

The house was in a shockingly insupportable, over-crowded state. It must be remedied.

Have you ever met a man with a theory? Not a man who has mastered a theory, so much as a man whose theory has mastered him? Lord Davenant was one of these. And the particular theory that had just then got hold of him was that slums are the result of wicked agents and hoodwinked landlords—a simple, an amazingly simple explanation,

but one that, for that very reason, had taken a firm hold on his soul.

The owner of the wretched fever dens he had trod through might be, like himself, a member of a race long in descent, high in distinction; might be, like him, fervent in the tradition of *noblesse oblige*. To blame he might be, but he did not, could not, know the squalor or the misery his tenants lived in.

Accordingly he must be found, and told.

But then a surprise awaited Lord Davenant; for when he asked the people to right, to left of him for the information, he was met with gapes and smiles. Landlord! these wretched people knew nought of the landlord. They paid their tribute, under a stern necessity, to a mere abstraction, not even knowing the name of the person who battered on their misery. A rent collector there was. He would be round soon. Lord Davenant might see him.

Lord Davenant did—and got no information.

But, as we have already seen, Lord Davenant had a character. He was not easily put off, especially when a theory possessed him. He followed the agent from house to house, and cross-examined tenant after tenant. He consulted the policeman, the man at the chandler's shop, the potman at the public-house, and the loafer outside—and learned nothing.

Then he determined on a change of tactics.

Convinced the agent had the landlord's address and would not give it him, he set himself to outwit guile by guile, and while the agent was collecting the rents, he walked about the neighbourhood, seeking a clue.

At last he got it.

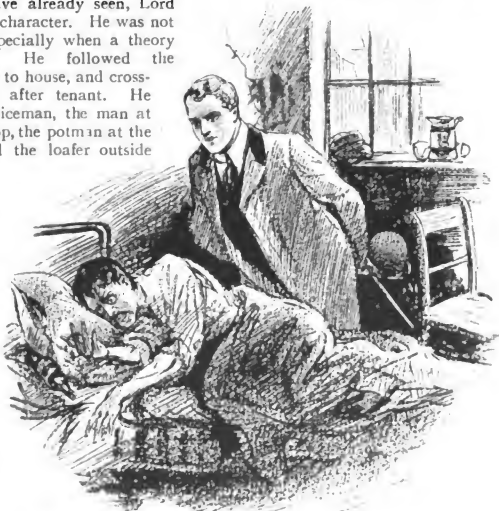
It kept him busy, however, for three—nay, four—hours, hurrying, watching, thinking. But the story of how he followed that clue out, how he pitted the deductions of a trained intellect against mere cunning, deserves a detailed chronicle to itself, and, besides, the facts are important to the story.

But though he had won so far he was not to see the landlord that day.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached that landlord's place of business in Bloomsbury. In the outer office was a young girl—austere and refined; through the chink of a door he was able to catch a glimpse of a rubicund Jew, who sat smiling over a document, and on the plate outside were the words "Marcus Carrington."

It was for Carrington that he asked, and the girl in the outer office requested his name.

When he gave it, to his intense surprise, she turned terribly pale, threw



There lay the closest friend Lord Davenant had ever known!

back her head as though someone had struck her, and then, despite an obvious effort to master herself, she began to tremble. Then—

"Mr. Carrington is not in," she said.

For once Lord Davenant, part of whose creed was to trample on a lie instantly, did not carry his creed out. He could see the smiling face of Marcus grin through the half-closed door; could hear the scratching of his pen. But something in the girl's face, he could not tell what, something that haunted him all that night, deterred him then. He walked out puzzled, and a little annoyed. The girl was deceiving him, and yet she did not rouse his anger so much as his curiosity. He hesitated, then turned on his heel and went.

And she—she watched him half fascinated in her fear, half beseeching, watched him go through the door.

She had told her second lie, and, like the first, it was not successful.

Still she was getting on.

But why had she told it?

We shall see.

V.

WHEN Rose Lucas read her father's name on the envelope of the letter she was posting, the letter she had caused to be sent, and the letter that, as she knew, spelt ruin to its recipient, she did several notable things.

First she drew her hand down sharply, and, almost instinctively, put the letter in her pocket.

Then she took it out again, and raised it slowly once more to the mouth of the pillar-box.

Then she turned quickly on her heel, and walked briskly away—for some thirty yards, that is, when she returned as slowly as soldiers at a funeral.

Three times she repeated this process, and each time she walked away more quickly, and returned more slowly than before.

It was duty fighting love, and the weaker spirit went to the wall.

Have you ever felt impelled not to do a thing that all the formulas and teachings you have received, and a part of

your own nature also, tell you you ought at all hazards to accomplish. Some instinct rises in you in revolt, and dreading, fearing, cowering, you turn your back on the formulas, and let that instinct lead you. It may be good, it may be bad; you cannot tell. A tumult goes on in you, and your nature conquers, sometimes against your inclination.

It was so now with Rose Lucas. By all the lessons she had learnt, by all the beliefs to which she clung, the letter should have been posted, and her duty performed. That her father would have been ruined thereby should have been as nothing to her till that duty had been fulfilled. And she tried to put her belief, her formulas, her lessons, against her own nature, and failed utterly. She even shut her eyes, set her teeth, and, banishing thought, tried to post the letter blindly—and could not.

Nature had triumphed over the formulas; the letter remained in her pocket.

Then she went home—miserable.

Someone has remarked that the devil's judgment in giving Eve the apple was incontestable, in that, knowing she was a woman, he deduced that she would certainly share the pippin. Adam would have probably consumed the whole in silence, and what is more, he would have nursed his remorse as a kind of superior passion to which his partner was a commonplace stranger. And, indeed, the faculty of thinking for others, and about them, at all times, and in all seasons, is surely the most wonderful possessed of women. How often, when her child is sick unto death, does not the wife fix her attention on a cooking-pot so that her husband may eat his fill—thinking not of herself or of her grief, but of him; how often does the sister resign her own pleasure that the brother may be amused, and, ah! how often does not the mother resign nearly everything that there may be peace in the home—peace, or even the appearance of it?

And so it was with Rose Lucas that evening. A man having transgressed after a like struggle would have been busy with his soul all night.

But she, she thought not of herself—but her father.

But she did not think sentimentally, not even tenderly about him.

With the letter in her hand she weighed him in the balance, and found him wanting—wanting, that is, for the struggle that was to come. She pitted him in her mind against Marcus, and, in ten minutes, learned more of her father than years of close affection had revealed. She thought of Marcus's never flagging alertness, of the restless energy that seemed ever to possess him—as, indeed, it possesses every one of the race that knows no repose—of the crafty forethought which armed him *cap-à-pie* against all eventualities; above all, of the thorough knowledge he had shown of the type of man he was dealing with in her father—and, of her father's utter inability to gauge the kind of phenomenon he was fighting in Marcus.

Then she thought again of her father's easy-going nature, that caused him to postpone everything (probably at that moment he was wondering why she did not come back, without taking effective steps to find her), of his *naïve* inability to distinguish between his status in his

own parish, where he was known, loved, and feared, and in the great world outside that was indifferent, even critical, towards him; of his sleepy dignity, and slow indecision; and she saw that he would be hopelessly overmatched.

And, half unconsciously also, she realised the attitude she was to adopt towards him. She must treat him as an overgrown child who needed her protection and petting.

She did not realise—how few of us realise everything—that, since she had seen that father, he also had had a shock that might have pained him into some sort of self-consciousness.

Still, on the whole, her attitude was not far from correct, and she commenced to think out how best she could effect the protection—the petting she left for the time being.

The thinking kept her busy all that evening. There was no thought with her now of keeping faith with the formulas, but—ah! how strange a thing is human nature—when she went to bed that night, having decided on a course of action from which, but a week ago, she would have recoiled with horror, the letter was still unopened in her pocket.


(To be continued.)

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

GRACE ERNESTINE BECKS.

THE year is gone! O list the pealing bells
That on the midnight air so solemn chime;
Or, when with sudden joy their music swells,
Methinks the night its mystery dispels,
And only happiness their message tells:
"Will it come back again, that sweet old time?"
My heart re-echoes, as in plaintive rhyme,
Will it come back again—the old bright past?
Oh, Angel of the Future, shouldst unroll
Thine awesome page of Destiny—its vast
Deep secrets, would life cry aghast
To view the message traced upon thy scroll?
Thou knowest best—be patient, oh my soul!

LONDON MONEY LENDERS.



By C. FRANCIS.

THE case of *Cochrane v. Moore*, in which the late Lord Justice Lopes's judgment was to most minds eminently satisfactory, let in a flood of light upon the habits and customs of the London money-lender of the present day, and the various wiles which the person in question is accustomed to practise in the pursuit of his art.

Of course there are money-lenders and money-lenders. But however much these gentry may differ—and they do differ in many remarkable ways—there is one point in their proceedings in which they exhibit a striking unanimity. They always charge 60 per cent. for the accommodation they afford, and as much more as they can get. Money-lenders may roughly be divided into four classes:—

- a. The leading West End bill-discounters; or kings of the usurers.
- b. The smaller bill-discounters.
- c. The *bond fide* bills-of-sale men.
- d. The bogus bills-of-sale men.

It is my intention to deal briefly with these four main sections of the money-lending community.

Princes of the tribe always, or nearly always, live at the West End—Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, and Jermyn Street and Sackville Street, Piccadilly, and St. James's Street are the localities in which, as a rule, they pitch their tents. Their offices are very handsomely and, indeed, elaborately furnished. There is a plentiful supply of jewellery upon the premises with which to entrap the unwary. In the old days the West End usurer was perfectly content if he could palm off a few dozens of inferior port or Hamburg sherry upon his customer. The usurer of to-day flies at higher game, and in a big transaction often manages to dispose of £2,000 or £3,000 worth of

jewellery, needless to say at an uncommonly remunerative price. The West End money-lender has always in his service a remarkably astute gentleman, who in some ways corresponds to a solicitor's managing clerk. This trusty lieutenant knows all his master's customers and, if occasion requires, exactly what lie to tell them without consulting his principal. Then, too, there is generally a tame solicitor on the premises, or at all events round the corner, who is ready at a moment's notice to prepare any necessary documents, or take a declaration from the victim as to his circumstances, prospects, and general indebtedness, if it is thought desirable to possess such a lever in case of non-payment. Money-lenders of this description for the most part employ an army of touts—men who are occupied from morning to night in bringing flies to the spider's web.

These touts belong to a great variety of walks in life; some of them are members of the best clubs, others may be jewellers', or tailors', or hosiers' assistants, who have managed to get on terms of familiarity with the customers at their masters' establishments. Many of these touts earn a large income, and this is scarcely to be wondered at, for, as a rule, they receive a commission from the money-lender, as well as a substantial percentage from the borrower upon the amount of the advance made to him. The interest charged by money-lenders, such as those I am at present describing, varies from 40 or 50 to 100 per cent. It generally is fixed at £20 per £100 for three months (*i.e.* at 80 per cent.). The first transaction usually takes the form of a bill at three months, carrying interest after it becomes due at the rate of one shilling in the pound per calendar



PIGEON PLUCKING.



month (i.e. 60 per cent. until payment). Then for the most part follow "renewals" or fresh transactions, in which interest is haped upon interest, with the inevitable result that the position of the

borrower is ten times worse than it was when he first entered the den. Of course money-lenders may occasionally be of great service to people who require a sum of money at a moment's notice, and have no other means of obtaining it than by applying to an usurer.

There is a good deal of truth in the famous "Mr. Benoni Crabbe's" remark when he says: "The question for my clients to ask themselves is not the amount of interest I demand, but what my money is worth to them. I do not hunt them up; they come to me, and often in ghastly trouble. I have saved officers of unblemished repute—men with the Victoria Cross and the Ribbon of the Bath—from being hooted out of their ships and regiments, not always by their own fault, but sometimes through mishap or evil fortune. My money has been often more than gold; it has been life and honour. I have known a surgeon take a thousand guineas for saving a man's leg. I have saved men from blowing out their own brains by lending them fifty pounds at a moment's notice." Still, on the whole, I am inclined to think that the late Lord Justice Lopes's remarks upon money-lenders as a profession were in no sense too severe.

As for the smaller bill-discounters, they carry on a precisely similar business, only, of course, on a much more modest scale. They have, for the most part, a humble office at the West End where they negotiate small loans at a rate of interest positively appalling. When, by

means of advertisements or otherwise, a victim to whose wants, through lack of capital, they are unable to minister is hooked, they march him off to one of their richer brethren, who gives them a liberal commission for the introduction and a share of the profit when the unlucky borrower has been sufficiently bled. During the last few years it has been shown, in many cases that have come before the law courts, that among this section of bill-discounters there are a considerable number of "bill-stealers," who have a playful way of extracting an acceptance for a considerable amount from the intending borrower upon the plea of getting it discounted for him, handing it to a friend who afterwards poses as the "innocent holder for value," and dividing the proceeds with their fellow-conspirator after their dupe has been made to pay. We next come to



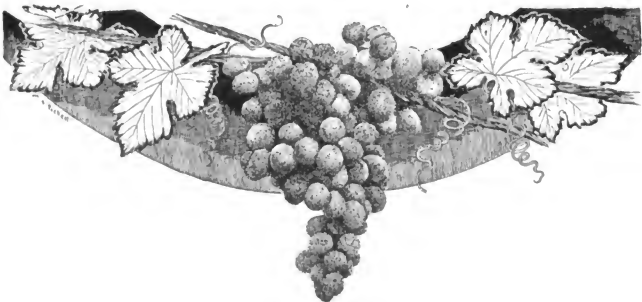
the man who advances money upon bills of sale. Now, the *bonâ fide* bill-of-sale man does not, as a rule, advertise. His customers for the most part are introduced to him by the shadier kind of solicitors, and sometimes, indeed, by sheriff's officers and their assistants. When an execution has been levied, the "man in possession" left by Mr. Ezekiel, or Mr. Aaron, makes a point of suggesting to the distracted mistress that the "governor" has a friend who desires nothing better than to "pay it out." And, if the proffered services are accepted, the result inevitably takes the shape of a bill of sale, with something very like 150 per cent. interest tacked on to it. The interest charged by the bill-of-sale man is enormous; and if a single instalment be a couple of days in arrear, he has a habit of sending down a large furniture van, accompanied by a dozen men, and clearing his customer's house in the most light-hearted



manner possible. We are thankful to say that the last Bills of Sale Act has proved a great stumbling-block to these people. In order that a bill of sale should be valid and regular, the provisions of this Act have to be most rigidly followed, and Shylock has been bowled out over and over again, and his bill of sale declared absolutely void, because he has not been content with what the law in its wisdom has seen fit to allow him, but has thought proper to prepare a bill of sale upon his own model, and to suit his own plans. I have painted the West End usurers in their true colours, and can scarcely be accused of exaggerating their merits; but when all is said and done, these worthies are, at their worst, men of honour, courtesy, and even kindness compared with those who employ that legal instrument of torture, the bill of sale, in the various stages from its preparation and signature down to the almost inevitable conclusion of wreck, pillage, and too often downright theft.

Lastly, there is the bogus bill-of-sale man. This individual advertises that he will lend money at 5 per cent. upon furniture, or farming stock, or any other available security. The loan is to be made without publicity, and will be carried through free of all expense. But

the applicant soon finds out how much of this fairy-tale is true. In the first place, he is asked to pay as large an "inquiry fee" as the so-called money-lender thinks can be wrung from him; and when he has parted with this, he is called upon for a further sum in connection with the expense of carrying out the loan, and is finally told that, the inquiries relative to himself having proved unsatisfactory, the lender greatly regrets he is unable to make the advance. These gentry live almost entirely upon the inquiry fees paid them by their victims. Some of them, as has frequently been shown in the Central Criminal Court, never make an advance at all. Others, perhaps, may do so to one out of fifty applicants who have paid inquiry fees, and then, of course, at an enormous rate of interest. Indeed, the "5 per cent." generally swells into 500. It is to be regretted that the unhappy victims do not more often put the criminal law in force when they have found themselves cheated in the way I have described. But, of course, it is easy to see why they should shrink from publicity and prefer to allow themselves to be robbed rather than publish their impecuniosity to the world. And thus the foulest inmate of this foul nest carries on his nefarious calling with comparative impunity.





By FRANK AUBREY.

"NAY, Señor, do not fire. Do not shoot, I pray you. It is a puma!"

But that seemed to me no good reason for foregoing the chance of bagging my quarry and securing a fine skin. The animal I had been aiming at stood in the same place, evidently listening. I pressed the trigger, but as I did so the old hunter at my side jerked my arm and threw the rifle up. The bullet flew high above its intended mark, and the puma bounded away into the forest!

I turned angrily upon my companion. "What the deuce—!" I began, but he stopped me with a gesture, and said, "Had you killed the puma, we must have broken up our camp and gone back. The hunters would not have remained, and the Gauchos would not have given us any assistance, or even let us have any of their provisions."

"But how in the world is that? I have seen plenty of puma skins since I came out. Somebody must kill them."

"Ah, yes, near the settlements. But here it is thought a bad thing to do, and sure to bring ill luck. Out here the Gauchos call the puma 'Amigo del Cristiano'—man's friend—and never kill one. Near the settlements people are obliged to do it in defence of their herds; but never otherwise. I myself killed one once and have been sorry for it ever since."

It was in Argentina. I had gone into the interior on a hunting expedition and,

so far, had met with no success. And now, just when by good luck, as I deemed it, I had got an easy shot at a fine puma, my rifle had been jerked up and the chance lost! And all, as it seemed to me, for the sake of some superstitious fancy on the part of the natives! I felt annoyed, and could not help showing it.

However, there was nothing now to be done, and we turned back in the direction of our camp, for it was already getting dusk; old Guzman, my companion, doing his best to talk me out of my ill humour as we went along.

"I will tell you my own experience in the matter presently," he said; "and I feel assured that you will then take the same view that I do."

That night, beside the camp fire, he told me his story:—

"When I was a young man I lived in Chili. But a friend of mine taking it into his head to try his fortune in this country, I determined to accompany him, not so much on his account, I must admit, as on that of his daughter. Old Costello was fully aware of my admiration for Carlina, and I therefore regarded his approval of my offer to set out with him as an encouragement of my hopes of becoming his son-in-law; for I had not then actually spoken about her to him. But I had no relatives to consult as to my movements; and when I found he was bent on coming over to Argentina, it did not take me very long to make up my mind to come too. We joined a small



The old hunter jerked my arm.

party travelling across the Andes in the same direction, and after a long and tedious journey we got safely through the passes, down the eastern slopes, and reached the outskirts of the great pampas of La Plata.

"Here we determined to camp for a few days' rest, and also to give us an opportunity of shooting a little game to replenish our larder. And it was here that I killed my first—and last—puma.

"One evening, when I, with two or three others, who had been out all day hunting, reached the camp, we found, to our surprise and alarm, that Carlina was missing. No one had seen her leave the place, or knew why she had done so; all that was known was that she was not in the camp; and this had not been discovered till just before our return.

"The spot at which we were encamped was on the outskirts of a forest-belt that stretched down the mountain side out into the plain, and then ceased abruptly. Here and there small streams, that had come down from the higher ground, wound through the wood, finding their way eventually to a shallow river a few miles away. One such stream was close to where we were encamped; the others were met with at intervals: and at this time of the year all were very low, so that they were easily crossed by stepping upon the pieces of rock that lay in their beds. It seemed to me likely that Carlina had wandered away up the bank of one of these streams into the forest; for I had heard her say that there were very pretty cascades to be seen a little way from the edge of the wood. Thus, she could not well have got lost—if, at least, she followed the stream—so why had she not returned? And which stream had she followed? She might have gone along the bank of the one near the camp, or she might have walked round the edge of the wood till some other of the water-courses had taken her fancy and enticed her to follow and explore it. I myself started off at once along the nearest, and a companion joined me, whilst Costello and others went to seek for her in other directions; but it grew pitch dark ere any could get far, and there was nothing for it but to return and wait till the morn-

ing. We fired shots at intervals, and sent loud cries echoing into the woods, but no sound in response rewarded our anxious listening.

"The night passed drearily. I don't think anyone slept. I know that I did not; and with the first signs of the coming dawn we were all astir. Thinking over matters during the long weary night, it had come back to me that Carlina had spoken of a stream wider than any she had previously seen there, one that seemed to promise prettier scenery and waterfalls within the wood. I remembered her saying she hoped to be able to go to explore it further before we left; and I gathered from her description that it lay to the north of the camp—a direction I myself had not reconnoitred. I now determined to take that direction; and, having arranged with the others which way they were going, and for signals by shots in case of success or help being required by any of the searchers, I started off just as it was getting light.

"The first stream I crossed was a small one, and it did not answer to her description, so I passed it, and continued along the edge of the forest a good distance before I came to another. Then I found what seemed to agree with the one I sought. It was much broader than any of those to the south of the camp; it had a belt of clean-looking sand running along each side, and it was dotted with large masses of rock, upon which, among the ferns and mosses, were masses of creepers with brilliant-coloured flowers. And as the sun, which had now risen, shone through the trees and lighted up the scene here and there, glistening on the water as it leaped from rock to rock, I saw that it was just such a place as might tempt a young girl like Carlina to further exploration of its beauties. I therefore walked along the bank of the stream, and had not proceeded very far when I saw in the sand at the very edge of the water the distinct imprints of two small shoes! They were opposite a rock that was in the water, but within reaching distance; it had upon it some showy orchid blossoms, and it was easy to make out that Carlina had stood there for some time while leaning over to



"That night, beside the camp fire, he told me his story"

pluck such of the flowers as were within reach.

"Thus assured that I was on the right track, I followed the course of the stream and came upon some more footprints in the sand. Then I reached a low cascade, and making my way round it, I came across another stretch of water with sandy shores, and following it, I could still see here and there traces of little footprints, though, from the sand being drier, they were here less distinct. Thus I went on, following the windings of the stream, looking carefully about me on every side, and passing in succession three or four waterfalls, each rather higher than the other. Each one in turn, too, seemed prettier than the other; and though I was in no mood to admire their beauties, yet I noted enough to enable me to understand what it was that had led the foolish girl on and on into the depths of the forest.

"Just above one of these falls the stream broadened out into a small lake, the water of which was wonderfully clear. The great trees on its margin, and the flowers which hung over and nearly touched its surface here and there, were all faithfully reflected in it as though in a mirror; and here, beside a piece of rock upon its shady shore, I found again marks of shoeprints. They were under some overhanging branches, and suggested that the wanderer had sat down on this rock in the shade to rest, and to gaze upon the charms of the little lake and the waterfall, which could from here be seen closing in the upper end. Not far from this rock the sand branched off like a gravelled path, and disappeared under the trees. It was the dry bed of a small watercourse that, no doubt, in the rainy season, formed another feeder to the lake; and I determined to follow it. It had so exactly the appearance of a sort of side path leading round to the top of the waterfall that it struck me as just the kind of thing to tempt still further my fairseeker after the picturesque. As I entered upon it I found the sand quite moist in places, showing that it was scarcely dry even now. And there I saw, clearly enough, the tracks of the little shoes [every here and there; and

then I saw, beside them, something else, that brought my heart up into my mouth! This was the footprints of some large beast—a jaguar, as I judged—and they crossed and recrossed the shoeprints, and were evidently just about as recent!

"Filled with anxious forebodings, I looked to the caps of my rifle—a Winchester, and went on cautiously and silently. Then I came to a place where the sand was covered with deep marks and furrows, and stained with blood! Ah! You can understand what agony that sight caused me! It seemed clear that here the beast had sprung upon my darling, and then had dragged her away into the wood; and a cold despair seized upon my heart as I recognised the possibility that all that was left to me now was to find and recover the dead body of the poor girl, and, if possible, revenge her death upon her cruel murderer. She could not be very far away now; in all likelihood, if I were wary, I might surprise the brute beside his victim. I crept on along the sandy path—as it in effect was—looking to right and to left for traces of an opening in the bushes on either side through which the 'tiger' might have dragged his prey, but seeing none. And, the ground rising, the sand was drier, and no marks were now to be seen. Still I crept on, and at length, looking to the left, I saw between the trees signs of an opening or clearing. Very stealthily I crept closer, and peered out behind some bushes—and there I saw a sight that seemed to freeze the very blood in my veins.

"There was a clearing, or small glade, shut in on the further side by some rocks six to ten feet in height, that formed the face of a terrace that rose higher beyond. At the foot of these rocks, upon the grass, lay the motionless form of poor Carlina, her face hidden under the shade of a small clump of bushes, and, beside her, there lay—an immense puma! It was crouched on the ground with its side towards me, swishing its great tail to and fro, and licking its lips, on and around which I could distinctly see traces of blood! There was blood, too, on the grass beside it.

"I noted all these things in one quick



The puma's fight with the jaguar.

glance; then I set my teeth, and aimed at the shoulder of the beast, with a savage delight at the thought that a bullet through its heart would do all that now remained to avenge my dead loved one; and the next moment the animal gave one loud cry, and then rolled over—dead. I waited a few seconds

ready to fire another shot, but it never moved again; and with a great sigh I made my way sorrowfully towards the place where Carlina lay.

“What was my astonishment to see her sitting up and rubbing her eyes, just as she might when awakened suddenly from an ordinary sleep!

"Where am I?" she said. "Oh! I remember. Ah, Carlos, I am so glad you've come. But I knew you would find me. I've been so frightened; and if it had not been for—"

"Just then she caught sight of the dead puma, and gave a loud cry.

"Oh, what have you done, Carlos? You have shot it—killed it! Killed my friend, my dear protector! Alas, alas, Carlos! What have you done!" And, with tears in her eyes, she dragged herself along the ground to the side

of the puma, and began patting and fondling it.

"I stood a minute, and looked on amazed.

"Are you not hurt, Carlina?" I then exclaimed, joyfully throwing myself on my knees beside her.

"Only a sprained ankle. Nothing very bad; and it does not pain so much now. But I should have been dead if it had not been for this poor beast, and now—you have killed it! See!" she said, pointing to some ugly-looking wounds

that were still bleeding. "See! these are wounds it received in fighting against a great jaguar to protect me; and now—you have rewarded it by killing it!" And she burst into a fit of sobbing and weeping.

"From what she afterwards told me, I found she had gone to look at the waterfall which was not far beyond, and in returning down the rocks, at the foot of which I had seen her lying, had slipped and fallen, spraining her ankle so badly that she could not walk. Therefore she had been compelled to remain where she was, and hope we should come out and find her. At first she had thought this would be before dark; but when



Carlina's protector.



The animal gave one loud cry and rolled over.

she found it was likely she would have to remain there all night she was terribly frightened, and called out repeatedly at the top of her voice, hoping some searchers might hear her. Then she had heard the roar of the jaguar in the distance, and at that she ceased her cries, and, indeed, gave up all hope; and when the puma had come leaping into the glade with a great bound, she thought it was the jaguar; but when she saw it was a puma she took heart a little, for she had

often heard that a puma never attacks a human being. Thus it was that when my wife—for Carlina has now been my wife for many years—saw the puma, she felt more reassured. But the jaguar had heard her cries, and followed her footsteps up the sandy path, as I had seen. Then the puma had come out to meet it, and fought it there to the death."

And that is why, amongst my collection of hunting trophies, I have no skins of pumas.



By OSCAR PARKER.

BY the time these notes appear "The Virgin Goddess," staged at the Adelphi Theatre by Mr. Otho Stuart, will have given place to a revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Thus two sincere efforts to bridge the pretty wide gulf between the light and frothy fantasies that crowd the London stage and really serious and noble drama—I refer to "Tristram and Iseult" and "The Virgin Goddess"—will have practically failed, in one season, to secure the support of London playgoers. It is futile, of course, to arraign public taste—futile to ask in some scorn whether, if in a population of many millions there are too few to sustain a drama of the higher merit, we Londoners have nothing but a childish appetite for sweets and fireworks. I should not expect all London to besiege the box-office of a theatre which presented a play so severely modelled on the lines of Greek drama as is "The Virgin Goddess," but I should have thought that the dramatic sense was strong enough among us to at least secure for it a successful run. But apparently even curiosity is dulled by the hint of tragedy. The one comment that appears to exhaust the playgoer's

view of "The Virgin Goddess" is "an awfully gloomy play." Let playwrights, whose minds turn on royalties, take note, therefore, that gloom is anathema. We want no stalking figure of relentless fate in our dramatic mimicry of life. Life itself, as we deliberately choose to live its serious side, is gloomy enough in all conscience. To emulate our neighbours' spendthrift—to grub the money to pay our way—to creep painfully up the back stairs of social intrigue; all this is sufficiently tragic to satisfy any artistic craving of our nature. When we go to the theatre we want from a shilling to half-a-guinea's worth of sheer amusement. At that hour in the day we have no minds left worth cultivating.

I have no doubt but the Adelphi management understood this exalted public tone before they tried those two experiments this last autumn. They must have realised the risk, and, therefore, all the more credit to them for running it. Mr. Comyns Carr's poetic play of "Tristram and Iseult" was a vigorous and, in itself, successful attempt to translate into fervid dramatic action one of the romantic legends that sprang from the dim dawn of English history.



MISS ELLEN TERRY

From an oil painting by Douglas Robinson.

Mr. Rudolph Bessier's "The Virgin Goddess" was a no less distinguished effort to revive and adapt to a modern play the quality of theme and principles of construction to which the great Greek dramatists adhered in that wonderful period of the art to which we point as an example for all time. But in turning back to the Greek model Mr. Bessier seems to have thought it necessary to give his story a Greek setting. The action takes place in the imaginary Greek town of Artis, and, of course, the atmosphere is Greek throughout. Now while the dominant passions of human nature keep a pretty even course throughout the centuries, it is asking something of a modern British audience to summon sufficient imagination to reconstruct the worship of Diana, to conceive the influence of oracles and omens upon the minds and actions of men and women, and to restore relentless fate as the arbiter of human destiny. Mr. Bessier should now give us a drama of life in an atmosphere of modern conditions, social and mental, constructed on a rigid adherence to the principle "As a man sows, so shall he reap."

There is only one scene in "A Virgin Goddess"—"The courtyard before the Temple of Artemis"—and the action is continuous in that, though there are nominally three acts, the rise of the curtain on the second and third discloses the situation at the precise point where it was left at the preceding fall. Moreover, the whole of the action takes place in a single day. The dramatic unities are strictly observed therefore. That the play has an intensely emotional plot may be judged from a brief synopsis. Artis is ruled by an incapable king, Cresphontes, whose weak reign has brought the city to the verge of ruin. Her enemies are pressing her hard, and, in despair, Althea, the queen, has secretly sent for Haephestion, the king's exiled brother, a skilled warrior and a man of action, the exact contrast to the pusillanimous king. Haephestion loves Althea, but in despair of ever possessing her, has vowed himself to the virgin goddess Artemis, and become a mighty hunter; but at the call of Althea he has hurried back to

Artis and inspires the hard-pressed garrison to new and hopeful efforts. An envoy from the enemy appears bringing disgraceful terms of peace. The timid king, Cresphontes, welcomes them and, despite the protests of Althea, of Haephestion, and of all the people, commands that the offer be accepted. There is but one way to save the honour of the city—Cresphontes must be killed, and his brother murders him in the temple. Then Haephestion and Althea plight their vows, and Haephestion prepares to take command of the defence. But the outraged Artemis interferes, and by the mouth of her priestess declares that Haephestion shall not lead his people till he has buried his sword in the breast of Althea who has caused him to break his vows to her, the virgin goddess. He refuses and defies the goddess, but he finds himself powerless to break through the unseen barrier that Artemis throws around him. Meanwhile the enemy have entered the city and are massacring the inhabitants. The women and children come flocking to the temple with shrieks and prayers for succour. Still Haephestion holds out, until Althea, coming on the scene and learning for the first time the judgment of the goddess, demands that Haephestion shall slay her and save the city and her people. At last he yields to her entreaty; the tide of conquest is rolled back from the streets and walls, and victory crowns the arms of Artis.

Where every figure on the stage is so sincerely in earnest and all are so adequate to their respective parts in the cast, as was the case in this last Adelphi production, I need only say how great a treat it was to see Miss Geneviève Ward again in a character so admirably suited to her as the blind mother of the king and Haephestion. She seemed to embody the tragic fate that swayed the fortunes of her sons, a most pathetic figure, brimming with maternal love but bowing with unquestioning obedience to the known will of the immortal gods. Miss Lily Brayton, whose unfortunate accident during the run of the piece we all deplore, played the part of Althea with her usual consummate power. In Haephestion Mr. Oscar Asche had a

part seemingly written for him, he suited it so admirably. Mr. Walter Hampden's superb elocution, fine voice and commanding figure, made a marked feature of the leader of the male chorus, and Miss Madge McIntosh spoke and acted the delivery of the judgment of Artemis, a very exacting performance, with splen-

Home" (which was given at the Court Theatre at several matinée performances in the autumn) we must necessarily come to grief. In the first act, and at the very end of the last, we may think we have a clue to its interpretation, and we might, on this slender basis, be disposed to say: Surely the author wishes us to observe



MR. FORBES ROBERTSON.

From the painting by Hugh T. de Glazebrook.

did and thrilling effect. The play was staged, too, with rare taste and discretion, and the music, which was specially composed by Mr. Christopher Wilson, must be accorded warm praise.

If we begin to ask what Mr. St. John Hankin meant to teach us or tell us in his play, "The Charity that Began at

that very good people with strong altruistic principles, and consistent conduct, do inevitably, however misguided their actions may occasionally be, exert a powerful influence, also for good, on persons of very inferior manners and morals among whom they live, and therefore, on the whole, philanthropy—even eccentric philanthropy—is a good thing, and should be encouraged.

But I cannot honestly think that Mr. St. John Hankin meant to be didactic at all. I think he only meant to amuse us; and if we accept that view frankly we can enjoy his play immensely. We are to say to ourselves simply: Now we are not sitting down to a play—to a dramatic composition, carefully constructed as a work of art, in which we may expect to find a theme of thrilling human interest, worked out to a definite *dénouement* consistent with the influence of the environment. No, we are simply going to watch the progress of an experiment in practical altruism initiated by persons of the kindest impulses, but which is absolutely antagonistic to current life and habits in the twentieth century. Nobody is going to be much the better or worse in mind, heart, estate or fortune by the experiment. We are going to watch what is sure to give us a good many amusing moments, since it is all contrived by one who has a happy facility for combining his materials with humorous effect. That, I think, is the attitude of mind that will get the most enjoyment out of "The Charity that Began at Home." Then we shall not mind if the characters are, some of them, rather exaggerated types; we shall not mind if there is no "hero" in the play worthy of the name; we shall not mind

if the Great High Panjandrum among the philanthropical party is somewhat inconsistent at times; nor shall we mind if Lady Denison, whose house is the scene of the experiment, is a rather silly old fool, or her daughter an equally silly young one. We shall mind none of these things, because we are merely watching an amusing experiment, and

nothing is required of the actors in it but that they afford us plenty of fun as manipulated by the author's "book." Well, they certainly do that. The boss philanthropist is one Basil Hylton. He has persuaded Lady Denison and her daughter Margery, that true benevolence consists not in asking to their country house well-to-do acquaintances in their own social set, but rather those who, because of poverty or a somewhat shady reputation, or the possession



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM AS "DAVID GARRICK."

From the painting by John Pettie, R.A. This picture has been engraved by E. Gilbert Hester, and published by Thomas McLean, 7, Haymarket, S.W.

of disagreeable traits, do not get invitations to country houses. On the same theory he has persuaded her ladyship that she should engage her servants, and not reject an applicant because he or she can bring no character, but give even the black sheep the chance of reformation. Of course the anticipated results follow. The butler and the housemaid behave very improperly; the service generally is extremely bad; the guests all quarrel among themselves;

and, as a climax, an ex-officer of the army, who was obliged to leave the service for dishonesty, an idler, and a most undesirable *parti*, succeeds in entangling Margery into an engagement. In the midst of it all, poor, simple Lady Denison, with her good intentions, the perplexing *contretemps* that crowd thick upon her, plaintively expostulating with fate, is, in the hands of Miss Florence Haydon, a most amusing and engaging figure. In the end Mr. St. John Hankin inspires the young ex-officer to release Margery; but this episode is the only one in the catalogue of mischief done which seems to imply that Mr. Hylton's eccentric theories do sometimes result in influencing a character for good. As I always have occasion to note in dealing with productions at the Court, the play is admirably cast throughout.

If it is difficult to class "The Charity that Began at Home," we have no such perplexity over "The Amateur Socialist" at the Criterion, or "The Electric Man" at the Royalty. Farce is the name of both, the latter of the "roaring" order, the former of a milder tone, but no less uncompromisingly over the verge of sane action. First, of Mr. Kingsley Tarpey's play.



MRS. AGNES ZANCIG.



MR. JULIUS ZANCIG.

Who with his wife has been giving the remarkable exhibitions of mind reading at the Alhambra.

"The Amateur Socialist" is the kind of play that is easily made or marred by the actor who takes the leading part. Fortunately at the Criterion the play is made and not marred by Mr. Eric Lewis, who pervades it at all points, and by his lively and sympathetic impersonation of Sir Hubert Pennfeather raises the part almost to the level of true comedy. That he is not able to quite do so must be put to the author's account, not Mr. Lewis's. The worthy knight's eccentricities go a little too far for a verdict of acquittal on the charge of extravagance. A man of position and wealth, with a wife and a charming ward in society, may conceivably be seized with an honest mania for reforming things, or even become a pronounced Socialist; but when he is made to deliver incendiary speeches at a meeting of costers in Hyde Park—when he is credited with views subversive of the marriage regulations, and breathes defiance of the laws of the land, and even welcomes the penalty of his rebellion as a kind of martyrdom, we must, I fear, assign him to the realms of extravagance. But in Mr. Lewis's hands the character is most felicitous and enjoyable. His revolutionary escapades are carried out

with a light-hearted buoyancy, a rollicking indifference to consequences that captivates us. We see through him, however; we see, that despite his uncompromising war on social law and order, he is one of the best-hearted fellows in the world; a genial, loyal, kindly soul who would not willingly distress a human being. Nevertheless he keeps his wife in an agony of apprehension, and gives his friends any amount of trouble to get him safely out of his scrapes. He courts martyrdom, and yet he is quite ready to forego it when he finds the situation is distressing his wife. When he is arrested for inciting the riot of the costers in Hyde Park, he plumes himself on his incarceration, and complains because he is not treated as a common malefactor; is indignant at being assured after the hearing that he "leaves the Court without a stain on his character." He upbraids the magistrate, who is a personal friend, for the exceptional favours shown him; but when he finds the magistrate's feelings are hurt by his rhodomontade he whips about and engages "as a personal favour" to take no further steps. But whether he is propagandising, or bowing to destiny, or bullying the representatives of the law, or consoling Lady Pennefeather, or bewailing the limited mental capacities of his aristocratic son, or making peace all round, he always has a rhetorical flourish at hand for the last word, whereby he squares his conduct to his own ineffable satisfaction. It is a fine performance—blithe, brisk, consistent throughout, and very amusing. Mr. E. Dagnall's rendition of the part of Inspector Bott should also be mentioned as an excellent piece of eccentric work.

Now "The Electric Man" at the Novelty, of which Mr. Charles Hannan is the author, is, as I have said, of the bustling, hustling, rattling order of farce, exceptionally proper, not a little fatiguing, and founded on an impossible but not over-new idea. For the electric man is a piece of mechanism, electrically moved, which the constructor has finished off externally to resemble in face and

form one Walter Everest, impersonated by Mr. Harry Nicholls. When the machine is set going it performs the most irresponsible actions, naturally, being unguided by any mental respect for law, order, discipline, or conventions. And bearing the closest resemblance to Walter Everest, the real, that unhappy individual is saddled by everybody, including the police, with all the sins and destructive energies of his automatic double. Hence the confusions that go to make up the ludicrous elements of the play—the miseries of the living double, which would be tragic enough if the spectator did not feel the futility of it all. Mr. Harry Nicholls plays the double part, and is, of course, the soul of the piece. Nobody else matters much, since they are only in the frame to provide the shifting panorama for his eccentricities, but this must not be allowed to go without specialising Mrs. Charles Calvert's entertaining embodiment of a London landlady, and the excellent character sketch by Mr. J. A. Bentham. It is no disparagement to Mr. Harry Nicholls to say that he scarcely seems sympathetic with the part, which demands a somewhat lighter method than his, more of that irrepressible vitality and incessant "go" which leaves the spectator no time to think of the incongruities. Still it must be admitted that "The Electric Man" is greeted with roars of laughter from pit and gallery, and so long as a farce amuses its audiences it fulfils its chief aim.

"His House in Order" at the St. James's has nearly completed a year and attained its first birthday, and still goes strong apparently. In New York it has been received with less favour, and some of the critics there are rather merciless. They even find it dull. I am afraid American audiences are spoiled for English comedy by transatlantic sensationalism. They like stronger meat—more intoxicating draughts. With one or two exceptions, and these not really important, there is not a dull moment in Mr. Pinero's play. It marches very steadily forward to a legitimate *dénouement*.



HARADOC THE BRITON: A Tale of Old Bristol.

By FRED LUDLOW.

I.

MANY evidences of the Roman occupation of England are to be found in and around Bristol at the present day, and by no means the least interesting of these camps is that at Stokeleigh, near the Suspension Bridge, on the Somersetshire side. It is believed that this camp is of British origin, afterwards being taken and occupied by the Romans, who rebuilt and enlarged it, so that the remains existing at the present time are in all probability Roman. It was without doubt occupied for centuries, a proof of which may be found in the interesting fact that the soil inside the area of the camp is black, whilst immediately outside the walls it is red—its natural colour.

The Stokeleigh camp lies in the midst of truly magnificent woodland scenery. The silvery birch trees rear their branches in great profusion, and hedgerow, fern and bracken abound, rendering the spot delightfully picturesque at all seasons of the year. Occasionally one may see that silent monarch of the forest—the British oak. One of these trees growing near the outer wall of the camp, on the eastern side, is particularly venerable:—

“A grand old oak whose boughs are mossed
With age, and high top dry with bald antiquity.”

Bristol was for centuries a great

stronghold of the Roman conquerors, its natural position affording splendid means of offence and defence. No doubt, too, the similarity of its situation to their own city of Rome appealed to the invaders, for Rome was built on seven hills, and here, where they formed their camp, the Romans saw themselves also surrounded by seven hills.

II.

IT was a brilliant June morning, and the Avon in full tide danced and sparkled in the golden sunlight. Rushing in from the open Channel the waters swirled onward towards the land, to return later whence they came, leaving on either side a long avenue of banked-up mud in their departing wake. It was a glorious and impressive scene, with the towering cliffs rising in grandeur against the azure sky, clothed in luxurious and varied foliage waving gently in the tidal breeze.

No human being was in sight, and Nature at the moment was alone in all her silent splendour. But, stay! What is that small dark object gliding up the river, coming rapidly nearer and nearer? At last it arrives within the area of vision, and proves to be a small boat of somewhat rude construction, containing a solitary occupant. The rower—a man

—dashes along at a rapid rate, for the swift tide aids his efforts, until he pulls up at the foot of a tall tree, rising to a great height sheer up the face of the cliff. The man jumps quickly ashore, hiding his little craft in the tangled undergrowth, which task accomplished he climbs the tree until he reaches its topmost branch, when he swings to and fro for a moment in mid air, and then drops gracefully on to a narrow ledge projecting from the rock. It is a daring feat, and one false step would mean instant death. The climber stands there balancing himself on the slight projection at that dizzy altitude, and gazes long and anxiously over the winding river towards the open Channel.

The watcher is a splendid specimen of manhood, standing some six feet six inches in height, and developed in proportion. His chest and arms are bare, as are his legs, and his muscles stand out in massive relief. His features are regular and well-proportioned, with straight nose, firm mouth, and square, determined jaw. The eyes are strikingly handsome, deep blue in colour, and his fair chestnut hair falls in a dense mass over his shoulders, which he shakes ever and anon, and when he does so he suggests some noble monarch of the forest standing at bay. Truly a magnificent specimen of alert and defiant manhood.

Presently he utters a quick exclamation, and bending his massive frame to push aside the bushes growing on the face of the cliff, he suddenly disappears from view through a cavity which the foliage had hidden. This is his retreat or stronghold, in which he is accustomed to hide himself when pursued by his foes.

The man is Haradoc the Briton!

We will follow him as he proceeds along a narrow passage-way through the rock until he emerges into a square, lofty apartment. From long usage and intimate knowledge of the place, he goes straight to one corner, where he produces two pieces of rough flint stone and a rude description of rushlight, which after some considerable trouble he manages to kindle. The resulting illumination, though feeble, is sufficient for his purpose. Taking from the floor of the

opposite corner of the cavern a short, stout sword, he fastens it, naked, without scabbard, to his side; then fixing a long, murderous-looking axe-shaped weapon slantwise across his broad shoulders he blows out the light. Retracing his steps, he comes once more into the glare of day, and peers cautiously through the bushes. Evidently the way is clear, and carefully covering up the mouth of his secret hiding-place, he takes a flying leap on to the branch of the tree already referred to, which he safely grasps; and making a speedy descent to the ground, he disappears at a bound in the depths of the sheltering forest.

Haradoc the Briton was king or paramount chief over a considerable portion of the West Country, being greatly loved by his friends and adherents, and equally feared by his surrounding foes. Hitherto he had held undisputed sway, and had always succeeded in driving away all comers who had aspired to his territory. But never before had he viewed so strange and formidable-looking a crew of invaders as were now steadily creeping up the Channel. What was this vast fleet of long, narrow vessels, each propelled by a veritable army of oarsmen, who rowed with machine-like precision and regularity? In the distance it resembled a huge swarm of centipedes descending on the land. They were the Roman legions, bent on conquest, coming to the Western shore, as Haradoc the Briton was all too soon to learn.

The British chief had rushed off to sound the tocsin of war. His henchmen were scattered in all directions, as peace had reigned among the Western Britons for a considerable period, and the people were engaged in agricultural pursuits, attending generally to their domestic affairs.

The abodes of the inhabitants of Britain in those days were primitive in the extreme, but they were serviceable enough, and succeeded in keeping out the wet. They were built of branches of trees and covered with layers of dry rushes and leaves. These shelters were used only in bad weather, the people spending most of their lives in the open



HARADOC THE BRITON.

From a drawing by Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.

air, for they were a hardy race, and accustomed to roughing it. They would erect a hundred or so of these huts in the form of a circle, in which, presided over by the headman or sub-chief of the settlement, they would hold, when occasion arose, a sort of parish council on their affairs. Such deliberations were concerned principally with matters of warfare.

These chieftains owned allegiance to Haradoc the Briton, who reigned supreme, and whose word was law to them. They in their turn commanded the people of their own settlements or villages, and in times of war these headmen became captains over those who were able to go forth to fight. Such was the system of government

existing in Britain at the period of the Roman invasion.

One of the villages, much larger than any of the rest, comprising some thousand huts, was the capital or headquarters of Haradoc the king, and it was to this he had flown after leaving his secret retreat on the banks of the river. Upon his arrival he found everything calm and peaceful, and it was evident that no news of the invaders had as yet reached his people. Outside the kingly hut, seated on a rude wooden bench, was Hilduna, Haradoc's queen and consort. She rose, a vision of stately loveliness, in great alarm to meet her lord and master, whose warlike appearance and impetuous haste warned her that something was wrong.

"My Hilduna," began Haradoc, "forgive me if I have frightened thee, but I have seen from the cliff's height a vast fleet of strange-looking vessels coming up the Channel, and I fear me they bode no good, or they would not journey in such close company."

"Let us hope for the best, Haradoc," she replied; "perhaps these ships will soon return whence they came."

"I hope in truth thou art speaking right, beloved one, but I know these are words of cheer, to sustain and comfort me. Leave me now, and hie thee to thy women, whilst I go forth and rouse my slumbering henchmen. Fare thee well, Hilduna."

III.

ON came the Roman galleys, steadily and surely towards the mouth of the river, led by one much larger than the rest, on which could be clearly descried, emblazoned in brilliant gold, the effigy of the Roman imperial eagle. This was the galley of the proud commander-in-chief of the Roman forces.

On the small square upper deck of this gorgeously painted galley, surrounded by gilded rails, surmounted by a bright canopy of crimson cloth, leaving the sides open, stood the figure of a man gazing enraptured at the glorious panorama spreading out before him on this perfect June morning. He was somewhat short in stature, bareheaded, with dark flash-

ing eyes; and his hair, which was close-cropped, was black and glossy as the raven's wing. His attire consisted of the ordinary patrician dress of that period, the most conspicuous portion being the short Roman toga, beautifully embroidered in purple and gold; and on his feet he wore the customary sandals.

This man, the earliest Roman to sight the banks of the Western Avon, was Julius Frontinus, governor of the Roman province in Britain, general-in-chief of the invading legions, and favourite of the Emperor Vespasian.

The Roman governor remained thus for a lengthy period, entranced with the unparalleled beauty unfolding itself to his vision, as his stately vessel rounded the point and swung into the tortuous river. Presently he gave a signal to the deck below, and a man's head appeared on the ladder leading therefrom, in speedy response to the summons.

"Send thy captain to me here," commanded the general; and the servitor bowed silently and withdrew.

In a few moments the captain of the galley reached his superior's side, with many obeisances.

"What may be thy commands, most noble Frontinus?" inquired the newcomer.

"I wish thee to stay here by my side awhile, Sontorius, and gaze with me upon this pleasant land; for of a truth I ne'er saw aught to equal it."

"My general, it is for thee to command and for thy Sontorius to obey," replied the galley's captain. "I ever thought our own Tiber's fair banks the most lovely of all earth's beauties; but I am fain to bear with thee, noble Frontinus, in thy raptures, for this, as thou sayest, is splendour indeed."

"By the gods! thou art right, Sontorius, and I would my lord the Emperor were here to view this gorgeous scene. My desire grows upon me to see what lies beyond. Do thou descend, Sontorius, to the lower deck, and bid the master of the slaves spur on those lazy dogs with whip and lash incessant, for truly my impatience doth increase with each succeeding moment."

"I go, my general and right noble

Frontinus, and by our gods I swear that thy commands shall be obeyed with all severity."

The captain of the galley left his master's side to fulfil his mission. Meanwhile Frontinus continued lost in wonder at the sublime spectacle, until at last the turn of the tide warned him that soon he would have to seek a landing-place; and he once again sent for his captain.

"Sontorius," said Frontinus, as soon as his subordinate arrived, "I command thee to instruct the oar-master to slacken oars, and do thou find a landing-place; for the tide is flowing back to the sea, and all will be aground. I leave this to thy care."

"It shall all be done as thou dost command, O noble governor," replied the galley captain, as he quickly retired.

The disembarkation of the Roman forces was a work of considerable magnitude, and the sun had set ere the last of the soldiers had quitted the galleys. The shore was lined a mile or more in length with men and accoutrements of war. The vessels were fastened securely to the bank in case of surprise by land or water. Darkness at last came o'er the scene, and the Roman warriors slept, to dream of blood and conquest, honour and glory, and all the horrible scenes of war.

In the galleys the wretched slaves remained, chained to their oars, sleeping as best they might from sheer exhaustion, for their exertions had been great during the past few days.

IV.

THE June sun had risen in all its splendour on the Roman encampment, within which all was stir and bustle. Julius Frontinus was seated in state within his tent surrounded by the officers of his staff, discussing the methods of procedure to be adopted for bringing the Western Britons under Roman subjection. His second in command was Festus Pabulus, a Roman greatly renowned in the annals of war, and commander of the famous Prætorian Guards, the bodyguard of the Emperor Vespasian, who had permitted a detach-

ment of these warriors to join this expedition to the shores of Britain under their own chief. In Rome, the Prætorian Guards were looked upon as invincible, and the emperor, knowing from past experience of the valour of the sturdy Britanni, had thought fit to send these imposing soldiery in order to strike terror into the inhabitants of Britain.

"What thinkest thou, oh Pabulus, of these Western Britanni?" inquired Frontinus. "As for me, I have heard from the spies I sent on in advance from Colchester, that they are a hardy race, and brave fighters, but their men are scattered much abroad."

"I think, as thou dost ask me, noble Frontinus," answered Pabulus, "that we had better lose no time in searching them out before they become united. I warrant me, by the gods! that a few tastes of my brave Guards will soon bring them to their senses."

"By Olympus! thou art right, O Captain Pabulus," agreed the general; "and I may inform thee that I have already, before summoning this council, despatched a body of men to spy out the land, and learn something, if possible, of these Western Britanni."

"Thou hast done well, Frontinus," replied the valiant captain, "and perchance we shall ere long receive some tidings of these barbarian slaves."

Such was the opening conversation between these two great leaders of the Roman army, and before the conference ended, elaborate plans of attack and defence had been prepared. Each one was about to depart to his allotted task, when a great commotion was heard outside the tent.

"What means this noise?" inquired Frontinus. "Go, my Pabulus, and bring me news of all this bustle."

The Prætorian captain departed, and shortly afterwards returned at the head of a body of soldiers, dragging along a man, securely bound.

"A prisoner, my noble Frontinus," said Pabulus, as he entered the commander's tent, "one of the Western Britanni, if I mistake not."

"Let the officer in charge inform me under what circumstances he captured

this barbarian," demanded the Roman general. "By the gods! he is of a most prodigious size," he added.

"My lord the noble Frontinus," began the soldier, "in obedience to thy august command, I took my men to survey the surrounding country. We had not proceeded far when, in turning a sharp corner, we came face to face with a small body of wild and ill-clad men, but large in stature, even as the fellow lying there. Though we outnumbered them ten to one, they attacked us boldly, killing several of my men at the first onslaught. Yonder dog got knocked on the head in the scuffle, and the rest escaped. By the gods! they fight like tigers, and are as fleet of foot as the speediest hare."

"They shall soon be taught that Roman soldiers will not brook being killed without retaliation," said Frontinus.

"It was all so sudden and unexpected, my gracious lord, and we were scarce prepared," pleaded the soldier.

"A Roman should always be ready," said Frontinus; "see to thyself better in the future; and now send in the interpreter I brought from *Aqua*, who is learned in the *Brittanni* tongue. I would question this dog of a barbarian, for I perceive he hath recovered from his swoon."

"Ask this slave," commanded Frontinus, as soon as the interpreter appeared, "who he is, and to what race he belongs."

"I would first ask thee," replied the captive, through the interpreter, "who art thou who dares to wage war on innocent men and to take possession of their land."

"I will humour thee, audacious prisoner," replied Frontinus. "Know then—and tremble—that I come from the lord of lords and king of kings, *Vespasian*, Emperor of Rome, Conqueror of the Earth, to win this fair land and join it to his Imperial crown."

"I know not this *Vespasian* of whom thou dost so boldly prate, but this I tell thee," answered the prisoner, "that I fear him not; and he will find the men of Western Britain echo all I utter. Thy task will prove no easy one, thou boastful man from Rome, I warrant thee."

"Spare thy insolence, dog of a *Brittanni*, or I will fling thee to my wild beasts without further parley, or else send thee to the galleys," exclaimed the exasperated general.

"Release these bonds, and I will soon show to thee that I fear not thy threats," replied the captive Briton in defiant tones.

"By all the gods of Rome, but he is a plucky dog!" interrupted the *Prætorian* captain, *Pabulus*. "I pray thee, noble Frontinus, do thou have him unbound and put him to the test," he added, as he drew his sword and stood in an attitude of expectation.

Frontinus acceded to this request, and the prisoner's bonds were cut by one of the soldiers with his sword. In an instant the man sprang to his feet, and with a bound he snatched the soldier's weapon and rushed on *Pabulus*, who calmly awaited the impetuous attack.

The clash of swords rang out through the tent and all gazed spellbound at the daring Briton. They looked on, prepared to see him speedily hacked to pieces, for the captain of the *Prætorian* Guards was, in that day, the finest swordsman in all Imperial Rome, and never had he known defeat. In vain he tried his famous tricks in cut and thrust, but the Briton parried each with consummate ease. In vain the Roman strove for victory, for at last he had met his match. He was getting hot and flurried, whilst his opponent remained provokingly calm and collected. The end came suddenly. With a quick flash like a stroke of lightning, the prisoner threw up the Roman's blade, and before he could recover his guard the Briton had plunged his sword up to the very hilt, deep into the panting heart of *Pabulus*!

Before the victor could withdraw his own weapon, he was pounced upon by a dozen soldiers and borne by force to the ground, and once again bound hand and foot.

"By all the *Olympian* gods, thou hast killed the noble *Festus Pabulus*, the captain of my lord the Emperor's *Prætorian* Guards!" gasped Frontinus, as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment. "Who art thou, and

where didst thou learn thy swordsmanship?"

"Know then, O Roman, I am Haradoc, of *Caer Odor, and King of the Western Britons!"

V.

TWO years elapsed after the events recorded above, and the Romans, after much fighting, had taken possession of Clifton, having effectually scattered and broken up the Britons, who doubtless had lost heart without the presence and influence of Haradoc, their king. The invaders had strongly fortified the place, and had erected a number of cold harbours, or shelters, throughout the district, the remains of some of these being visible at the present day. Julius Frontinus was still in command, and was now making preparations to cross the Severn with his legions to attack the Silures, a brave and warlike race then inhabiting South Wales.

The death of Festus Pabulus had been a severe blow to the governor, who still felt the loss acutely, for the dead soldier had been of great service to him, having been so well versed in military knowledge.

Once again Frontinus was holding a council of war, but the humble tent in which we saw him last had been superseded by a handsome structure of stone, quarried from the adjacent rocks. Here he sat in the great banqueting hall in

regal state, on a purple throne. He was addressing his officers as follows:

"Hear me, my brave Romans; for two years past have we been fighting for our lord the Emperor in this place—Caer Odor, as the Britanni term it—and for Vespasian have we bled and conquered. I now command thee to prepare thyselfes for an expedition against the Silures, who, I learn, are in league with the defeated Western Britanni, and even now are planning to send an army

against us in the attempt to recover the territory we have wrested from their barbarian allies. So to-morrow we start on our journey to crush these fool-hardy Silures, and take possession of their land, which, by the gods! will be worth the fighting for, if 'tis only half as fair as this Caer Odor. Send hither Tracites, master of the galleyslaves," concluded Frontinus.

"Tracites," said the general as the former appeared, "do thou have thy galleys all in readiness to voyage by the morrow's morning tide; and

see to it the slaves have food, for they will have to show good speed."

"I go, most noble Frontinus," replied the slave-master as he withdrew, and the meeting then dispersed.

On the morrow, the Roman fleet of galleys, having on board the fighting men, left the river, making for the shore across the Severn, leaving behind a force sufficient for defensive purposes. The land of the hardy Silures was reached in safety. The Roman soldiers disembarked without opposition, and journeyed inland, leaving the galleys with the miserable



PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

* The city of the chasm; hence Cliff-ton, the place of the cliffs.

slaves enchained therein, each galley being in charge of a master. Frontinus marched bareheaded in front of his men, as was the Roman custom. They had not proceeded far, when a spy came dashing up to say the Silures were advancing in chariots and on foot. The general lost no time in giving his orders. The Roman chariots, heavy, lumbering, two-wheeled, low-built vehicles, each drawn by two, and sometimes three, spirited horses, were ordered to advance at a gallop to meet the foe. The footmen followed, some armed with swords and spears, others with huge battle-axes.

The approaching foes met on level ground. On flew the Roman chariots at breakneck speed. On came the chariots of the Silures in one mad rush without slackening rein. Ten thousand shouts rent the air as the flying chariots dashed at each other, and in an instant all was death, dust, and inextricable confusion. Splinters of wood were hurled in the air; horses were impaled; and men's blood ran in all directions. Those charioteers who had survived the shock were cutting and slashing in their blind rage at friend and foe alike. Into the midst of this awful carnage rushed the footsoldiers, Romans and Silures, in impetuous and bloody attack. No quarter was given by either side, nor was quarter asked. The fight continued in all its savage fury, until darkness fell and put an end to the horrible scenes of bloodshed and the appalling loss of human life. Such was the battle of *Caerwent*, the first of many fierce encounters between the Silures and the Romans.

While the battle of *Caerwent* was at its height, two men were creeping cautiously along the Severn's banks in the direction of the Roman galleys. Their great stature pronounced them to be Britons, and each was armed with powerful axe and sword. As they silently approached these vessels, which all bore numbers on their bows, they scrutinised them closely. Suddenly they stopped before a certain one, on board of which they sprang. Making for the lower deck, which was built in the centre overlooking the slaves, who were just below, chained to their oars and naked to their waists,

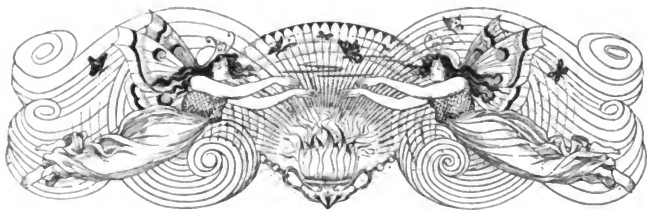
the two men saw the master standing with a long whip armed with numerous cruel thongs. He was mercilessly lashing the back of one of these poor wretches, when he sank to the floor stabbed to the heart by the sword of one of the Britons.

The two men rushed to the slave who was being so brutally beaten by the inhuman monster, and recognised him with a low exclamation of joy. They swung their axes over their shoulders in unison, striking with almost superhuman strength the chains by which the slave was fettered, until at last they fell asunder. Each taking an arm of this poor galley slave, they hurried him from the ship, finding a hiding-place in the dense forest on the borders of the river, and Haradoc the Briton was once more free!

For two long weary years had Haradoc been a prisoner at the Roman galleys, and even he, with his giant strength and robust health had become enfeebled by the arduous toil, the scanty food and close confinement in that reeking atmosphere. Seeking a secluded spot, his two brave rescuers laid him gently down, when, overcome with exhaustion, he sank into a long refreshing sleep, guarded by these faithful sentinels.

The sun had risen, and was shining through the forest trees, when Haradoc awoke. A lark on high was pouring forth a torrent of joyous melody in praise to its Creator, revelling in its glorious freedom. The Briton, in those first awakening moments, when the senses are not quite restored to a consciousness of one's environment, thought he must be dreaming, and with eyes still closed stretched out his hand to touch his hard and cruel shackles. To his glad surprise he felt soft arms around his neck, and opening wide his eyes looked into the deep blue orbs of his own beloved queen—*Hilduna*!

Such is the tale of Haradoc the Briton, who lived to a green old age. He never again returned to *Caer Odor*, but with a band of stalwart followers joined the friendly Silures, for whom he fought many a desperate battle against the Romans; and the latter often had cause to remember the valour of the great chief of the Western Britons.



VISIONS.

By SIDNEY HUNT.

"Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it."—HABAKKUK ii. 2.

A VISION is defined in the dictionary under five different headings.

1. The faculty or sense of sight ; that by which one sees. 2. That which is or has been presented to one's sight ; something seen ; as, the lake gave us a vision of clouds. 3. A mental representation of, or as of, external objects or scenes, as in sleep or trance ; as, a vision of fair women ; hence a dream, fantasy, or apparition ; specially, an inspired and prophetic revelation ; as, the vision of Amos ; visions of the night. 4. Some production of fancy or imagination ; an unreal or imaginary thing.

" And in the visions of romantic youth
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow."

5. *Rhet.* The representation of absent or remote things as present, as in a line,

" I see before me the gladiator lie."

Most highly imaginative people are visionists — dreamers or believers in dreams, especially in preternatural visions. They are apt to receive imaginative impressions, are affected by fantasies ; and, as a rule, they act with small regard to the reality or practicability. Macaulay, in writing of Don Quixote, tells us :

"To the visionary knight every inn was a castle, every ass a charger, and every basin a helmet."

Now and again we get rare examples of visionaries, like Dante—visionaries of deep insight, of penetrating minds, of prophetic souls.

Visions have ever been a popular theme with the poets, and Longfellow describes in "The Spanish Student" the pleasures of bright visions :

" It is a dream, sweet child ! a waking dream,
A blissful certainty, a vision bright,
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves."

While Milton, in "Paradise Lost," bemoans the prophetic vision of ill.

" O visions ill-foreseen ! Better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil only."

Thomas Love Peacock, in "Castles in the Air," tells us :

" My thoughts by night are often filled
With visions false as fair,
For in the past alone I build
My castles in the air."

Southey wrote a poem entitled "The Vision of Judgment," and of all the literary productions ever issued from the press, rarely has one been printed in worse taste than this. The poem was written in 1820, in hexameter verse, and published in twelve parts. The laureate supposes that he has a vision of George III. just dead, tried at the bar of heaven. Wilkes is his

chief accuser, and Washington his chief defender. Judgment is given by acclamation in favour of the king, and in heaven he is welcomed by Alfred, Richard Cœur de Lion, Edward III., Queen Elizabeth, Charles I., and William III., Bede, Friar Bacon, Chaucer, Spenser, the Duke of Marlborough, and Berkeley the sceptic, Hogarth, Burke the infidel, Chatterton, who had made away

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold ;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold ;
And to the presence in the room he said—
" What writest thou ? " The Vision raised its
head,
And, with a look made all a sweet accord,
Answered, " The names of those who love the
Lord."



VISION OF ST. BERNARD.

From the painting by Filippino Lippi (1460—1504) in the Church of La Badia, Florence.

with himself, Canning, Nelson, and all the royal family who were then dead. Byron wrote a quiz on this poem in 1820, under the same title, in one hundred and six stanzas of eight lines each.

Leigh Hunt, in his poem of "About Ben Adhem and the Angel," tells us the story of a vision.

The old masters have left many paintings of visions. There is "The Vision of a Knight," by Raphael, in the National Gallery, representing a young knight sleeping upon his shield with a female figure on each side. One in a plain purple robe is offering him a book and a sword ; the other, richly dressed, is presenting flowers as symbols of the



THE CONVERSION OF ST. EUSTACE.

From an engraving on copper by Albrecht Dürer (1471—1528).

pleasures of life. The same artist painted a picture of the "Vision of Ezekiel," which is in the Pitti Palace at Florence. Rembrandt's celebrated picture, "The Vision of Jacob," is to be found in the Dulwich Gallery.

The vision of St. Bernard has been depicted by many artists, and we have a picture in the National Gallery treating of this subject, by Fra Lippi. St. Bernard was remarkable for his devotion to the blessed Virgin; one of his most celebrated works, the "*Missus est*," was composed in her honour as mother of the Redeemer; and in eighty sermons from the Song of Solomon he set forth her divine perfection. His health was extremely feeble; and once, when he was employed in writing his homilies, and was so ill that he could scarcely hold the pen, she graciously appeared to him, according to the legend, and comforted and restored him by her divine presence.

The lives of the saints are full of visions. Albrecht Dürer, in his large copper-plate engraving of St. Eustachius, has depicted the apparition of a formal stag with a crucifix between its horns, which has brought the huntsman from his horse upon his knees. He kneels there in adoration, as one suddenly brought to conversion. The horse, tied to the tree, is astonished at the unusual action of his master, and the hounds wait about in the most perfectly natural position.

The same legend is told of Saint Hubertus. Dürer always called his print "S. Eustachius," and it is therefore a better title than the more common "S. Hubertus." Although Dürer attained great fame as a painter and as an author, it is chiefly in his engravings that we are able to get an insight into the depth of his character. Perfect in detail and marvellous in execution, each one conveys a lesson often too deep for minds unaccustomed to introspection, unmoved by the questionings and doubts, the hopes and the despair, which afflict a nature dissatisfied with the conditions in which it exists, and striving ever to fathom the surrounding mysteries. Given to melancholy thoughts from his earlier years, and seldom able to divest himself

of them, restless in pursuit of knowledge, his mind was full of the fantastic shapes which appear in the creations of his pencil. Humble and faithful in his search after good, he was rewarded with revelations which he strove to communicate. The more subtle and diversified his fancies, the more careful is he in giving them expression, lest any fragment should be lost. Hence the strange variety of forms, the wonderful mixture of the sublime and the homely, the real and the imaginary, which crowd upon a single picture—legends from those shadowy lands reserved for the visits of genius, relieving the monotonous story of every-day life.

Paolo Cagliari, called "Veronese," from his birthplace, Verona, has depicted in his picture, "The Vision of the Invention of the Cross," the legend of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, who made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, when a victory was gained by the Emperor, to recover the very cross of which she had seen a mysterious symbol. Having reached the sacred city, she caused the soil of Calvary to be excavated, because the Jews were accustomed to bury the instruments of execution upon the spot where they were used. And there she found three crosses, and that one which was the Holy Cross was distinguished from the others by the healing of a lady of quality who was sick. The Empress divided the True Cross into three parts, giving one of them to the Bishop of Jerusalem, and another to the Church at Constantinople. The third she brought to Rome, where she built for it the great basilica of S. Croce. Veronese's picture was painted in the sixteenth century, and was formerly the altar-piece of a chapel dedicated to St. Helena at Venice. It was purchased in 1878, by the British Government, for £3,465, and now hangs in the National Gallery. There is a fresco dealing with the same subject in the Sala di Costantino in the Vatican, Rome, executed by Giulio Romano, after a design by Raphael.

There is no doubt that mental vision is affected by character. Helvetius tells an amusing story of two individuals who believed the moon to be inhabited, and, telescope in hand, were attempting to



THE VISION OF ST. HELENA.

From the painting in the National Gallery by Paolo Veronese (1528—1588.)

discover its inhabitants. One was a parson and the other was a fine lady. The lady, of course, looked first, and she said, "I see two shadows, and they bend towards each other; they are evidently two happy lovers." The parson looked next and said, "Fie, madam, for shame. The shadows you saw are two steeples of a cathedral."

Modern philosophers agree in supposing vision to be produced by rays of light, reflected from the several points of objects, received in at the pupil, refracted and collected in their passage through the coats and humours to the retina, or the choroides, and thus striking, or making an impression on so many points of one of those membranes; which impression is conveyed to the optic nerve, and thence to the brain. In Scripture, visions signify revelations from God; an appearance of something supernaturally presented to the minds of the prophets, by which they were informed of future

events, as, the visions of Isaiah and Ezekiel. With regard to those mental and optical illusions which have given rise to stories of ghosts and apparitions, they are all either produced by a disordered state of the mind, or occasioned by the presence of some external object, under such circumstances as to deceive the senses.

In conclusion, I cannot do better than quote a suggested cure for a predisposition to see visions. A lady who came to the Roman Catholic Bishop Milner for spiritual counsel related some rather remarkable visions with which she said she had been favoured. "O Father!" exclaimed the lady, "are they not lovely? Are they not heavenly? Isn't it a blessed thing to be so privileged?" "Very lovely, very heavenly," replied the aged bishop, "and, as you say, my dear child, it is a blessed privilege; but don't you think you had better take a little blue pill?"



A VISION IN THE LAGOONS OF VENICE.

From the painting by P. D. Frick.



D'ARTAGNAN.

From the Dumas (Père) Statue in Paris, by Gustave Doré.



I T can do her no good, but I wish to tell the story. Six months ago I could not have told it, but since she died, and I came across the paper in her desk, I have been at pains to collect the facts. I understand her now—now that it is too late for anything but self-reproach—far better than I understood her while she lived beside me. I stood at her grave yesterday, and recalled a hundred things that had no significance to me at the time. I remember how patient she was, how loving; I know now that she must have suffered very much, and that I was not a good husband to her, though I meant no harm.

She was never beautiful—indeed, the first evening I saw her I thought her plain. But she was not plain, her face was too earnest; there was too much sympathy in the tender eyes for that. Our hostess introduced me: “Mr. Weguelin—Miss Smith,” and she murmured in a girlish, bashful kind of way how much she admired my work.

I had recently published my third novel, but my income from my books was not large, and I was glad to supplement it by reviewing for one of the literary “weeklies.” I regarded Miss Smith with a vague curiosity, due to the fact that I knew her to be very rich. I acknowledged this and no more. It never entered my head to pay attentions to her; I had absolutely no thought at that

time of ever meeting her again. I looked at her with precisely the same feeling that I should have looked at a young man possessing two hundred thousand pounds—a little curiously, a little wonderingly. I thought: “What a delightful position, and how much better I should know how to enjoy it than you do!”

It fell to me to take her down to dinner. I was not impressed by her intelligence. She spoke slowly, laboriously, nor did she seem to me to have the ideas that might be expected in a woman of thirty. With nothing particular to say, and a commonplace manner of saying it, there was, on first acquaintance, little attractive about Miss Smith.

Later in the evening my hostess said to me:

“You have made a conquest, I see.”

“I?”

“Oh yes—Miss Smith. And you pretend you don’t know. Well, you might do a great deal worse for yourself, I can tell you. Come in to tea on Thursday; it’s my ‘day,’ and she’ll be here.”

Until that moment I solemnly affirm that it had never even occurred to me that the heiress was marriageable; but now that the idea had been put into my head; since it was even suggested that I myself might marry her, my mind committed a thousand absurdities. I strolled home through the summer night,

imagining myself, for pastime, the husband of a woman with two hundred thousand pounds. I decided how we would live, and where. I furnished my study, and determined the livery of our footmen. It appeared to me a much more inexhaustible sum than it was, and, as a matter of fact, a tithe of the expenditure I mentally indulged in before I reached my lodgings would have dissipated it entirely. It was a purely visionary pursuit, and, during the next few days I did not recur to it. Nevertheless, on Thursday, I presented myself at the house again, according to my friend's suggestion.

Miss Smith was in a chair by the window, and, after a few minutes, I took a seat beside her. She was with her mother, a simple-minded old soul, who appeared as much awed by the acquaintance of a literary man as was the daughter herself. Before they took their leave I had received an invitation to dine with them, and, three months later, I had proposed to Miss Smith, and been accepted.

How her face flushed when I told her I loved her—how her eyes shone! But the same diffidence of speech, always the same clumsiness of expression. "I shall never feel that I am worthy of you," she stammered, painfully; "I cannot think what you have seen in me to make you care for me. I am always afraid—I mean I always used to be afraid—I must seem so slow and awkward to you. Oh, Arthur!"—my name is Arthur—"I shall be so proud of my husband—so proud!"

Do I seem heartless in dwelling on the defects of a woman with a nature like this? I am recording just what I thought and felt—concealing nothing.

We were married, and established ourselves in Kensington. If our residence fell short, in point of magnificence, of my earlier castle in the air, it was something to elate me all the same. My work-room was as much Caroline's pleasure as my own; it seemed that she could not lavish money enough upon it. Every day she had some new idea, some further convenience to suggest for its improvement.

"This is where your muse will pay her visits," she said, fondly; "you must make her comfortable."

The double windows looked over the park, and, surrounded by such luxury as it occasionally startled me to realise, I commenced my fourth book.

It was at this stage that I began to perceive, to the fullest extent, how deplorably little my wife and I had in common. When I write I must talk, and, if I do not exactly depend upon my listener's advice, it is at all events essential that the listening should be done intelligently. Alas, the girl who had "so admired" my books had almost nothing to offer in the shape of appreciative criticism. "Yes" and "no,"—"Do you think so, dear? Oh, I think so, too." It was a shock to me.

I took into the drawing-room, one evening, some of my latest chapters. She was so anxious to be *au courant* with my work, that I thought it would please her if I read her some of it.

They were chapters with which I was satisfied, and I am an exacting critic—too exacting some of the minor lights of my profession have averred, smarting under the sting of my reviewing pen. I read them carefully—dramatically, where dramatic force was called for—and at length I laid the last page down on my knees, and waited for Caroline to speak.

"Oh, yes," she said; "yes, dear."

"Yes, what?" I exclaimed, a shade irritably. "Do you mean you approve?"

"Oh, 'approve,'" she murmured; "it is very, very good."

"But——"

"I cannot criticise it," she said. "I am not a critic, and I know you find me very trying."

I repressed impatience, and strove (inadequately, ineffectually, but still strove) to encourage her.

"Do the opinions the woman gives forth seem natural to you, under the circumstances?" I asked. "They are audacious, unconventional, and her environment has been of the most prosaic; only the situation can excuse such doctrines from such a speaker. Do you find them natural?"

"I thought they were very clever, very brilliant," answered Caroline, slowly finding her words. "I did not question whether they were natural—or if I did——"

"You did, or you didn't, my dear! Now which was it?"

"I didn't," said Caroline, a flush overspreading her pale cheeks, "I didn't."

In recalling the incident, I am of the opinion that she did, and considered them misplaced, but at the time the reflection did not occur to me.

"You are right, then, in saying you are no critic," I replied, coldly, "for you fail in the fundamental principle of criticism. Characterisation is everything; nothing else matters."

"Not the story?" she questioned.

"The 'story'!" I laughed. "No, my dear, the story is a detail; merely the peg on which to hang your ideas. But there, little woman, don't let us discuss literature, let us talk of something that interests you. Has your costume come home from Berthe's?"

It was the cruellest thing I could have said, and I saw that her eyes filled; but I had been irritated, and was in no mood to pick and choose my concluding phrase. I had really forced myself to regard her as companionable for the nonce; with the best of intentions I had sought her out almost as if she had been a colleague. For reward, the gulf between us had been displayed to me more visibly than ever. Almost I was sorry I had married. "Churlish, ungrateful?" Very possibly. As I have said before, this is no defence of myself; in penning a brief tribute to the real woman, I must also unveil the real man.

I was almost sorry I had married, and, in the two or three years that followed, I often told myself I was quite so. One gets used to nothing more quickly than to luxury, and the things which at first mollified my soreness, were soon quite powerless as palliatives. Though I joined one or two clubs, and found companions elsewhere, I could never wholly overcome the sense of grievance that I had none in my own house. In conversing with Caroline I ceased to speak of my work altogether, and for any reference that was made to my profession by me to her, I might have been a barrister or a blacksmith.

If I was scarcely a happy husband; however, I know now that Caroline was

a miserable wife. Her interest in my work was omnipresent, all-absorbing. She never blamed me, and she blamed herself. She felt—Heaven forgive me!—that she was unworthy of the honour which marriage with me had conferred upon her. Her one ambition was to make herself more fitting for the confidences that I withheld—to prove herself, poor woman, less of a fool than I considered her to be. Though she expressed herself in speaking so laboriously, the defect was due more to nervousness than to any other cause; and her comparative facility in letter-writing, coupled with the intensity of her desire to gratify me, was responsible for a project that I was far from suspecting.

God knows when the plan entered her brain, but she conceived the idea of attempting a novel. The notion was food and joy to her. She would write a novel, and it would be accepted, and praised, and popular. She would write a novel, and send it to some publishers, anonymously; and when the title was in everybody's mouth, when all London was talking of it, she would say to me (me to whom she had given everything), "Darling, the writer is I, your wife!" Poor Caroline, when I stood at your grave yesterday, I pictured you driving your pen through those weary months, sustained by your secret hope!

It was my custom to closet myself in my study soon after breakfast, and to remain there until dusk. For luncheon—a glass of sherry and a sandwich, brought to me while I wrote. The entire day was at her disposal; I never interrupted her; I never had the faintest inkling of her pursuit. From early spring until the following January, from morning until dinner, when I joined her, my wife laboured at this task of hers. Page after page—slowly, indomitably—chapter after chapter grew under her tired hand. It was a labour of love; and, weary and wretched as she must have been at times, her resolution never gave way. I have seen letters from her to her mother, in which mention is made of it—little pathetic allusions, and enjoiners to silence. "Arthur will be so surprised, will he not? But mind, not a

whisper! He must hear it from me first. How he will stare—I can see his face!" (My wife! And I can see yours through the coffin-lid, and clods.)

It was in January that she wrote "The End," and the MS. went to many firms before it secured acceptance. She was determined it should stand or fall by its merits, and would have nothing to do with publishing the volume at her own expense. This rich woman, with her carriages, her servants, her splendid house, endured precisely the same experiences as the poorest literary tyro who ever tramped Fleet Street, despairing. Hungry to see her work in print—eager, passionately eager, for the moment when the verdict on it should be given—she yet persistently declined the temptation to accelerate the moment by any adventitious aid! "On its merits"—she always wrote her mother—"on its merits, or not at all."

Well, it saw the light at last. The payment was infinitesimal; but for that she did not care. It saw the light. Some minor publisher was willing to take the risk. It appeared; and one summer morning a copy came to me—sent with a batch of others for review.

I remember that Caroline was in the study when I untied the parcel. I paid no attention to it then; but I remember now she put the book into my hands, with the colour in her face, and looked at me a moment with strangely wistful eyes. Why should I have divined anything?

I am not a lenient critic—I have said it—and the story appeared to me to contain all the faults that aggravate me

most. More than that, my morning's letters had been disturbing, and I was in an ill-humour.

I skimmed it with irritation, indeed it was fatality that I did not throw it aside, and leave it totally unmentioned in the paper, but I did not. My wife had put into my hands a vehicle for my bad temper, and after an hour I swung my chair round to the desk, and wrote.

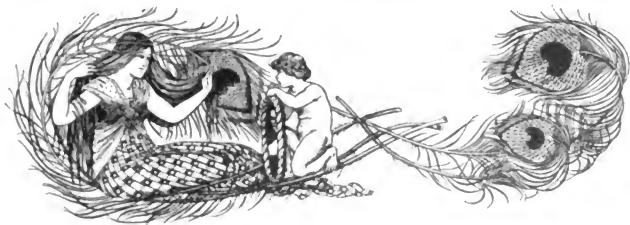
I will not quote the review that appeared in the next issue over the initials "A. W."; suffice it to say it was about the bitterest I have ever penned. An opening remark I made suggested a humorous continuation, and I gave "A Kingdom by the Sea" nearly two-thirds of a column, satirising its weaknesses, and lashing the vanity of amateur authors. When it was done, I was rather pleased with myself.

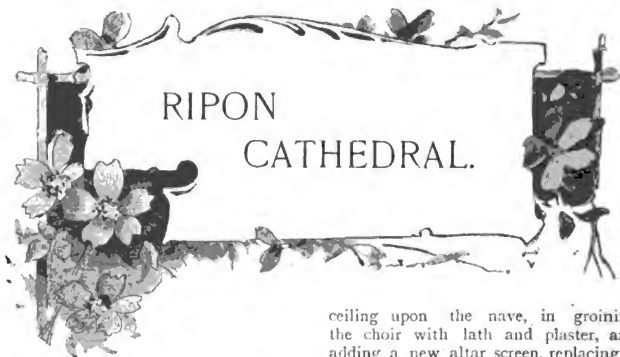
The paper came out the following Thursday, and I observed that Caroline picked it up when it was delivered, and cut the leaves. Presently she put it down, white as death, and I saw she trembled.

"Are you ill?" I exclaimed, surprised.

"No, dear," she answered, gently; and I said nothing more.

It was that copy of the paper that I found among her belongings after her funeral. A copy, five years old, with the review marked—prominent with a mourning border drawn by the now dead hands. I wondered why she had preserved it, and what the ink-marks meant. Now that I know I have explained the meaning. I do not think there is anything to add.

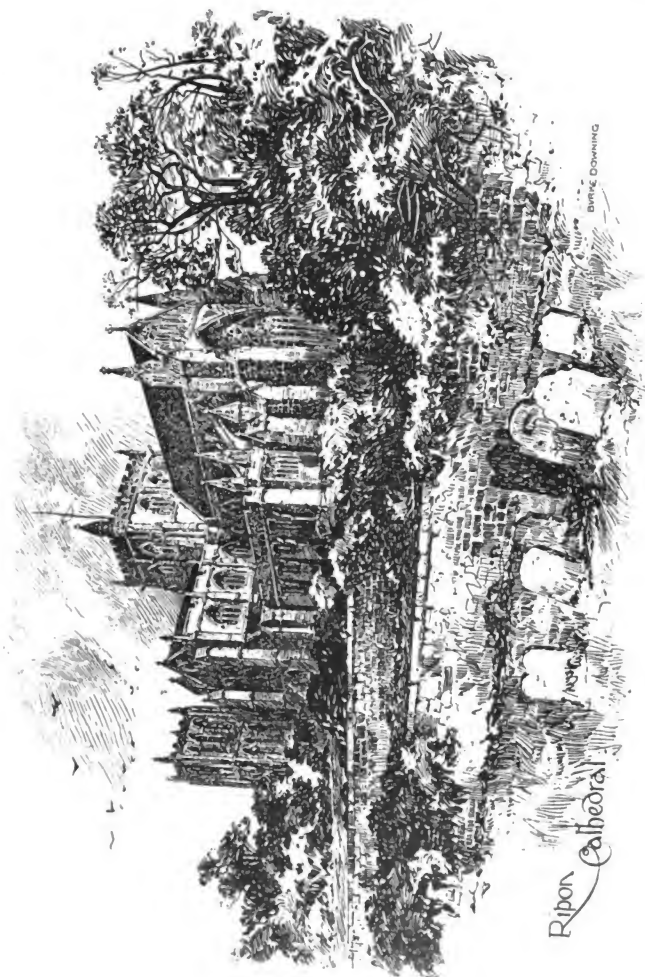




RIPON, formerly Inrhyppum, Hyrpen-sis Ecclesia, or Ad Ripam, is a foundation which began as a Benedictine monastery, but was changed to a collegiate church about four hundred years after its first establishment. Bishop Tanner says that Alchfrid, King of the Northumbers, gave this place to Abbot Eata, to build a monastery; but before that could be finished, he was sent away, and St. Wilfred made Abbot here A.D. 661. This religious house was endowed with many privileges by King Athelstan, and continued in great repute till it was burnt down in the devastation which King Edred made in these parts about A.D. 950. Archbishop Oswald and his successors, Archbishops of York, assisted in the rebuilding of the church; and Archbishop Aldred, about the time of the Conquest, endowed it with lands and made it collegiate, which it continued to be, with one interruption only, till in 1836 it was erected into a See, when the collegiate was made the cathedral church. It was first of all dedicated to St. Peter, but in some later writings it is called the church of St. Wilfred, as so many authors of repute make him the founder of it.

In 1829, during the tenure of office of Dean Webber, and under the advice of Mr. Blore, architect, more than £3,000 was spent in putting a new roof and

ceiling upon the nave, in groining the choir with lath and plaster, and adding a new altar screen, replacing a large painting representing "An Ionic colonnade." Nearly all these have since been removed. In 1842 the dilapidations of the cathedral were such that it was declared to be very unsafe, and the Dean and Chapter said that they had done as much towards its repair as their resources allowed. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners were empowered by Order in Council to put the cathedral in a state of security, and effected some repairs, but they were very inadequate. In 1854 the east window was filled with stained glass by Wailles, representing the Saviour and the Apostles. In 1861 Mr. (afterwards Sir) G. G. Scott was consulted about the condition of the building. He reported that the western towers were very insecure owing to their faulty construction, the foundations never having been deep enough. There were fissures of an alarming character on every side of each tower, from the base to the top of the walls. The west front also required extensive repairs. The pinnacles, flying buttresses, and a considerable portion of the stonework of the choir was in a very bad state. The work was commenced in 1862. The western tower and west front were first taken in hand. Much new stone was inserted, but all the old work that could be saved was preserved. The pointed windows in the western towers, looking into the nave, previously closed, were opened. The roof has been raised,



Ripon Cathedral

the flat panels being removed and an arched oak groining being substituted, constructed on the model of the transept roof at York. The nave aisles received an excellent stone groined vaulting. The exterior roof of the nave still remains of a low pitch. The exterior low-pitched roof of the choir was removed and a new one covered with lead was erected at the original high pitch. The two large pinnacles at the east end were rebuilt. Internally the galleries, which disfigured the choir, were removed as well as the closets beneath them, and the pews which filled the area. Several of the windows of the south aisle had been actually bricked up. The plaster ceiling was replaced by a good oak roof, richly decorated in gold and colours. The fine stoned groined roofs of the choir aisles were cleansed from the whitewash which had long covered them. The plaster with which the canopies of the stalls had been repaired was removed and they were replaced by canopies of carved oak corresponding with the stalls at the west end of the choir, and the beautifully carved oak screens of the aisles were repaired. The ornamented stone sedilia were removed to the eastern bay (south arcade) and restored to their proper use. At the same time the original stone arcading was restored to the east end. The entire choir with the aisles was refloored, and suitable oak seats were placed in them. The central tower and the transepts were thoroughly repaired. Powerful iron girders added to the security of the towers. Carved oak ceilings replaced the sham groining in the transepts, and the lantern roof was enriched by a painted ceiling bearing the emblems of the four evangelists, with the "Agnus Dei," which forms part of the armorial bearings of the See of Ripon, in the centre.

The total cost of the restoration was £42,000, of which £15,000 was contributed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The work was not finally completed till October, 1872; but meanwhile the choir was finished in 1868, and reopened on January 27th, 1869. A new organ was erected in 1878, and includes part of the old organ. A considerable

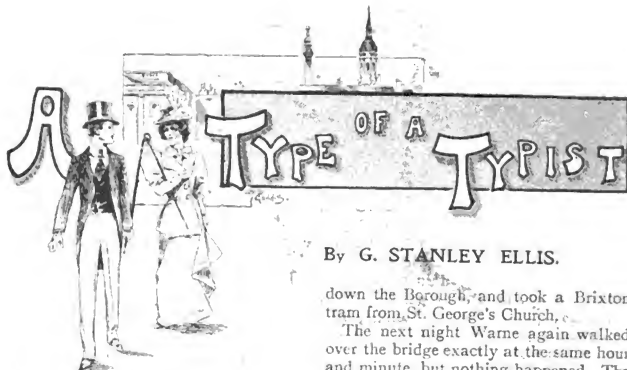
number of new stained windows have been added, one in memory of Mr. J. Robinson, of Ripon (died 1869); two others in the same aisle were given by the Marquis of Ripon and Lady Mary Vyner in memory of two sons of the latter, Mr. F. G. Vyner, murdered by Greek brigands in 1870, and Mr. Richard Vyner, M.P. for Ripon, who died in 1870. In 1886 the lancet windows of the west front were filled with stained glass in memory of the first two bishops of the diocese—Bishops Longley and Bickersteth. They fill the two tiers of five lights and represent the parable of the ten virgins; while in the higher tier scenes illustrating the future state of the blessed and of the faithful are represented with Christ in majesty in the centre, surrounded by angels.

The present Bishop of Ripon, the Right Reverend Boyd Carpenter, was appointed to the See in 1884. He is the son of the Rev. Henry Carpenter, incumbent of St. Michael's, Liverpool, and Hester, daughter of Archibald Boyd, of Londonderry. Born in Liverpool in 1841, he was educated at the Royal Institute School in that city, and subsequently became a scholar of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. 1864 and M.A. three years later. He became Senior Optime 1864 and Hulsean Lecturer, Cambridge, in 1878; Bampton Lecturer, Oxford, in 1887, and Pastoral Lecturer on Theology, Cambridge, in 1893. After holding various curacies at Maidstone, Clapham, and Lee, he was appointed Vicar of St. James's, Holloway, in 1870, which living he held for nine years. He then became Vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, where he remained till 1884. His other appointments during this period included a Canonry of Windsor 1882-84, Honorary Chaplain to Queen Victoria 1879-83, Chaplain-in-Ordinary 1883-84. On the death of the late Dr. Bickersteth he was consecrated Bishop of Ripon, and he presided over the Church Congress held at Wakefield in 1886, and at Bradford in 1898, and in 1887 he was selected by the House of Commons to preach the Jubilee sermon at St. Margaret's, Westminster.



WILLIAM BOYD CARPENTER, D.D., D.C.L., LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

From the presentation portrait by Hugh G. Riviere, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1906.



By G. STANLEY ELLIS.

WARNE was walking home over London Bridge, at a quarter-past six o'clock, from his office in the City to his home in Camberwell. He was walking, because it was late in the month, and he was usually obliged to be careful in his bus fares during the last week of the four. Warne's one ambition was to be a dramatist, and he was able to go to the pit at the theatrical first nights two or three times a week soon after pay-day; but for the fourth week in the month he had to go to the gallery. It is astonishing how many people think theatre-going is a good dramatic training.

Just over London Bridge his umbrella handle caught in that of a young lady, who was walking the same way. He carried an umbrella, for he was smart in his get-up, and paid fourpence to have his hat ironed once a fortnight. He said, "I'm very sorry, I'm sure. It was all my fault."

The young lady blushed, and muttered something which might have been an apology also, or a denial that one was needed, but which probably was the abomination "Granted." Warne blushed, too, for, though he was uncompromising as to the right of the drama to treat of everything, in private life he was shy. Nevertheless, he noticed that she walked

down the Borough, and took a Brixton tram from St. George's Church.

The next night Warne again walked over the bridge exactly at the same hour and minute, but nothing happened. The night after he did the same, and the unknown was there; but he only raised his hat, blushed again, and walked on. For, on the south side of the river, there is no foolish rule that the lady must bow first. But she did bow in return to his lift of the hat, and blushed again, but not so deeply as he did. The night following there was a great first night at the Lyceum, and Warne would, in the ordinary way, have got leave to go away from the office at five o'clock, and have waited, most likely not even in the dark entry, but in the Strand, from half-past five until half-past seven, the opening time. But, instead of going to the Lyceum—and only the regular first-nighter can realise what a sacrifice it was in the days of the Lyceum not to go to a first night—at a quarter-past six he was on London Bridge. She was coming along, and, without blushing this time, he raised his hat. It was a wet evening, and, luckily, she had no umbrella.

"Good evening," he said. "As we are walking the same way, may I offer you a share of my umbrella?"

"Thank you very much," said she, looking into his eyes, and then dropping her own.

She was rosy-cheeked, with a mingled shyness and want of it, and the want of it was certainly nothing like boldness; cheaply but nattily dressed, with more of

the *chic* of the French shopgirl than the combined shabbiness and loudness in dress of her English sister. Small, and with a look in her eyes which seemed to say to everyone she met, "You are the one man in whom I put trust."

For a little time they walked on, saying nothing, he holding the umbrella, of which she got the benefit and he the drippings. Then he said, sparklingly,

"It's a wet evening."

She looked up with the look of trustfulness, and whispered,

"Very."

"I was sorry to collide with you the other evening."

She again murmured deprecatingly.

"How far do you go, Miss — Miss —?" As if he did not know which way.

"Rollin. As far as St. George's Church, and then I take a tram to Brixton."

"Will you let me see you as far as the Church?"

"I don't know that I ought."

"That doesn't matter much if you know that you will."

"Well, I don't know how I can prevent you, Mr. —?"

"Warne."

"Well, I can't, can I, Mr. Warne?"

So she didn't, and Warne not only saw her to St. George's Church, but also got into the Brixton tram, and at last left her at her own door. And there was some half-arrangement to meet the next evening. And, next evening, Warne said,

"Do you like dancing?"

"Rather."

"There's a fine assembly down our way at eight o'clock. Shall I call for you at half-past seven and take you?"

"Do you think I ought?"

"You don't think I should ask you if I thought there was any harm in it?"

"Thank you so much, Mr. Warne."

So they went to the assembly, which was one of the places where people pay a shilling a-head, and to which they carry shoes in a piece of newspaper. The ladies generally wear gloves, the gentlemen sometimes. When the gloves are light in colour, they smell of benzine. The dancing is vigorous; for the dancers

come to enjoy themselves, and it is not a point of honour with them to be languid. After a particularly lively waltz, Warne and Miss Rollin were sitting out in the passage, the only place in which to sit it out, and he, exhilarated by the motion and the gaiety of the evening, said,

"I don't know what your other name is, Miss Rollin."

"May, Mr.—er—Mr. Warne."

"Can I call you May?"

"Do you think it would be quite right? I have known you such a short time."

"I don't think there could be any harm in it, at least not if you were to call me Jack."

"I don't think I can do that, Mr. Warne."

"Well, try. I won't look at you while you are doing it."

"Jack."

"Thank you, May. Are you up in the City every day?"

"Yes, I go with ten other girls to an outside broker's, what they call a bucket-shop. We go to write circular-kind of letters, and enclose printed circulars, and send them all to people in the country directories, to the clergymen and maiden ladies first. We send out eight or nine hundred a week."

"Is there any money in it?"

"Oh, yes, for the governor. He gets ever so much cover, and, as soon as things drop a point, we write and say the cover has run off."

"And he never buys anything?"

"Oh, no. He does well enough. But he only pays us eight shillings a week for our work."

"That's not too much."

"No; but I shall learn shorthand and the typewriter, and then I shall be able to earn fifteen shillings, or, perhaps, in time, a pound a week. Then, you know, if I get married," and she looked shyly at him, "I shall be able to help my husband. Another fifty pounds a year makes a bit of difference."

"I, too, was thinking of learning shorthand and typewriting. They are useful to a clerk, and they will be useful when I leave clerical life and get my plays accepted."

"Do you write plays?"

"Yes."

"That is nice. I do enjoy going to the theatre. Are your plays like those at the Adelphi? Those are the plays I like. It is so jolly to have a good cry."

What could Warne do but offer to take her to the theatre, although, for the cultivation of her mind, he selected, not the Adelphi, but a theatre at which a problem play was running. So they went to the theatre during the next week, and when May met Warne that evening she said,

"My mother said she would like to be introduced to you." In some neighbourhoods introductions take this form. "Will you come and have supper at our house after the play?"

"Thank you very much. I shall be delighted."

He tried to instil some of his ideas on dramatic art into May, and thought he had succeeded. In reality, she was wishing all the evening that they had gone to the Adelphi. After the curtain they went to Brixton, and Warne was introduced to the mother, a cheery little woman, still only about forty, just an older and more matronly edition of May. He was invited to come to tea next Sunday, and he accepted the invitation. The tea was a first-rate one of its kind, the liquid being strong, and the eatables muffins with plenty of butter, and rich cake, making altogether a thoroughly digestible Brixton meal. Next week Warne made all arrangements at the shorthand and typewriting school, and, as he was seeing May home after the first lesson, they settled in a quiet kind of way to get engaged, and, as soon as their united incomes should reach one hundred and fifty pounds a year, to get married; for it cannot be done comfortably for less in the select neighbourhood of Brixton or Camberwell. May's mother held Warne to her generous breast and kissed him.

"My dear boy," she said, "the moment I set eyes on you I knew you were a young man after my own heart, and that you would make just the kind of husband I should like for my May." She made hardly any difference between the

pronunciation of "my" and "May," but Warne did not notice that.

So Warne had the privilege of seeing May home every evening, and often of spending what was left of the evening at her mother's house. He had to save up some money to buy an engagement ring, for May said she "didn't want one of those cheap common rings, but a good diamond one." Now it is impossible to get a very showy diamond ring for less than ten pounds, and Warne had to drop his eighteenpenny lunch, and go up on the third floor of a vegetarian restaurant, where three courses could be got for sixpence, and no gratuities. But it was not easy to save ten pounds at that rate, and he was offered a second-hand ring for the money which quite looked as if it would have cost fifteen. But the seller could not promise to keep the ring for him, so he had to economise still further, and he found a public-house in a court off Cheapside where a large glass of stout and a piece of bread-and-cheese could be got for threepence-halfpenny. And thus he raised the money to buy the ring which convention and May demanded.

Then Warne must give up going to first nights, and take May to the theatre, and that meant no longer the single half-crown or shilling, but booking seats for two, and, if the curtain rang down late and the last 'bus had gone, a cab home. Not that Warne minded that so much, for half a hansom is more comfortable for an engaged man than the twelfth part of a 'bus. So he had to wear his clothes longer than he had been accustomed to do, and carried an old coat up to the office to wear while he was doing his work. Now, as soon as he got there in the morning, he would change his coat, and put little pieces of paper over his wristbands to keep them clean and prevent them fraying.

All this time they were going on with their work as before, and learning shorthand and the typewriter, until, at the end of six months, they were proficient in both.

"May," said Warne one evening, "I've been sounding the young governor about having a lady typewriter, and he rather

jumped at the idea." Warne did not repeat the expressions with which he had jumped at it, or the ideas he had of women typists. "I thought it would be so nice if we could be in the same office."

May didn't look so pleased as Warne, but said,

"Of course, dear, that will be too sweet, if it can be managed."

"If they see you, it will be managed well enough. You'll manage them as you manage me."

"I don't manage you, dear; you always have your own way."

"I didn't know it."

"All right, dear. Shall I come round and see your governor?"

"I'll speak about it again to the young governor to-morrow, and then see if he'll speak to his father. If it's all right, you can come round during your lunch time the day after to-morrow."

It was all right, and May came round on the second day, and charmed the governor with her modest shyness. A week after, she was installed in his private room with a note-book and a typewriting machine, at fifteen shillings a week. This was all very well, but Warne was out in the clerks' office with his manifests and bills of lading, and he often thought of how the young governor had spoken of typewriters when the matter was first broached. He thought of it more when the governor was out, and only May and the young governor were in the private room.

"Why didn't you wait for me to take you home last night?" he said one morning.

"You said you would be another half-hour."

"I should not mind waiting hours for you."

"I had to go home to help mother in the house, dear. You want me to be a good housewife, don't you?"

"You've always got a good reason for everything. You twist me round your finger."

"I'm sure you do just as you like always."

"You always manage me."

Then May began to cry, and, of course, No. 46, January, 1907.

Warne had to give in and declare she was a suffering angel, while he was a brute.

It happened that he had been lately a little lax in his work. A tiff or two with May had upset him, and he had been trying to save money by having the custom house clerk's lunch—a walk on the quay and half a pipe. Consequently his afternoon's work was badly done; he was carpeted in the private room before May, and the governor said,

"We can't have any more of these annoying mistakes, Warne. I can't tell what has come over you lately. If you don't do better, we shall have to make a change."

Warne was very angry all the rest of the day, and, to crown all, May left the office before him. He went home nursing his anger, but, about nine o'clock, getting a little the better of it, he went round to the Rollins'. Mrs. Rollin opened the door.

"Hallo," she said, "you are home early. But where's May?"

"Hasn't she come home?"

"No, I thought she was going out with you."

"She left the office at six, and I couldn't get away until half-past."

"Have you been quarrelling that you didn't come home together?"

"No, I only said she might have waited for me last night, and perhaps I said a little too much. Anyhow, she didn't seem to like it. I'll walk back to the office and see whether she was there at work while I thought she had come home."

He walked back, not much worried, but rather angry with May for giving him the long tramp again after his day's work was done. He had had no lunch, and was worn out, and his temper grew with every step he took. When he got to the office it was closed, and he walked back, getting more and more angry as he got more and more tired and hungry. As he got angry, so he got anxious.

"Has she come?"

"No."

"She may have been taken ill on the road. I will go out again and ask at the police stations whether she has been

found fainting or has met with any accident. Failing any news, I will go to Guy's, and see whether she has been taken there."

All that evening he wandered about sick in body and sick at heart, without a word of news from anyone. No trace of

the girl who thinks that when her sweetheart becomes her husband she will sit on his knee all the evening, and thinks that kisses will be sweet enough to keep him always at home, is mistaken, and the man who thinks his wife will in everything love, honour, and obey him,



"Good-byes were still being said on the doorstep."

May could be found. As he wandered, he thought over all their little quarrels, and cursed himself for being so bad-tempered, for always wanting his own way, and never being willing to give-and-take. For there must be give-and-take sooner or later, before or after marriage, and it may just as well begin before, and

is a fool. Particularly as regards the obey.

By twelve o'clock he was close at May's door. He was now ready to forgive all slights and bickerings, if he could only see her again; he was willing to humble himself as much as a woman does in the marriage service, but with

the difference that he would have meant what he said. He was dragging his feet wearily behind him, tired out by long walking and by want of food, but, coming near the house, his brain pulled itself together, and that made him stand erect and try to make his body less of a drifting wreck than it was. Then he heard a cab coming up behind him and he looked round to see whether May was in it, but could only distinguish a male and a female figure as the light at the back of the cab did not shine on the faces. Still he saw that the male figure had its arm round the waist of the female figure, so the couple had no further interest for him; because he was only looking for his own girl. The hoofs of the horse began to beat more slowly and the wheels to grind more, as the speed slackened and the tyres did not glide so lightly over the road. Warne looked wearily at the spokes as they became more and more defined.

"I wish," said he, "that I could afford the money to take May out in a hansom."

As he said it, the cab stopped in front of May's house, the young governor jumped out and helped May out after him. Warne's sluggish weariness changed to burning energy, and, forgetting his tired legs, he ran as hard as he could to the house. He got there while the good-byes were still being said on the doorstep, and he gasped out:

"What does this mean, May?"

May was startled for the moment, looked up with her face and eyes showing fear and rage, then drooped her eyelids, looked modestly at the ground, and said nothing.

"What does this mean?"

There is nothing more irritating to a man than to ask, and ask again, and to receive no answer, good, bad, or indifferent. It would have been more comfortable for Warne had May burst out with some retort or with some refusal to answer; but the dead silence maddened him. May had the temperament to make a man angry without saying anything to him; then, of course, she was able to pose as, and really believed herself to be, an injured innocent. And this

method particularly irritated Warne, for he had a sarcastic tongue, and a quickness for biting repartee is rather lost when there is no speech to which to retort.

"What does this mean?"

May looked appealingly at the young governor, and then again cast down her eyes. The young governor had to do something, so he said,

"What the deuce has that to do with you? Mind your own business."

"It is my business, hang you. How dare you take my sweetheart out like that?"

"Mr. Warne," said May, "I cannot stop here and listen to such language as you are using. I must really go inside."

"What do you mean by this?" said Warne to the young governor.

"What has that to do with you?"

"Miss Rollin and I are engaged, and I object to her going out with you."

"Can't she have friends because she is engaged to you? A fine position you have to offer her to make up for not being able to speak to another man. A beggarly clerk at a hundred a year! And you'll have less to-morrow, for you can take a month's screw for notice in the morning."

"I know the way you treat your girl 'friends.' I know how you spoke of the girl typewriters before Miss Rollin came. I'll give you the month's screw in; but I'll take my money's worth first." Then he caught the young governor under the point of the chin with his left, with that blow which always seems to lift the recipient off the ground and to bring him down some yards off. The young governor went down; but got up again and rushed at Warne. Warne waited for him and sent him down again, and, when he got up, he had had enough of it, and went home in the cab in which he had come.

Warne went to the office the next day and drew his screw, for he had thought better of that point. But May was not there. He went to her house, but her mother said,

"She can't see you. Your conduct last night has made her very ill."

"My conduct?"

"Yes. Your bad language and violence. A pretty prospect for the girl you marry!" And she shut the door in his face.

He went away sorrowing, but he sorrowed still more the same evening to receive all his poor presents back. They were poor, for he had thought more of saving for housekeeping than of giving presents, and no girl likes that, whatever she may say. They were all done up in that inimitable feminine paper parcel. He went back to the Rollins' the next day, and a head looked out of the first floor window, but no one opened the door.

"Well," he said, "I have too often been at the Adelphi in my early days to contemplate suicide. I shall go on

writing plays, and won't I just lash the faithless women!"

But it didn't pay, and he wandered up into the City again looking for a job. There he met a late fellow-clerk.

"Hallo, Warne," said the latter, "how did you come to break off with Miss Rollin?"

"You've heard of that, have you? Well—er—er—she broke it off, you know."

"Well, she's done better than you."

"Yes?"

"Rather. She's hooked the young governor. They went off and got married at a registry office without the old man's knowledge, and he was just mad."

Warne pondered. It is so easy to be wise after the event, and to read the moves when the game is over.



A FLEET WEDDING.

Near to the Old Bailey ran Fleet Lane, where, until the middle of the 18th century, at any hour of the day or night, was to be found "a squalid profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid nightgown, with a fiery face," a disrobed parson, who, for a consideration of gin and tobacco, was ready to link in matrimonial bonds any who came to him, without going through the preliminary ceremony of banns, or asking the consent of parents or guardians. His good offices have been put in requisition by runaway couples of all ranks and ages—sometimes a gallant youth and faithful maiden, honourable refugees from the constraint of an obdurate father or stepmother; more frequently a scoundrelly adventurer and a romantic schoolgirl of rank, the victim of base designs on her fortune

1700



THE RIGHT REVEREND EDWARD KING, D.D., THE LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN,
From the painting by Walter W. Ouless, R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1899.

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THE MINSTER OF LINCOLN.

CHIEF among the surviving memorials of England's splendid past are her cathedral churches, the work of God-fearing men in days when religious devotion was strong and men were less chary of giving time and money for His service than they have been in later years. Beside them our later specimens of church building are as dwarfs beside giants.

"The old grey minsters, how they rear their heads
Amid the green vales of our native land,
Telling of bygone years and things that were:
Those glorious piles, that seem to mock at Time,
To God's most holy service dedicate;
Enriched with sculptures rare and effigies,
That with clasped hands seem ever mutely praying;
And with their solemn bells that send afar
The tidings of great joy, and bid us leave
The turmoil and the strife of busy life,
And worship, as we should, the living God!"

Amongst these noble chronicles in stone of a bygone piety none is more glorious than that which, standing on a hill surrounded by a vast expanse of level country, justly merits the appellation, frequently bestowed upon it, of "The Pride and Glory of Lincoln."

When, on the eve of the Norman Conquest, Remy—or Remigius, as his name was

Latinised—the almoner of the Abbey of Fécamp by the Norman seaboard, made his offer to Duke William of a ship and twenty armed men as a contingent for his invading force, neither of the parties could have anticipated that one fruit of the offer would be the erection of a cathedral which, even in the founder's day, was to hold high rank among the minsters of the newly conquered land, and in later times was to blossom forth into the vast and beautiful church we now possess. The Rev. Precentor Venables, M.A., has written an interesting history of this old English minster, and we cannot do better than quote his version of its foundation.

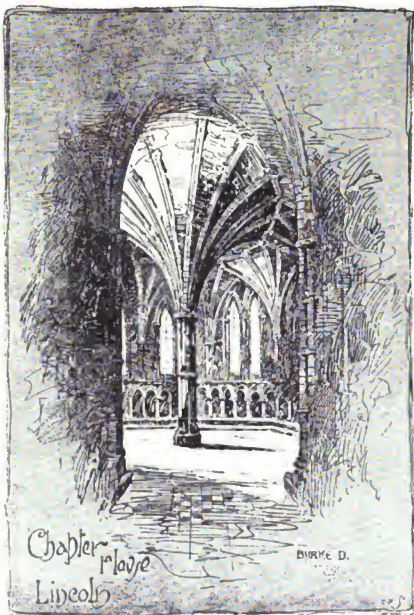
The very name of Lincoln, or "Nicole," as the Normans called it, unable, like the Ephraimites, "to frame to pronounce it aright," must have been almost unknown to Remigius. Whether, as was scandalously reported, there had been a secret compact between him and William that if the land changed masters a bishopric should be his reward, it was evidently understood that those who cast in their lot with William were pretty sure to participate in the fruits of his success.

Remigius embarked with his fighting men, landed with his chief at Pevensey, and, if not with his arms—which is by no means unlikely—certainly by his words,

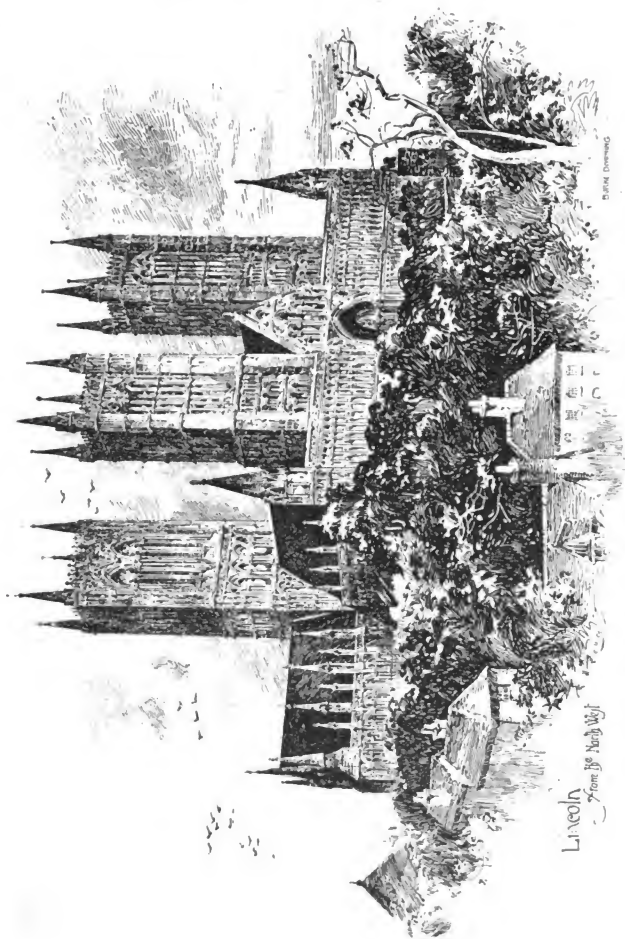
influenced and contributed to the Norman victory. It will be remembered that while Harold's English forces are reproached with having spent the night before the battle in drinking and singing, the Normans spent their night in listening to the religious exhortations of the bishops and other clergy, and in prayers and the confession of their sins. Of these exhorters Remigius was one. His reward was not long in coming. The year after the Conquest, Wulfwig, the English bishop of the vast Mercian diocese which had its "bishops stool," as our forefathers called it, at Dorchester-on-Thames, died, and his see was bestowed on Remigius. Contemporary chroniclers present us with his portrait. He was dwarfish in stature, dark in complexion, undignified in aspect. "Nature," says William of Malmesbury, "seemed to have formed him to show that the noblest spirit might dwell in the most wretched body." Discontented with a cathedral planted in a small village at the extreme southern end of his diocese, he obtained William's licence to transfer his see to Lincoln—the "Lindum Colonia" of the Romans, hoar with an antiquity of near a thousand years. There, having

purchased the site of the burghers, he at once began to build a cathedral on the hill-top, which was to be, in the words of Henry of Huntingdon, almost his contemporary, "strong as the place was strong, fair as the place was fair, as acceptable to the servants of God who were to minister in it as it was secure from the attacks of all enemies."

Begun about 1074, the church was ready for consecration in 1092; the 9th of May was fixed for the rite. Rufus summoned all the prelates and great lords of the realm to the ceremony, which was to be of the grandest character. But it did not take place. Three days before the day fixed, the founder of the church breathed his last, to find a grave in the still unhallowed fane.



Remigius's church was after the Norman model, of which so many examples were then rising in every part of England. It was cruciform in plan, ending in a semicircular apse, with a central lantern, and prepared for the pair of western towers which so commonly formed part of a Norman design. The only visible remnant of this first cathedral is to be found in the central portion of the western façade. It is characterised by



Lincoln
From the North West

Engraved by D. Colnag



MR. WILLIAM LOGSDAIL.

The well-known Lincoln painter.

the stern and severe plainness of the early Norman style.

Remigius's immediate successor, Robert Bloet, left no mark on the fabric of the cathedral. He inherited it finished and ready for consecration, and he may have thought that it wanted no more—though the western towers were as yet hardly begun—and that his wealth might be better bestowed on the essentials for divine service, and the enlargement of the cathedral staff. These he supplied with no niggardly hand. He doubled the number of canons and their endowments, and furnished the church with silken palls, embroidered copes, chalices, reliquaries, and—what we shall regard as the best provision of all—copies of the sacred Scriptures bound in gold and silver.

With all this munificence Bloet's character does not stand high. Whether the charge of sensual vices brought against him be true or not, he certainly was an easy-going man, a lover of state

and display. Henry of Huntingdon tells us how one day, when he was sitting by his side at table, the bishop burst into tears at the contrast between the rich liveries his retinue of servants had once worn and the plainer garb to which the vexatious lawsuits and heavy fines imposed by Henry I., had reduced them. His end was of startling suddenness. Riding to the chase in Woodstock Park, now the ducal domains of Blenheim, in January, 1123, by the side of the sovereign—Roger, the mighty Bishop of Salisbury, riding on the other side—Bishop Bloet suddenly threw up his arms, and with the words, "O Lord King, I die," fell forwards stricken with apoplexy. He was buried in the Cathedral, his grave, according to popular belief, being haunted by foul spectres "until it had been purified by masses and alms."

The collapse, in 1237, of the central tower, which had been built, as was often the case with these mid-towers, on pillars too slight to sustain the huge mass they had to bear, occurred under dramatic circumstances. Robert Grosseteste, the Suffolk peasant's son, was just then beginning his vigorous episcopate, and one of his first acts was to put his own house—his cathedral chapter—in order. Much needed reforming there; but as usually happens when the need is the most pressing, the subjects of the proposed reformation offered the utmost resistance. They stood upon their rights; they even resorted to forgery to maintain them. "No bishop had ever visited them; no bishop ever should." In the full heat of this struggle one of the canons having to preach in the nave, appealed to the people against his bishop. "Such," he cried, "are the deeds of this man, that if we were to hold our peace the very stones would cry out." The words were hardly out of the preacher's mouth when down came the tower, crushing two or three innocent people in its fall, but not injuring the chief offenders, who did not fear to speak evil of dignities. Grosseteste, strong man as he was, disregarded the omen, prosecuted his visitation, purged the chapter of the slothful luxurious men who were a disgrace to it, and manifested equal care for the material fabric.



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL AND EXCHEQUER GATE.

From the painting by William Logsdaile, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1905.

His renowned episcopate, which shed lustre on the whole English Church, saw the commencement of the great central tower, which is the chief glory of the cathedral, and may be styled one of the two or three most beautiful towers in Christendom. It originally had a tall leaden spire—the loftiest, it was said, in

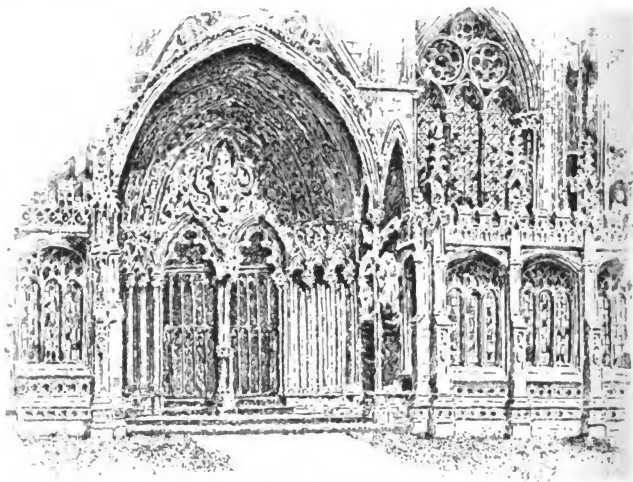
England—which was struck by lightning and fell, in the early days of the boy king, Edward VI.

The most interesting portion of the interior of the Cathedral, both architecturally and historically, is the choir of St. Hugh. We cannot here narrate the career of this singularly “holy and humble

man of heart," one of the most fearless champions of right before the fierce Plantagenet kings, the constant friend of the poor, the outcast, and the oppressed, whose name occupies a place in the Anglican Calendar on November 17th, the day of his death in the last year of the twelfth century.

Owing to the growing practice amongst English bishops of absenting themselves from England, coupled with the royal habit of confiscating the revenues of

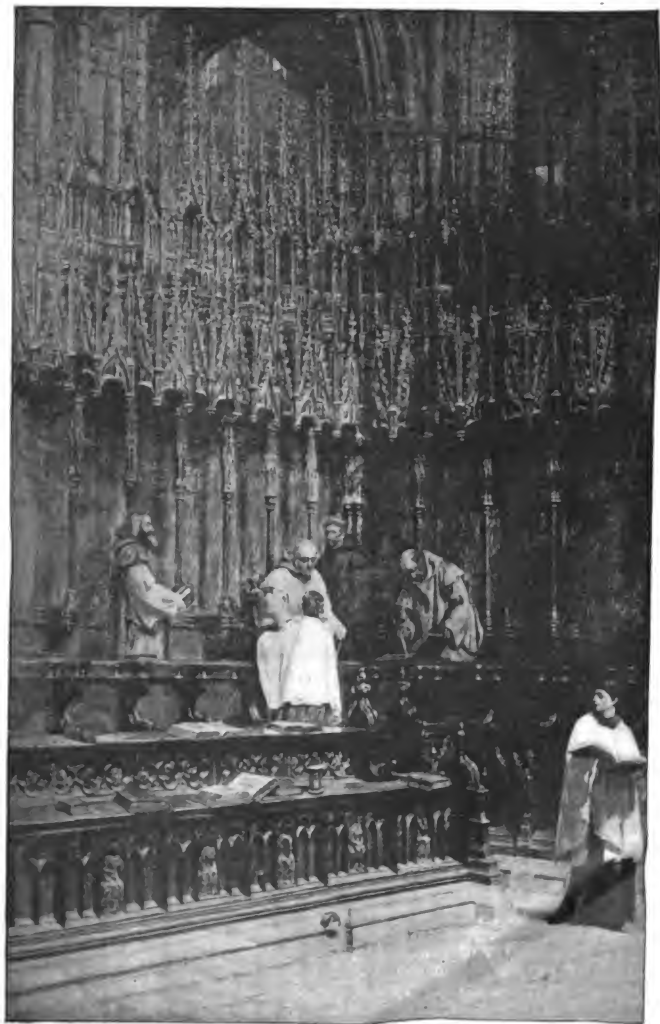
Becket. In 1186 Hugh was promoted to the bishopric of Lincoln, then including all the country between the Humber and the Thames, except the Eastern counties. The see had been vacant for seventeen years, during which time there had been no supervision of the clergy, no ordinations or confirmations, and no churches built, while those that were existing were allowed to fall into decay. By great administrative ability Hugh was able to thoroughly reorganise the diocese and



SOUTH-EAST PORCH OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

vacant sees to defray the cost of the numerous wars in France and Ireland, the English Church suffered morally and financially. Only the monks seemed to prosper, and they were often elevated to the episcopacy, to the exclusion of the secular canons. One of the monks so elevated was Hugh, of Avalon. He had been an inmate of Bruno's monastery in the Great Chartreuse, and was invited hither by Henry to be prior of the Carthusian monastery at Witham in Somersetshire, founded by the king as part of his penance for the death of

leave it a model see, with the prospect of a glorious cathedral. He was a stern disciplinarian and hated all unnecessary pomp or circumstance. Eloquent, humorous, self-denying, a hater of superstition, and a friend of the poor, he became a splendid example to the other prelates, who indeed needed such; for they had been promoted mainly on account of their secular services to the king rather than for their spiritual qualities. No one could influence Henry II. so powerfully as the fearless Hugh of Lincoln. Not even to the king would he



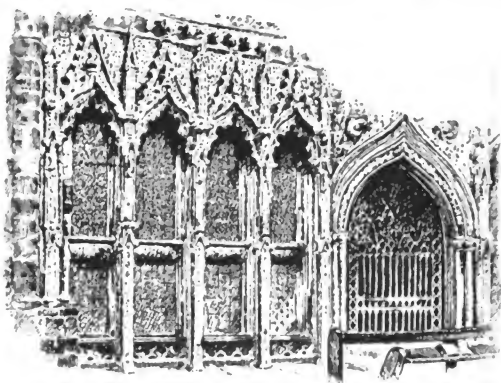
HIS LAST VESPERS

From an early painting by William Logsdail

Works

abate one jot of his love for right and justice, for once, when Henry wanted to prefer a courtier to a prebendal stall in Lincoln Cathedral, the bishop replied, "O king, the benefices of the church are for ecclesiastics, not for those who serve the palace"; and at another time, when the king asked why he had excommunicated a forester without the royal permission, the bishop gave answer, "Truly, I did not think it necessary to communicate such small matters to thee, for, as they are right, I was sure you would immediately approve." This frank and dauntless manner, and faith in the king's

culous powers, he would indignantly bid them begone with the signs of their unbelief. When he accepted the See of Lincoln, he found his cathedral rent from base to summit by an earthquake which had occurred in the previous year. Its restoration was one of his first cares. In 1192 the foundation was laid, and before his death, in 1200, the choir and eastern transept, and a portion of the western transept, were completed. As originally built it ended like Westminster Abbey in a polygonal apse, with a six-sided lady-chapel behind. But all beyond the eastern transept was removed half a



A CHANTRY.

sense of right, made him Henry's firmest friend; and when Richard I. succeeded his father on the English throne, no man could stand so fearlessly and conscientiously before him as Hugh. The bishop resisted all encroachments upon the privilege of sanctuary, and was not unused to defending his convictions against the received opinions of his day. For instance, he declared that chastity was not incompatible with a marriageable priesthood, at a time when most men considered celibacy among the clergy indispensable to their morality. Again, when men brought to him relics of the saints, or showed him some pretended evidence of their mira-

culous powers, he would indignantly bid them begone with the signs of their unbelief. When he accepted the See of Lincoln, he found his cathedral rent from base to summit by an earthquake which had occurred in the previous year. Its restoration was one of his first cares. In 1192 the foundation was laid, and before his death, in 1200, the choir and eastern transept, and a portion of the western transept, were completed. As originally built it ended like Westminster Abbey in a polygonal apse, with a six-sided lady-chapel behind. But all beyond the eastern transept was removed half a

century after Hugh's death for the erection of the matchless Angel choir, built to form a fitting shrine for the remains of the sainted founder, to which they were "translated"—such is the recognised ecclesiastical term—in 1281, in the presence of Edward I., his much loved Queen Eleanor, and their royal children, and a host of bishops and barons summoned from all parts to swell the pageant.

Lincoln Cathedral has had its tragedy. St. Peter's Chapel in the south transept was, in 1205, desecrated by the murder of the then sub-dean, William Bramfield, "a good and righteous man," we are

told. As he was kneeling in prayer at the altar he was slain, for what cause we do not know, by one of the vicars of the church, who was speedily "torn to pieces" by the sub-dean's attendants, and his mangled body dragged through the streets and hung on the town gallows on Canwick Hill.

Lincoln Cathedral claims the admiration of every visitor. In it the artist finds full scope for his pencil, and the

at the School of Art in the same city, and when he was only seventeen he sent a fanciful picture, entitled "His Last Vespers," to the Royal Academy, with three others, and, to the surprise and joy of his family, all four were hung. Our readers will recognise that the background of "His Last Vespers" is taken from the choir of Lincoln Cathedral. Mr. Logsdail's subsequent pictures of the Riviera, Venice and London are all re-



THE CHOIR OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

architect traces with delight the various epochs of its establishment. But of the many artists who have pictured the cathedral, there is one who calls for special mention in connection with this article—Mr. William Logsdail. Born in the cathedral close, under the shadows of the west front towers—he early learned to love and appreciate the grand old pile, in which his father held an official position. Educated at the Lincoln Grammar School, the young artist afterwards studied

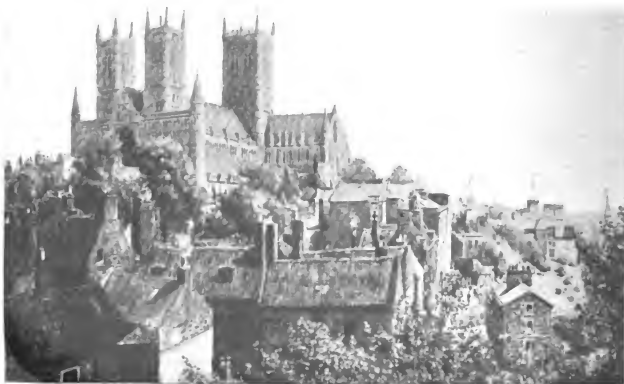
markable for an amazing power of realisation, and for their vivid representation of open daylight, of light streaming from every side, and casting no shadows. The artist now lives in West Kensington, and is one of the few living artists who is represented in the National Gallery of British Art, where his famous picture, "St. Martin's-in-the-Fields," will be found to be a faithful transcript from the streets of London.

The present Bishop of Lincoln, the

Right Reverend Edward King, D.D., was appointed to the See in 1885, and at once made himself popular by taking up his residence at the Old Palace. The present bishop is the first since the Reformation who has lived where, as a rule, all bishops ought to live, in their cathedral city, and close to their cathedral church. Born in 1829, the son of the late Arch-deacon King, of Rochester, he was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, and ordained in 1854. He was appointed Principal of Cuddesdon College, 1863-73, and Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology, Oxford, 1873-85. Among the most noted of the works from his pen, is "Meditations on the Seven Last Words."

The shameless robbery of the See by the greedy statesmen who exercised authority in the name of the boy-king Edward VI., compelled the bishops of

Lincoln to forsake the Old Palace for a more modest home. So the place was deserted—the palace which had been the episcopal residence since the beginning of the twelfth century. There had been the home of Hugh and of Grosseteste; of Alnwick, the counsellor of Henry VI. in his royal foundation of Eton and King's College, Cambridge; of Smith, the founder of Brasenose College, Oxford. In that palace Henry VII. spent his first Easter after his accession to the throne, and "full like a Cristen prynce," with his own noble hands "humbly and cristenly for Crystes love," washed the feet of twenty-nine poor men in the Great Hall; and there, too, Henry VIII. and his fifth queen—the loose-living Katherine Howard—had been received, on their way into Yorkshire, by Bishop Longland, the bitter persecutor of the early "Gospellers."



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

From a water-colour by Horace van Ruith.



The sacred tapers' lights are gone,
 Grey moss has clad the altar stone,
 The holy image is o'erthrown,
 The bell has ceased to toll.

The long-ribbed aisles are burnt and shrunk,
 The holy shrine's to ruin sunk,
 Departed is the pious monk,
 God's blessing on his soul!



“A H! Here comes Mr. Ogilvie; perhaps he can enlighten us on the subject. He is an American, so he ought to know. Mr. Ogilvie!”

The speaker, a little plump woman with fluffy fair hair and a somewhat brilliant complexion, waved her fan in signal to the young man who had just sauntered into the garden of the Hotel d'Angleterre.

Mr. Ogilvie responded by raising his hat, and then, slowly approaching the three ladies seated under the big Chinese umbrella, he bowed low, as he said with exaggerated politeness, “Ladies, at your service!”

“Mr. Ogilvie, the Baroness is simply dying to hear about this Lady Yeovil, and as you're an American, I say you can tell us all about her.”

There was silence for a few seconds, while Mr. Ogilvie's boyish-looking countenance assumed an expression of dignified reserve which was singularly ill-suited to its usual *debonaire* and cherubic appearance.

“Give us of your news, I beseech you, dear Mr. Ogilvie. As Madame Schmit

says, I die to know of this Lady Yeovil who arrives to-day.”

“I grieve to say, Baroness, that I shall be unable to satisfy your curiosity, for I have not at present the pleasure of Lady Yeovil's acquaintance,” Mr. Ogilvie answered, with the air of knowing a great deal more than he intended to reveal.

“But, Mr. Ogilvie, surely,” broke in Mrs. Smith in disappointed tones, “surely you told me that you used to play blind-man's-buff and hide-and-seek together when you were children, and lived close to each other?”

“When we were children, yes; but Lady Yeovil was not Lady Yeovil in those days, my dear Mrs. Smith; she was only little Mary Fairfax, and a very nice little girl she was, too.”

“But it isn't really true, is it, Mr. Ogilvie, that her father was a pork butcher in New York, and that she used to help him in the shop selling sausages and horrid things of that sort?” inquired a thin-faced spinster who shared a garden bench with Mrs. Smith and the lady whom they called the Baroness.

A gleam of mirth flashed into the dark eyes of the latter, and with a low ripple of laughter, which disclosed a row of shining white teeth, she said: “Not always horrid things, Mees Jonson; very good, I assure you. I like very much your sausages.” She stumbled over the last word with her funny foreign pronunciation, and they all joined in a laugh.

Mr. Ogilvie drew a cigarette from his

case, and while he lighted it said with solemn importance, "Lady Yeovil is the only daughter of Colonel Peter Augustus Fairfax, a distinguished and influential citizen of New York, and a man of good family and large fortune. Mrs. Fairfax was an Englishwoman related to the Yeovil family, and when Lord Yeovil visited New York some ten years ago he fell in love with his beautiful cousin Mary, and married her forthwith. There you have the whole family history and Yeovil romance woven into one."

"But was there not someone else?" Mrs. Smith suggested. "Some poor relation who was devoted to her, and whom she jilted for the Marquis? One hears all sorts of gossip, and I forget exactly what this was; but I believe the young man lives with them now, and is his lordship's secretary—it seems rather strange, doesn't it?"

The Baroness laughed again, with slightly malicious irony.

"I don't believe a word of it!" Mr. Ogilvie replied, with honest indignation. "Not a word of it! She was a thoroughly nice girl, and a good girl, too; not at all the sort to marry a man she didn't care for, even if he were a marquis. There used to be a boy at their house, I remember, a Sydney Fairfax; more or less of a young prig he was, whom she treated like a younger brother, and snubbed accordingly; she never cared a shake of the finger for him, I'll bet. I should like to see her again; pretty girl she was—very pretty—don't suppose she'd remember me now—not likely. It is a long time ago; but all the same I've a good mind to go and pay my respects, just for the sake of the old days."

"Oh, do go, Mr. Ogilvie! do go and see her, and then you can come and tell us all about her, and what she's like, and whether she is stuck up and grand, or as nice and pretty as she was when you knew her."

"Perhaps she will not wish to be reminded of those days. When people become great, they do not like always to have it recalled that they were once little," the Baroness remarked, as she rose with languid grace from her seat,

and drew a lace scarf over her head; then, turning her handsome eyes on Mr. Ogilvie's face for a moment, she said, with a subtle smile: "But she could not fail to have a pleasant recollection of so agreeable a friend; she will receive you kindly, doubtless, Mr. Ogilvie."

He rose and bowed low at the compliment, and then stood watching her tall slender figure cross the broad patch of sunlight until she disappeared into the shadow of the archway beyond.

"Handsome woman!" he ejaculated, as he resumed his seat beside Mrs. Smith, "Wonder who she was?"

"Yes, I wonder; I thought she spoke somewhat feelingly on the subject of not being reminded of 'former days,'" Miss Jonson remarked.

"It doesn't matter who she *was*. She is a baroness *now*, very well dressed and agreeable, and a pleasant woman to talk to in the hotel. We needn't know her anywhere else, if we don't want to."

"You are a true philosopher, I perceive, Mrs. Smith. 'Sufficient unto the day,' etc.," said Mr. Ogilvie. "Well, to-morrow I shall leave my card at the 'Russie' for her ladyship, and we shall see whether her memory is as good as mine."

Twenty-four hours later Mr. Ogilvie again sauntered into the hotel garden, and again made his way towards the seat under the Chinese umbrella. But this time only one person was there. The Baroness dropped the paper she was reading, and smiled up into his flushed face as he sat down beside her. Her quick eyes read thereon the signs of some pleasurable excitement, and she asked at once with interest, "You have made your call on Milady?"

"Yes," he answered, with a smile of satisfaction. "Yes, I have just come from the 'Russie,' where I spent more than an hour talking with her. She was charming, perfectly charming, and extremely interested in hearing all the news I could give her of my old home, and the people she knew there when a child."

"She has not forgotten, then?"

"Forgotten? No, indeed! She remembered even more than I did. How we laughed talking over some of the scrapes

we got into together!" Evidently the reminiscence was an amusing one, for he laughed softly to himself again as he spoke of it.

The Baroness watched his open ingenuous face with keen eyes; then asked quietly, "And is she as beautiful as they say?"

"More fascinating and attractive than strictly beautiful," he answered, with the air of a connoisseur; "but very graceful; a tall, slender figure, very like your own, Madame, as she entered the room in her black dress. Just for the moment I was struck by a curious likeness to yourself, only that you, Baroness, are dark, and Lady Yeovil is a fair woman."

"I have been told that there is a resemblance," she answered, musing; "I was once mistaken for her in Paris; a lady followed me in a shop and called me by her name. That is perhaps why I am curious to see her, and no doubt I soon shall do so here."

"She told me that she is here to take the waters for her health, and intends to be very quiet, as she is still in mourning for her mother, who died some months ago. Lord Yeovil is to join her here in a week. She asked me to go again and see her."

"I told you!" the Baroness said, as she leant towards him. "She could not forget; you have the gift of making a deep impression."

"Ah, you flatter me, Baroness! But I must confess her reception of me was a gratifying one. I said to her, 'You will not remember me, Lady Yeovil; I used to know you long ago when you lived at the 'Hut.' 'The dear old 'Hut'?' she interrupted; 'why, of course, I remember you, you are Tony Ogilvie—Tony, the boy who carried me all the way over the hill when I sprained my ankle. How heavy I must have been!' And then she made me stay to tea and wanted to hear everything about me; was it not nice of her?"

"It is easy for a great lady to be nice and charming; she has only to be quite simple and unaffected. Ah, well! I suppose we shall see nothing of you now, you will be always at the 'Russie.'"

And though Mr. Ogilvie disclaimed any

such intention, it was evident that the suggestion was a pleasant one.

A week passed quickly away, and during that time the acquaintance renewed between himself and Lady Yeovil established itself on a certain footing of intimacy. Nevertheless, it was with some surprise he received one day, late, the following epistle:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am in a dilemma, and you can help me, if you will. I have no diffidence in claiming your assistance, for I feel sure that you will not fail me. I wish to confide to your care something which is very precious to me, and which I cannot at present keep myself with safety. If you will undertake this charge, come here to-night at ten o'clock, and stand beneath the third window on the ground floor. It is on the left of the entrance, and looks out on the street, so your presence there will attract no attention. I will hand to you from the window a packet, which I beg you to take at once to your own room in the 'Angleterre.' It will be addressed to M. Delmont, and I want you to convey it to Surmaine Station before seven o'clock to-morrow morning, and hand it to the person wearing a blue ribbon in his button-hole, whom you will see standing by the bureau."

"If you will do me this great favour you will place me under a lasting obligation for which I shall be eternally grateful.—Your old friend, MARY."

"P.S.—I trust to your honour to keep this matter an absolute secret."

"No Ogilvie ever refused to help a woman in distress," Tony said to himself. "I wonder what it all means? At all events I shall be there."

It flattered his self-esteem and self-importance to have been thus chosen by this beautiful and exclusive woman of the world as her trusted confidant. True, she demanded his assistance, without entirely revealing to him the exact nature of the service he was to render her. The affair was sufficiently mysterious and unusual to arouse in him a strong feeling of curiosity, mixed with a natural craving for adventure.

A few minutes before ten o'clock that night Tony Ogilvie emerged from the

gateway of the "Angleterrie" and crossed the road towards its rival, the Hotel de Russie, with the casual air of a stroller. The windows on the ground-floor looking on the street were mostly dark and shuttered; but the one indicated by Lady Yeovil, and beneath which his footsteps were directed, stood slightly open, and a white curtain moved to and fro in the night air. There appeared to be no light in the room, and as Tony strained his eyes to catch sight of anyone within, the curtain was put aside by a white hand, and behind, in the shadow, a woman's slim figure leant down towards him. He eagerly took a step nearer to her.

"Hush!" she said, placing a finger to her lips. Her head was enveloped in a filmy wrapper, but by the dim light shed from the distant street lamp he saw the flash of jewels on her hand, and could discern the outline of Lady Yeovil's small head and graceful figure. She handed an oblong parcel to him through the window, murmuring low in a whisper, "My kind, true friend!"

As he took the packet, which was larger and heavier than he expected, he managed to clasp the slender white fingers in his own for a moment, then they were withdrawn hurriedly. "Go quickly!" she whispered; and, drawing back, closed the window.

When Mr. Ogilvie entered the *salle-à-manger* for the mid-day *déjeuner* next



She handed an oblong parcel to him.

morning, Mrs. Smith shook a reproofing finger at him, saying, "Where have you been all the morning, bad man? You are dreadfully late!"

He murmured something about "business," and devoted himself at once to studying the *menu*.

"We have been wanting you terribly this morning, Mr. Ogilvie, to find out the truth about the robbery at the 'Russie,'" Mrs. Smith continued eagerly; "there are all sorts of reports. They say Lady Yeovil has had all her jewellery stolen—worth thousands!"

"Gustave tells me that it was Lord Yeovil's room which was entered and

were absent from the hotel until a late hour last evening. Now, I will send Lord Yeovil to you at once. We are all the victims of some clever conspiracy, a political conspiracy, I should say, since nothing was disturbed except my husband's despatch-box, and you and he must try to solve the mystery."

Tony's emotions, as he sat waiting for

Lord Ogilvie, were very mixed and very disquieting. He was indubitably the innocent victim of a plot—but whose? Was Lady Yeovil at the bottom of it? Had she really planned this abstraction of the despatch-box, trusting to the means she had employed remaining undiscovered? Or were they all, as she suggested, with such apparent candour, in the toils of some wider conspiracy? And, if so, who wrote that letter to him? Whose was the figure he saw behind the curtains—whose the hand he had so assuringly pressed?

As he pondered, a light broke upon him. He had not seen the face of the woman who handed him the parcel—but that figure! Who else among the people he had met here so closely resembled in figure and bearing the lady whose confidence he had supposed himself to be enjoying? The Baroness! Could it be possible—!

Lord Yeovil entered, suave, polite, but very direct, and very much in earnest. He cross-examined Tony with the skill of an experienced barrister, and, as Tony had nothing to hide, the name of the Baroness Grünstein was not long unmentioned.

"Describe her," demanded his lordship, and when Tony had concluded his

account, a messenger was sent to the Hotel d'Angleterre to make inquiries as to the lady's movements. In a few moments he returned. *The Baroness Grünstein had left that morning, her destination Berlin!*

A couple of days later the post brought a somewhat bulky parcel to Lord Yeovil. It was his despatch-box! The papers it had contained were intact, but a scented sheet of paper lay on top of them, which read as follows:—

"My lord, I return your despatches, for the loan of which I am obliged. Please see that Mr. Ogilvie is restored to liberty, as the poor man is quite innocent of any intent to annoy your lordship. I am afraid he was beguiled by a too-confiding nature, and a certain resemblance between Lady Yeovil and

"THE ... yield



Lady Yeovil herself entered.

Bankruptcy Court: and that is all, unless we are to reckon the Old Bailey, the Middlesex and Surrey Sessions, and the county courts and police courts, where barristers have but little to do. Here is the field of practice in which three thousand gentlemen are to earn, or are expected to earn, a professional income.

One is astonished at first that so many men should be called to the Bar with a prospect so hopeless before them. Let us suppose that two millions and a half of money is annually and honestly paid to counsel in London for their fees. The supposition is ridiculous, especially when one considers how small the fees of young counsel are, and how very often solicitors forget to pay them. For my own part, I believe that half this amount—a million and a quarter of money—would be in excess, and very considerably in excess, of the fees actually paid. But if we take the larger estimate, it gives to every counsel, from the Attorney-General and the recognised chief of Parliamentary Committees down to the most timid aspirant at the Middlesex Sessions, an average income of a little over £800 a year. This, it must be remembered, is gross income, from which have to be deducted chamber expenses, purchase of law books, and various other items that give greater or lesser friction. But then as against this, it must be remembered that the leaders of the Bar make very large incomes. I doubt if at this moment there is any man who is making more than £20,000 a year. It is within my knowledge that the late Mr. Benjamin considered it a very good average year when he had cleared £15,000. But there are at present, without mentioning Benjamin, who certainly make more than Benjamin, who was not greedy of money and would not take cases to which he could not attend. Other men are scrupulous; and I daresay five-and-twenty counsel are earning from £10,000 to £15,000 a year. There are at least twenty who will be making £5,000. If incomes of £2,000 are made by few men, it is probable that the Bar at all.

But a little moderate calculation will show that these seventy-five prosperous gentlemen earn nearly £700,000 a year, to be deducted from the averages of their struggling brethren.

These are dry figures, and I will try to be a little more concrete. Practically, the greater men at the Bar make considerable incomes for which they work very hard. The smaller men for year after year practically make nothing at all, and are often absolutely out of pocket. Some of them have private means. Others are subsidised from home. Others make a little money by journalism, or reporting, or private tuition. They bear their sufferings as bravely as did the Spartan youth who was hiding the stolen fox. But they suffer terribly. A man who goes to the Bar without interest and without connection, and who, although well educated, is yet not brilliant—the ordinary kind of man who has been to a public school and taken a creditable degree—may consider himself lucky if, by the time he is from thirty-five to forty, and ought to be thinking of sending his children to school and placing them out in life, he can count on a steady £500 a year from a few small and regularly-paying clients. Now there is hardly any calling he could have adopted in which he would not have done better. For, in the first place, the competition at the Bar is cut-throat in its character. In the next place, a barrister cannot take a partner; so that he is obliged to attend personally to his work without interposing a sickness of six months. He must throw his whole strength into his work, and always at a moment's notice. If a physician always has a solicitor wants a rest, or a doctor a friend who will watch his business for him while he is away, and when he returns will not have been touched upon it. At the Bar, I am sorry to say, the competition is so keen that many barristers, if compelled to "hand over" a brief, are careful to give it to a man who is not ever likely to prove their rival.

Why then do so many men embrace a profession, which, when they have reached the prime of life, is hardly likely to yield

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half-past nine in the morning. He dines at a chop-house or in Hall, returns to his chambers and does not leave them till eight. He stops up all through the Long Vacation; he does hack-work for the legal publishers, and articles for the law magazines. He is always ready to go to the county court for a guinea, if the case—as solicitors put it—will “not bear more,” and he feels secured for life when he is made a revising barrister.

A vast number of very foolish epigrams have been made about success at the Bar. One of these is, that the first essential is good animal spirits, and that if you add a little law it will not materially hamper you. Well, the late Lord Justice Mellish succeeded at the Bar; so did Mr. Justice Hawkins; so did Mr. Justice Manisty; so did the late Sergeant Wilkins. Then we are told that law is a stern mistress, and unforgiving, and that those who woo her must court her without intermission by night and by day. And yet Sir Alexander Cockburn has not so long passed away, and Mr. Justice Maule is not entirely forgotten. Campbell used to say that there were four roads to success at the Bar—quarter sessions, special pleading, hugging attorneys, and miracle. In three of these four roads his lordship knew his way uncommonly well. Somewhere in “Coningsby” Sidonia says that every man who goes to the Bar has his chance sooner or later. This is a mistake. The fact is that the work of a junior at the Bar is, as a rule, so easy that a good man has no chance of showing the stuff that is in him. Dull, slow, respectable Smithson can draw pleadings and go through all the other routine as easily as if he were brilliant and had energies which he had devoted to his profession. You cannot show your abilities at the Bar until you get your chance, and it is seldom that the chance comes.

Quand licet Basilo fletum producere matrem?
Quis bend dicentem Basilius ferat . . .

* * * *

. . . . *rara in tenui facundia panno.*
Juvenal has told us all about the Roman Bar in his own time; and every word is applicable to the English Bar at the present day.

The fact is that the English Bar is in the hands of solicitors. We are, as Lord Westbury said, “the most solicitor-ridden nation on the face of the earth.” To succeed at the Bar you must command solicitors, or come from them, or get at them, or get round them somehow. This is a hard saying to the young man who has just taken his first class, or otherwise covered himself with university distinctions. But it happens to be the truth.

III.

LET us take the crown and glory of things, and see how it feels when it is fitted on. I am not talking of the crown of all—the Chancellorship—but of an ordinary judgeship. Even in these there are degrees. It is pleasanter, more dignified, and more lucrative to sit in the Court of Appeal or to be a Lord Chief Justice than to be a mere judge; but the latter post is enough for any reasonable ambition.

A judge has a pleasant time of it. It is a mistake to suppose that his work is very hard. His hours need not be longer than from ten to four or thereabouts, unless he chooses to make them so; and he has liberal holidays. Most of the work is the merest A B C to him. He does not feel like a Senior Classic who is treading the middle fifth in his Virgil. In fact, the work is dull because it is so very easy. The greater number of actions give no trouble at all, and any man with a sound head and sufficient strength of character ought to be able to try them after he has been at the Bar five or six years. Of course there are difficult and intricate cases—chancery cases in which several parties are concerned, and cases where the evidence is conflicting, or doubtful, or uncertain. But the bulk of litigation in its early stage puts no strain upon a judge; it is simply tedious.

Arguments are another matter; but even here fortune is kind to the judges. To say that litigants are litigious is to say that there is a good deal of human nature in man. A very large number of cases that come on for argument are absolutely rotten. I was once in the

from time to time to dine with the judges; and judges are the very best of company. Those who know them in private life will bear me out in that. A judge is, as a rule, an ideal of an English gentleman. He is highly educated and a thorough man of the world. He is courteous, an admirable talker, and possessed of a great fund of anecdote. He has strong opinions, and rarely conceals them; and he almost always has that contagious kind of happiness which is the characteristic of a man who, being still in vigorous health, has secured everything in this world for which he cares. Can one wonder that such prizes should tempt to the Bar men who are still full of the over-confidence of youth?

IV.

IT is commonly believed that the work of a barrister is very interesting.

This is because the public forms its idea of what a barrister's work is from listening to him when he is keenly arguing with a Bench of judges, or performing the time-honoured operation of raising roars of laughter or of not leaving a dry eye in the court. If you have the nerve to attend a hospital and to see a surgeon of eminence perform a brilliant operation in the theatre, you will probably be fired with enthusiasm for the grandeur of the profession. But the treatment of ordinary cases is very dull work. And so it is with the law. The bulk of a barrister's work is absolutely uninteresting, even from a professional point of view; and this is especially so for juniors, who are not entrusted with the management of important cases. Out of ten sets of papers that come into your chambers, there will be nine that involve no point of law worth consideration or capable of serious argument, and are devoid of all interest, except to the parties concerned. Builders' actions, and actions on bonds, and ordinary actions for debt are generally of this kind. Your only consolation is that you get your fee. As for distinguishing himself, a young barrister rarely gets the chance, except in novels. The most he can do is to display a sound business capacity and power of grasping business trans-

actions in their details. Solicitors value this in a junior more than anything else. But for a long time after you are called the work will be terribly prosaic.

As you get on a bit—if you do get on—things become pleasanter. In the first place, the smaller fry of solicitors with shady and troublesome little cases leave you and seek some other victim, as young and confiding as once you were. You get your fees paid, or nearly all of them. You get a better class of business. You begin to give up quarter sessions, and to drop county courts and other small work. And when you are really well in the swim, the work is highly interesting. Opinions come that have to be carefully considered. The cases are heavy and want work. You are pitted against men who are your match, and sometimes more than your match. Your wits are always on the stretch, and you are thankful when the Long Vacation comes round. This is about the most trying part of your professional career. You are past forty, nearly fifty perhaps. You are making a fairly good income, but not a remarkably good one, and two difficulties are almost certain to trouble you. The first is whether you shall go into Parliament—which means whether you can afford to do so. And then comes another question, which is whether you shall accept some small preferment of £1,500 or £2,000 a year, or whether you will hold on in the hope of becoming a judge of the High Court. The temptation to accept a certainty, and to live in peace for the remainder of your days, is very great; and if you are a sound lawyer and in good practice, you can make sure of some minor appointment; you practically have only to ask for it. But there is great uncertainty about the judicial Bench. Sir Fitzroy Kelly had to wait for years because his party were out of power; and there are men now at the Bar who might with advantage be on the Bench, and one or two judges on the Bench who set you thinking of the proverbial flies in amber. I may perhaps sum up the chances by saying that a man of real ability has a slightly better chance at the Bar of being made

a judge than he would have had of being made a bishop if he had taken orders.

It is when you are well past the prime of life that half success is most felt. Younger men are coming to the front, and your work gets more distasteful; and yet there is nothing for you to do but to keep on. Here a doctor has an advantage—especially a doctor in the country. He can sell his practice and retire; or he can take a junior partner to do the hard work; and his patients do not leave him or go to younger men. This is the case not in medicine alone, but more or less in all professions where you are brought into personal contact with your clients. A sort of quasi-friendship grows up and keeps the connection together. No such sentiment exists as between solicitors and barristers. Many barristers when they get beyond sixty begin to find their practice drop away; and there is no sight more melancholy than that of a man who is past his work, or is believed to be past it, wandering from court to court and watching younger men busy with the briefs that once came to himself. He neglected to secure a small certainty at the proper time. Perhaps he has spent money in contested elections which he might better have saved. I know such instances. I am thinking now of a man who was called many years ago, and when he was forty had a very good practice, making about £4,000 a year, and sometimes more. He was a sound lawyer of the old school, and his pleadings and opinions were excellent. He never took silk, as he had not the faculty of addressing juries, and would have had to give up all his small and most paying work. But he could argue a case very well, and

the judges always treated him with the courtesy they show to men who do their work thoroughly. Somehow or other he never got anything. For year after year he missed a county court judgeship. He never got made a master—a post he would have filled admirably. Then came the Judicature Act which lost him most of his pleading. Little by little his business fell away; and just before he died his income was not a tenth of what it had been once. The brighter side of the question we all see and know. We can see the King's Counsel who is in every case on his circuit, who has an immense business in London, who sits in Parliament, who has more work than he can manage, who can afford to slight the solicitors who formerly patronised him, who has saved much money, who may one day be Solicitor-General and who is known to have refused a judgeship. Or we might, a few years ago, have gone into the chambers of Mr. Benjamin and have seen his memorable notice that he attended no courts except the House of Lords and the Privy Council, and only attended those for a special fee of a hundred guineas in addition to the usual fee on his brief. Mr. Benjamin could afford to do this. But such men as Benjamin, Lord Westbury, when Sir Richard Bethel; the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, when he was Attorney-General; the late Mr. Austin, when he could affect the price of railway-stock by a speech in Committee and could saunter down Rotten Row observing that he was doing his duty impartially to all his clients, are the exceptions that prove the rule. I should think that more brilliant men have wasted their lives at the Bar than in any other profession or occupation whatever.





MRS SINCLAIR'S DIAMONDS

By Mary Seaton

"LOOK, Jack, the great mystery of the diamond pendant is solved at last," said Mrs. Sinclair, handing her husband a London paper just arrived by the mail. "See! in that list of things stolen from 18, Belgrave Gardens, about the beginning of July, there is a Louis XVI. pendant, with large pink diamond in scroll. Isn't it funny, after all these months?"

"Yes," said Jack; "but now I shall have to write to the lawyers and explain matters, and that will not be quite so funny."

* * * *

When, just three years before the date of the above conversation, Dolly's engagement to Mr. Sinclair, of the Ceylon Civil Service, was announced, there was a chorus of amazement and dismay among her friends and relations.

She belonged to a very rich set, the men whereof drove to business in very smart carriages in the morning, and helped materially to swell the revenues of such institutions as the Savoy Hotel and Willis's Restaurant in the evening. The women spent more on dress in one year than many duchesses would in three, and looked on life without a lady's maid and a saddle horse as quite impossible.

Mr. Sinclair was a young civil servant, whose pay, as Dolly's father plaintively

put it, "would not dress a family, let alone feed it;" but then Dolly's father was hardly a judge of these matters, as the ladies of his family had a free hand in the matter of dress, and spent a very liberal amount.

However, as Mrs. Gordon wisely remarked, "the Civil Service in India meant a great deal more than pounds, shillings and pence; and some day Mr. Sinclair may be a K.C.M.G., and governor of a colony, so papa had better waive his objections, make up his mind to give Dolly a decent allowance and let her marry the man with whom she had fallen in love."

Accordingly, as Mrs. Gordon's counsels always carried great weight in the family circle, the wedding was duly celebrated with great pomp and ceremony, and the newly-married couple, after spending a week and a great deal of money in Paris, went on by a steamer of the Messageries Maritimes to Colombo, where Mr. Sinclair held the important, but not very highly-paid, office of assistant colonial secretary.

Before they left the house, Mr. Gordon had a few words in private with the bridegroom.

"Remember, my boy," he said, "the wife has quite set her heart on presenting Dolly at the first Drawing Room the year after next, so you must let her come home for the summer. I will see it through for you. In the meantime, here is something to spend in Paris," and putting a cheque for a good round sum in his hand, he bade him good-bye, and

the happy pair drove off amid showers of rice and white satin slippers.

Being a very happy-minded little woman, and thoroughly in love with her husband, Dolly found life in the East quite delightful, and as she was extremely pretty, and always perfectly dressed, she received a great deal of attention.

Her husband, who adored her, grew prouder of her as time went on, and as Mr. Gordon's liberal allowance made life easy, they were as happy as two young people without any cares or anxieties could possibly be.

Only one subject ever caused any discord between them, and that was Dolly's jewellery. She had a great deal, many of her wedding presents having taken that form, and the most valuable of her possessions was a Louis XVI. pendant in diamonds, with one very large pink diamond set in the scroll work that framed, as it were, a trellis-work of small brilliants.

It had belonged to Marie Antoinette, and had been bought by one of Dolly's uncles at the sale, in Paris, of the effects of a royal personage.

When she married, her own maid had begged to be allowed to remain with her, and she was a very clever woman, who took great care of everything; but, as is usual, at the end of six months a sergeant of engineers had prevailed upon her to marry him, and poor Dolly, who had never been accustomed to do anything for herself, was quite lost without her.

She was very careless about keys, and never thought of keeping her jewels locked up. On several occasions Jack found them the day after the ball or dinner party lying about on the dressing-table, and at last he said:

"Look here, Dolly, you really must be more careful with these things, or I shall have to send them to the bank. With the houses all open as they are here, it is not safe to leave valuables so handy. You'll lose the lot some day."

And then for a few days she was most careful, and did not even wear her pretty things. But she soon forgot, and the same thing occurred over and over again.

Fortunately, her ayah, Belassoo, was

a treasure of her kind, and really cared for her mistress. So up to the time of her going home to be presented nothing was lost.

In spite of the many pleasures of her Eastern life, Dolly looked forward with great joy to seeing her own people again.

"You know, Jack, I shall be awfully sorry to leave you here all 'by your lone,'" she said; "but it will be lovely to see mother and all of them. The time soon passes. I shall be back again before you have time to miss me much, and I shall write to you every mail and tell you all my news."

"Yes, darling, mind you do," he answered; "but how will you get on without a maid going home? You won't get much help out from the stewardess, for it is sure to be a full ship. So many Australians go home this voyage."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Madame du Voigny called to-day, and asked me to take her maid Angèle home with me, and I said I would."

"What! that great ugly Frenchwoman! Well, I hope you'll like her."

"I don't want to like her; but I know she's a splendid maid, only she can't stand this climate. She rather wants me to keep her while I am at home."

"Well, you'll see; but if I were you I'd get rid of her as soon as possible. I don't like the look of her—and, by-the-by, keep your eye on the box you put your jewellery in."

"Yes, I will. I am going to have it in the cabin with me, and I shall pack it quite the last thing. Belassoo can help me, and the French maid need know nothing whatever about it."

However, the day before the steamer started, the ayah was taken ill, and Dolly had to do her packing herself.

She put the jewel cases in the bottom of a cabin trunk, and filled it up with things she was not likely to want often on the voyage, and Jack took the luggage down to the ship himself, and saw it safely stowed away under the berth.

He felt very sad and lonely as, the parting over, he watched the great ship pass away, and realised that six whole



"You poor little darling! You have been robbed!"

months had to pass before he again saw the bright little wife who had made life so happy for him during the past year; but he had plenty of work to do and plenty of friends to see; so, as the steamer disappeared, he pulled himself together, jumped into his carriage, and went back to the bungalow.

When he arrived a native came out to him, and with much salaaming told him that Belassoo had small-pox, and had been sent to the hospital.

Dolly found the Frenchwoman so useful and clever on the voyage, that she offered to keep her all the while she was to be at home; but when they arrived at Brindisi Angèle received news of her mother's serious illness, and though she was *désolée* at having to disappoint Madame, she felt she must go to Rouen as soon as possible.

She promised, however, to see her safe with her friends, so Dolly wired to her brother to meet her at Boulogne. As he could not arrange this, Angèle accompanied her as far as Victoria, where she took leave, with many protestations of undying devotion. So many, indeed, that Reggie said when she had gone:

"Awful fraud, that woman! I am glad you are not going to take her home. How well you look, old girl! A hot climate agrees with you, evidently. How did Jack like losing you?"

"Not much, I think," answered Dolly; "but he is very good, and he knew I wanted dreadfully to see you all. Ah! here we are. How pretty the house looks! It is nice to come home again!"

"Oh, Dolly, you don't know how glad we are to see you! I have missed you dreadfully," said her sister, as she led her to her room. "Look, you are to have your own old bedroom. Father has had it all newly done up for you. By-the-by, have you anything to wear, because we are all going to a dance at the Raphaels' this evening, and you must come."

"Yes, May; I put one decent gown in the cabin trunk in case of accident. Let Marie unpack it, will you? It might have got crushed on the voyage. Here are the keys," and Marie opened the trunk, shook the pretty evening dress, and

pronounced it wearable, and then proceeded to take out the rest of the contents, finishing with the jewel cases.

"Oh, you have your diamonds with you; that's all right," said May. "Which will you wear to-night? Let me look: this must be the necklace," and she opened a flat, round case.

"Why, Dolly!" she screamed, "it's empty! And so is this, and this!" and she opened one after the other only to find them all in the same condition.

"You poor little darling! You have been robbed!"

"The Frenchwoman, I bet you anything," said Reggie, when the sad news was announced to the family at dinner. "She had it in her eye. I took a dislike to the woman the minute I saw her."

"Well, someone had better go to Scotland Yard at once," said Mr. Gordon, "and stop her before she gets out of England. We'll do our best to get the things back for you, Dolly, dear, and in the meantime I dare say your mother will lend you something to go on with."

"But what will Jack say?" said Dolly, in a tearful voice. "He always said I should lose them—I was so careless."

"Well, don't tell him," said Reggie, "We'll try and get them back, and if we can't we must give you a fresh lot. I daresay we can manage it amongst us."

"But what about the pendant Uncle Frank gave me?" she asked. "He told me there was not another like it in the world. You won't be able to replace that."

"Never mind, old girl; if it comes to that we'll have one made. You can sketch it."

"But you know, Reggie," put in May, "there is another just like it. They were ornaments for a bodice, and were connected with chains of pearls. Lady Courtfield has the other one."

"Well, you cannot borrow that, because the Courtfields are in Canada; but we'll arrange somehow, so that Dolly's trip may not be spoiled."

In spite of all the efforts of the police, no traces were found of the missing jewels, and although Dolly kept her promise of writing to her husband by

every mail, and giving him a full account of all her gay doings, she said nothing about the loss she had sustained.

She was duly presented to Her Majesty, and her dress and her diamonds were fully described in the *Court Circular*, a

she had to leave England. "I would rather tell him now he'll have time to get over it before he sees me."

"Well, wait till next mail," said Reggie. "I have put the matter in the hands of a man I know, and promised to



The drawer flew open.

copy of which she sent to Colombo; and her whole family, including uncles and cousins, came valiantly to the rescue, and filled every one of the empty jewel cases, excepting the one that contained the Louis XVI. pendant.

"I shall have to tell Jack," Dolly announced one day, about a month before

ask no questions, and give a reward if he can get the thing. He came to my office yesterday and said he had news of it, so perhaps you may get it after all."

To Dolly's great delight, when Reggie came home the next day he brought with him the missing pendant, and when she sailed by the last mail in September,

she had the satisfaction of knowing that her jewels were safely stored in the strong room of the steamer under the sure custody of the purser.

The voyage was pleasant and short, and Dolly was radiant with joy and health when she got back to her pretty home and received her husband's loving welcome.

"It makes up for all these dull months to see you looking so splendid, darling," he said, as they sat chatting on the verandah. "Your having been away seems like a bad dream. I don't think I can ever let you leave me again. Hullo! Ali, what is it?" he asked, as an Indian servant came bowing and salaaming out of the house.

"Belassoo, ayah, wanting to see the Mem Sahib," said the Indian.

"Well, let her come;" and the ayah, with many salaams, entered the verandah.

"Salaam, Mem Sahib. Belassoo very sorry not give key. Belassoo sick, small-pox, not able to see Mem Sahib."

"What does she mean?" said Dolly, puzzled. "What key?"

"Oh! I expect it is the key of your wardrobe. I found one of the drawers locked, and thought you had put away some treasures or secrets."

"Just as if I should ever have any secrets from you, Jack," said Dolly, and then the remembrance of her lost jewels came to her, and she blushed and stopped short.

"Well, Belassoo, give me the key," she

said, "and we'll go and inspect this Bluebeard cupboard. Come along, Jack, and find out my secret."

They walked through the great drawing room, and opening the half-doors that hid the bedroom beyond, went into it. The wardrobe was empty. They opened one drawer after another until they came to the locked one.

Then Dolly, putting in the key, said with a solemn voice—"Open Sesame."

The drawer, which was a spring one, flew open, and there in a glittering mass lay the jewels that had caused so much anxiety. Not one was missing. There they all were, even to the Louis XVI. pendant with its flashing pink diamond.

"Why, Dolly, darling, whatever made you leave them here?" said Jack.

"I didn't," said Dolly, in an awe-struck voice. "I took them home. I packed them myself."

"No, Mem Sahib," broke in the ayah's soft voice. "Belassoo putting in drawer all ready to pack in jewel case, then not able give key. Mem Sahib not know taking empty boxes."

"Well, Dolly, you've done it," said her husband, when she had told him all about it. "Obtaining diamonds under false pretences, I call it. What will your people say? You designing little puss."

What they did say was: "Poor little thing. She deserved something to make up for having to live in such an outlandish place."





A RAINY DAY.

[By Peter Graham, R.A. (born 1836).]

TREASURES OF THE TATE GALLERY.

A LITTLE more than ten years ago one of the most splendid and attractive of gifts was bestowed upon the nation in the form of a national gallery for the reception of those fine examples of British art of which the nation may from time to time become possessed, together with a very handsome and considerable collection as a commencement towards the treasures of the gallery. This magnificent gift was due to one man alone, the late Sir Henry Tate, whose name must go down in the art annals of our people as that of a most princely patron of our national achievement in painting.

The works of art now forming the Tate Gallery have come from four sources: first, Sir Henry Tate's own collection; secondly, the pictures purchased by the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest; thirdly, a collection of seventeen pictures by the late G. F. Watts, R.A., presented by him to the

nation; and, fourthly, those pictures which have been transferred to this collection from the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. Lastly, it remains to add that Sir Henry Tate's munificent gift of pictures has already inspired others to come forward with a similar generosity, and several pictures included in the present collection have been presented to the nation by private donors.

With this introduction, we may now turn to a brief account of some of the pictures on view. "The Harbour of Refuge," painted by Frederick Walker, was exhibited at the Academy in 1872, and was bought by Sir W. Agnew, by whom it was in 1893 presented to the nation. The actual scene depicted is the Jesus Hospital, or almshouse, at Bray, near Maidenhead. Walker took some liberties with the garden. The poetic conception of the picture is so deep that its pathos grows upon the spectator the more he studies it. "It is difficult,"

writes Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., "to fathom its meaning completely; it has a grim, fantastic weirdness which has something sardonic about it. The old pensioners are sitting on a seat in the centre; near them a stone statue cuts out clear against the golden sky, as though to contrast its endurance with the paltry tenure of life; a mower—a wild, almost unearthly figure, like his prototype, whose name is Death—is swinging a scythe at

ignoble age alone seem to survive: the young must live in solitude and perish in suffering; for now the painter's self looks from the drooping face of the fair girl who will so soon meet the ominous grim mower." Three years after this picture was exhibited, the painter died of consumption. He was very particular, and hard to satisfy as to the titles of his pictures. This admirable title he owed to a friend. He signalised his satisfac-



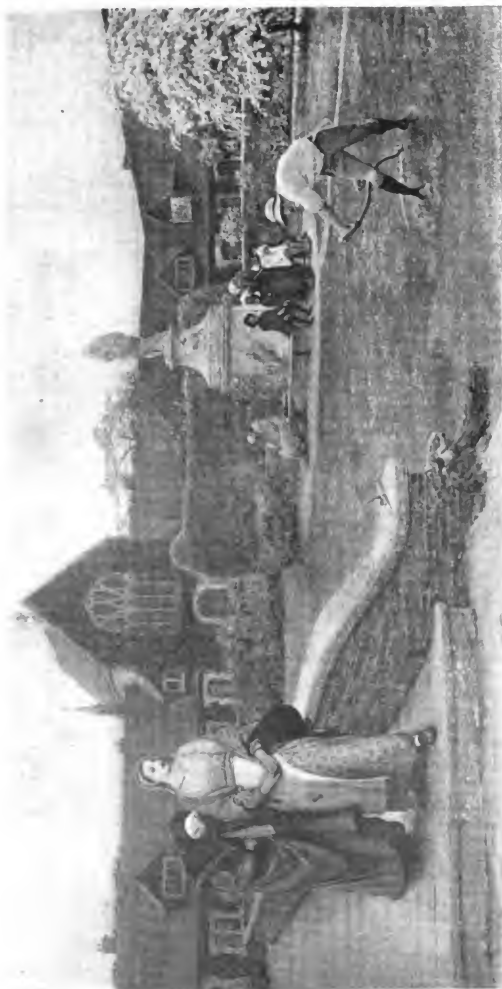
FEMMES EN PRIÈRE.

From the painting by Alphonse Legros.

arm's length, and in the foreground a young girl is leading an old woman who is bent down as though by a weight on her shoulders—a weight which Walker, no doubt, intended to be a spiritual one. The young girl's face is the riddle of the picture. Why he has given her that strange, uncanny face, with great eyes staring into vacancy, is not by any means easy to understand." A sombre clue is suggested by another critic. "The old courtyard is the world, with its order statue-fixed; its types of unlovely and

tion with it by dancing round the studio.

Professor Legros's picture, "*Femmes en Prière*," was originally exhibited at the New Gallery in 1888, and purchased by subscription and presented to the nation in 1897. It represents a group of Burgundian peasant women at prayer—a study of harmony in diversity. The picture is all in one grave and subdued key, but at the same time the artist has well brought out the different notes in prayer: there are as many prayers, we



THE HARBOUR OF REFUGE.

From the painting by Frederick Walker, A.R.A. (1840-1875).



THE REMORSE OF JUDAS.

From the painting by Edward Armitage, R.A. (1817—1896).

may say, as there are women praying. In the faces we may distinguish ecstasy, awe, anguish, doubt, weariness, formality. The painter is a Frenchman naturalised in England, and was for many years Slade Professor at University College. His work is impressed with a profound sense of the solemnity of human existence. Careless of the vogue of the day, he chose a stern and solitary path, marked by gravity deepening into austerity. In Millet's works the gravity of his peasants is sweet; in that of Legros it is grim and almost terrible. He seeks not beauty—he forbids himself even the use of bright colours—but distinction; strength of character rather than charm of grace. But if his faces never smile, his lines never stray, and in draughtsmanship he is a great and acknowledged master.

"The Remorse of Judas" was exhibited at the Academy in 1866, and was afterwards presented by the painter, Mr. Edward Armitage, to the National Gallery. The subject is founded on the text in Matthew xxvii. 3, 4: "Then Judas, which had betrayed Him, when he saw that He was condemned, repented

himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? see thou to that."

William Dyce's picture, "St. John leading the Virgin Mary from the tomb," was given to the National Gallery in 1899 by an anonymous donor, and it was transferred to the Tate Gallery. Its smooth and equable touch, learned draughtsmanship, profoundly sympathetic expressions, and dignity of movement, and the severe taste pervading the whole of the work, render it a most desirable addition to the Tate Gallery. The Virgin rests her right hand in that of St. John, and holds in her left the crown of thorns removed from our Saviour's head. In the middle distance, on the left of the picture, is a garden enclosing the Holy Sepulchre, at the entrance to which two of the holy women kneel mourning, while two male figures (Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea?) are seen leaving the garden.

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's picture of St. Eulalia was exhibited in the Royal



ST. JOHN LEADING THE VIRGIN MARY FROM THE TOMB.

[From the painting by William Dyce, R.A. (1806—1864).]

Academy in 1885, and was presented to the nation by Sir Henry Tate. It is a clever study in foreshortening, and a dramatic presentation of a striking scene. The story is that of a Spanish martyr, St. Eulalia (A.D. 313, December 10), as related in one of the hymns of Prudentius:—Eulalia was a native of Merida, in Estremadura, where she was born twelve years before the issue of that edict of Diocletian, by which it was ordered that all Roman subjects, no matter what their age, sex, or profession, should sacrifice to the Imperial gods. Eulalia, young as she was, took the publication of this order for the signal of battle, but her mother, observing her impatient of martyrdom, carried her into the country. She escaped from her mother's house, and confronted the Prefect, who was sitting in judgment on Christians, and reproached him with his cruelty and impiety. The governor, astonished at her audacity, commanded her to be seized, and placed on one side of her the instruments of torture prepared for the disobedient, and on the other the salt and frankincense which they were about to offer to their idol. Eulalia immediately flung down the idol, and trampled the offering under her feet, and spat in the face of the judge—an action, says Butler, "which could only be excused by her extreme youth." She was immediately put to death in the midst of tortures. Prudentius tells us that at the moment the holy martyr expired, a white dove issued from her mouth (the usual allegory of the soul or spirit), and winged its way upward to heaven—at which prodigy the executioners were so terrified that they fled and left the body. A great snow that fell, covered it and the whole forum where it lay.

Ford Madox Brown's remarkable picture of "Christ Washing Peter's Feet" was presented to the nation by a body of subscribers. The artist himself wrote the following description: "St. John tells us that Jesus, rising from supper, 'laid aside His garments'—perhaps to give more impression to the lesson of humility—'and took a towel and girded himself,' poured water into a basin (in the East usually of copper or brass), 'and began to wash the

disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded.' Then Peter said, 'Lord, dost Thou wash my feet?' The purposely assumed humility of Jesus at this moment, and the intense veneration implied in the words of Peter, I have endeavoured to render in this composition. The very simple traditional costume of Jesus and His disciples, which seems, moreover, warranted by modern research, as also the traditional youthfulness of John, curly grey hair of Peter, and red hair of Judas, which I should be loth to disturb without having more than my own notion to give in lieu, I have retained—combined with such truth of surroundings and accessories as I thought most conducive to *general truth*, always intending, however, in this picture, the documentary and historic to be subordinate to the supernatural and Christianic,—wherefore I have retained the nimbus. This, however, everyone who has considered the subject must understand, appeals *out* from the picture to the *beholder*, not to the characters *in* the picture. Judas Iscariot is represented lacing up his sandals, after his feet have been washed. This picture was painted in 1851–52. It was subsequently worked over and in certain respects altered in 1856, in which year the £50 prize of the Liverpool Academy was awarded to it."

The person of Christ was originally represented nude, in conformity with the text, "Rising from supper, He laid aside His garments," but the painter subsequently clothed the figure. The artist's conception of our Saviour is not of the effeminate, servile class, but of the manly, dignified order—one who does not feel that work for his fellow-creatures is degrading. Additional interest attaches to the picture from the fact that the heads were painted from the artist's friends. Mr. F. G. Stephens, one of the original members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and a distinguished art critic, sat for the head of Christ. That of St. John (leaning forward at the spectator's extreme right) was painted from Walter Howell Deverell, another member of the Brotherhood. The light haired disciple towards the centre of the table is Mr. Holman Hunt, and next to



ST. EULALIA.

From the painting by J. W. Waterhouse, R.A.

him (more to the spectator's right) is D. G. Rossetti. The head on the other side of Mr. Holman Hunt is that of Mr. Hunt's father. Next to him is Charles Bagot Cayley, the translator of Dante and Petrarch. The bald-headed disciple, with remains of dark hair, whose face is poised on his arms, is Mr. William Michael Rossetti.

Hill, and it was also the artist's favourite picture—that by which he said he set most store. The subject was suggested to him by a somewhat similar scene, which he witnessed when travelling through France; but the broad facts of the scene were painted from the old churchyard at Kinnoull, close to Millais's wife's home in Perthshire.



CHRIST WASHING PETER'S FEET.

From the painting by Ford Madox Brown (1821—1893).

"The Vale of Rest" was one of the best and most discussed of Sir J. E. Millais's earlier works. It was exhibited at the Academy in 1859, with the quotation, "Where the weary find repose," and was bought by Sir Henry Tate at the Graham sale for £3,150. It was the work Sir Henry Tate treasured most in his collection at Streatham

The picture turns on the old Scottish superstition that when a coffin-shaped cloud is seen in the sky, it is a symbol of approaching death. The scene is the interior of a convent garden, at sunset, and the whole picture is cast in a sunset sky. The rigid poplars, each like "Death's lifted forefinger," make bars against the red, orange and crimson of



THE VALE OF REST.

[From the painting by Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A. (1829—1896).]



THE PLOUGHMAN AND THE SHEPHERDESS.

[By F. Goodall, R.A. (born 1822).]

the west. The rough sward is broken here and there by low hillocks of graves and encumbered by the headstones that stand grim and sad in the waning light. One of the women, a novice or lay sister, is up to her knees in a grave, busily and vigorously throwing out large spadefuls of earth; the coif is thrown back from her face, which is dark red with stress of labour. Upon the prostrate headstone, taken from the new made grave, sits an elder nun holding a rosary, and with the long black of her robes sweeping the dark, coarse grass; her head is towards us, and by its expression we discover that she has seen the coffin-shaped cloud which hangs over the setting sun, and stretches a long heavy bar of purple across a large part of the sky behind. This elder nun, who has seen the sign in the sky, thinks of the day when she too will be laid in the ground, like the dead sister whose grave is now being dug. The picture, at the time of its first exhibition, was violently assailed by the critics. Mr. Ruskin replied and wrote some

eloquent reflections on it in his *Academy Notes*.

"The Ploughman and the Shepherdess" is a characteristic specimen of Mr. Goodall's Eastern landscapes. The picture is remarkable for breadth and simplicity of treatment, and brilliance of lighting. It was exhibited at the Academy in 1897, where it was described in the catalogue as "Time of Evening Prayer," and the following lines from Byron were quoted:—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence."

The picture was bought by a body of subscribers for presentation to the nation.

John Pettie's famous picture "The Vigil," first exhibited in 1884, and bought for the Chantrey Collection, shows the Vigil of Arms, one of the religious exercises which, in the Middle Ages, preceded the conferment of knighthood. The process of inauguration was commenced in the evening by the placing of the candidate under the care of "two



THE VIGIL.

From the painting by John Pettie, R.A. (1839—1893).

esquires of honour, grave and well seen in courtship," who were to be "governors in all things relating to him." By them he was conducted to his appointed chamber, where a bath was prepared hung within and without with linen, and covered with rich cloths, into which, after they had undressed him, he entered. While he was in the bath two "ancient and grave knights" attended him "to inform, instruct, and counsel him touching the order and feats of chivalry, and when they had fulfilled their mission they poured some of the water of the bath over his shoulders, signing the left shoulder with the cross. He was then taken from the bath and put into a plain bed without hangings, until his body was dry, when the two esquires put on him a white shirt and over that "a robe of russet with long sleeves having a hood *figereto* like unto that of a hermit." Then the two ancient and grave knights

returned and led him to the chapel, the esquires going before them "sporting and dancing," with the minstrels making melody. And when they had been served with curries and spices they went away, leaving only the candidate, the esquires, "the priest, the Chandler, and the watch," who kept the vigil of arms until sunrise, the candidate passing the night "bestowing himself in visions and prayer."

This is the moment chosen in the present picture. Dawn is now breaking behind the young man, but he does not observe it. The light stills falls upon his flowing hair and beautiful haggard face from the altar above him. His helmet and armour are on the slab before him, and he holds up patiently the cross hilt of his sword. In a little while he will receive the Communion, and be invested with the full honour of knight-hood.



SWEETHARTS AND WIVES.

[By Samuel E. Waller (born 1850).]



By LILIAN TEMPEST.

AMONGST the crowd of beauties who thronged the gay court of Louis XVI, she was the fairest.

Not that the easy-going monarch, who was more interested in his locks and watches, had much to do with the gaiety, but his queen, Marie Antoinette, loved to surround herself with all that was most beautiful in women, and, as scandal hinted, the handsomest amongst men.

Diane d'Arlanges certainly bore away the palm for beauty, even under the disadvantages of the disfiguring dress of the period. Tall and exquisitely fair, with soft blue eyes, which could either express the gentle surprise of innocence, or else melt into a fascinating regard of voluptuous languor, tiny hands and feet, and a mouth like a rosebud, completed the category of charms which had driven all the professed lady-killers of the court to the verge of distraction.

But in the eyes of some, Diane d'Arlanges possessed other and greater charms than these, for she was wealthy, and a widow. When hardly sixteen she had contracted a pure *mariage de convenance* with a man many years older than herself, the Comte Geoffroi d'Arlanges, a distinguished *savant*, who was understood to have discovered in France a species of beetle, which had long been supposed to be extinct in Europe.

When the Comte went on that disastrous entomological expedition to Morocco, from which he never returned, he placed his young wife in charge of the queen, who speedily introduced her not only to the stately gaieties of Versailles, but to the more familiar festivities of the Petit Trianon.

When the sad news of the demise of Geoffroi d'Arlanges reached the court, it was generally supposed that after a decorous period of mourning the widow would select another mate; but to the surprise of all and the disappointment of many, she preferred to retain her liberty, and taking up her residence in a splendidly furnished hotel in the Faubourg Saint Germain, occupied herself in giving a series of entertainments, each of which appeared to outdo its predecessor in its lavish magnificence.

The court of this fair queen of fashion was composed of the most heterogeneous and diverse materials; wild young members of the aristocracy, foreign adventurers, beautiful women, tired of the restraints of Versailles, abbés, with nothing of the priest about them save the ecclesiastical prefix, scientific men, poets, sculptors, and painters.

Amongst the latter was Simon Cardet, a young artist who had lately made his mark, and had been found out by the Comtesse, who, by some strange means, was always the first to drag a coming celebrity from obscurity, and, as kind tongues hinted, to relegate him to it again when he had played his part long enough to suit her fantasy.

The hoarse rumours of the approaching revolutionary storm had, for some time past, made themselves heard, but the believers in the liberty, equality and fraternity theory were generally regarded as crack-brained enthusiasts, who would, after all, cast their opinions to the wind.

Simon Cardet was a staunch republican, and professed an undying hatred for monarchy and the aristocracy, but after

the fascinating Comtesse had paid a visit to his grimy old *atelier* at Montmartre, he became plastic as clay in her hands, and, to his surprise, found himself a constant visitor to her *salon*, and vieing with those classes which his tenets taught him were not only despicable but dangerous.

He was engaged in painting a portrait of his beautiful patroness, and as Diane declared that it was impossible for her to go daily to Montmartre, a studio had been arranged for him at her hotel, where he worked at his task with feverish eagerness.

He was one morning standing before his easel, whilst his beautiful model was lounging in an arm chair, gently waving a fan, composed of rare feathers, backwards and forwards, with a monotonous air, which seemed to indicate complete weariness.

"When will all this tiresome business be over, Monsieur Cardet?" asked she.

"*Monsieur Cardet?*" repeated he, in accents of surprise and pain.

"Surely you do not expect me to call you '*Citizen Cardet*,'" retorted Diane, with a laugh. "I have not yet become such a convert to your republican doctrines as to do that."

"You used to call me '*Simon*,'" returned he, as he returned to his work with a sigh.

"*Fie donc*," answered she, "what a plebeian name; surely I never let such a one escape from my lips."

"Is it all over, then?" said he, turning suddenly

upon her, and gazing at her with a glance which might have moved a heart of stone to pity. "Diane, is this to be the end of all your promises?"

"My promises!" exclaimed Diane d'Arlanges, starting to her feet, "and what, pray, did I promise you, save that you should paint my portrait?"

"Nothing in words," returned the artist, sadly; "but looks, gesture, manner, and expression—all told me that, when I had gained reputation and fame, you would be my wife."

"Your wife!" repeated Diane, an expression of scorn encircling her lips. "Do you really think that women of my rank take their husbands from men of your class?"

For a moment the painter's fingers quivered, as if he could hardly control the impulse which tempted him to spring upon the woman, who had dashed his brightest hopes to the ground, and crush the life out of her.



"My promises!" exclaimed Diane d'Arlanges, starting to her feet.

The instinct was but a momentary one, and by a mighty effort he subdued it.

"Madame," said he, speaking in low frigid tones; "I need trouble you no longer; a few finishing touches is all that your portrait requires. I will, with your permission, take it home with me, and if you send for it in three days you will find it completed."

"You are going to destroy it," answered Diane.

"Ah, Madame," replied he, "that speech of yours shows more than all the estimation in which you hold me. You need have no fear. At the time appointed you will receive the picture, and, perchance, as time goes on, you will think again of Simon Cardet."

As he spoke, he removed the canvas from the easel, and, with a stiff bow, left the apartment.

"I think I can trust him," murmured Diane d'Arlanges, as she glanced regretfully at the picture. "Really, these men of the people have the most wonderful ideas. How could he imagine for a moment, that I, Diane d'Arlanges, could consent to sink into simple Madame Simon Cardet?"

* * * *

Three days elapsed since the death-blow had been struck at the painter's hopes, and Diane was sitting in her boudoir, chatting gaily with Etienne du Vaugiraud, of the Royal Guard, and the young and fascinating Abbé, Louis de Rochenoir.

"You will bring on an attack of nerves, Abbé," said she, with a slight shudder, "if you talk about the people—as if any power on earth could upset the monarchy of France."

"Or, as if our guard could not scatter the rabble to the four winds of heaven," broke in Etienne de Vaugiraud, toying with the ribbons in the hilt of his sword.

"I will tell you," answered the Abbé, "that I am not overrating the dangers of the moment. Famine is abroad throughout Paris, and has brought discontent with it. The people are beginning to ask what the aristocrats have done for them, and when the people begin to reason, be sure that mischief will be the result."

"The colour of your coat makes you croak like a raven, Abbé," answered Diane, rising from her seat; "but let us turn the conversation to a more pleasant topic."

"That must be yourself, fair Diane," said the guardsman, quickly.

"In spite of the implied compliment, you are right, Monsieur du Vaugiraud," answered Diane d'Arlanges, "for it is with reference to my portrait that I am speaking."

"About the sweet counterfeit of yourself that Simon Cardet, the Republican artist, was executing?" asked the Abbé.

"The same," replied Diane, "and I want you two gentlemen as my true and faithful chevaliers, to go to Simon Cardet's studio at Montmartre and bring me my portrait. My carriage will convey you thither, and this purse of gold will remunerate the painter for the time and trouble he has spent in transferring my features to canvas."

Etienne du Vaugiraud rose somewhat unwillingly, for he was fully aware of the web of enchantment which the beautiful Comtesse had cast over the painter, but the Abbé was delighted at the errand, and taking the purse, exclaimed gleefully: "Aha! Master Simon Cardet, this will hurt your Republican dignity. Gold from an *aristo*! You told me once that we Churchmen were horseleeches, sucking away at the poor, and giving nothing in return; this will show you how wrong you were. Come, Etienne," and tossing up the purse joyfully, the Abbé led his companion from the boudoir.

Left alone, Diane covered her face with her hands, and for an instant allowed her emotions to have free vent.

"I have sacrificed myself to the idol I have been taught to worship from my earliest childhood," sobbed she; "the pride of birth. Simon was honourable and true-hearted, but I flung away his pure gold for tinsel such as the guardsman and the abbé, and now, when it is too late, I blame myself for the want of courage which prevented me from daring all, and giving my hand to the man I loved. Shall I ever forget his sad face as he turned away? 'You will think of

me again some day,' said he. Shall I ever cease to do so? But it is too late. I know his proud disposition too well, and he will never forget or forgive me for sending those puppets of fashion to him with a purse of gold in their hands, to pay for what I well knew he looked on as a labour of love."

For a brief space she sobbed bitterly, and then the vivacity of her disposition

"And here is a letter from the artist," observed Etienne de Vaugiraud, tendering as he spoke a clumsily-folded piece of paper.

"You look strangely woebegone for a pair of successful cavaliers," said Diane gaily, as she motioned the lackey to uncover the picture. "Certainly Monsieur Simon is rather curt in his missive, for this is all he says: 'I have done your



"Ciel! what is that?" she shrieked, pointing to a crimson stain on the canvas.

came to her relief. "No one must ever find me with tears in my eyes," murmured she, and hastily removed all traces of emotion as the sound of carriage wheels in the courtyard told her of the return of her messengers. In a few minutes they entered, followed by a lackey bearing a picture covered with a piece of green baize.

"We have done your errand, fair dame," said the Abbé, endeavouring to call up a smile to his pallid cheek.

bidding; you will think of me again.' True Republican brevity and simplicity," laughed she; "and now tell me what you think of my portrait." As she spoke she advanced to the table upon which the servant had placed the portrait, but in an instant started back with a faint cry of horror.

"Ciel! what is that?" she shrieked, pointing to a crimson stain on the ivory neck of the fair form depicted on the canvas.

The two men glanced at each other, and then, as if moved by an impulse which he could not control, Etienne said hurriedly :

"Simon Cardet shot himself this morning. We found his dead body lying at the foot of the easel, as if his last moments had been engaged in gazing at his finished work. The blood on the portrait must be his."

"You broke the news too abruptly!" exclaimed the Abbé; "see, she is fainting," he added, as, with a low moan, Diane d'Arlanges fell senseless to the floor.

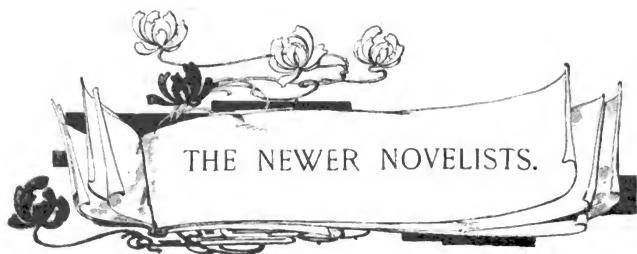
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Diane d'Arlanges *did* think of the dead painter again, and the last time she did so was when she caught her first glance of the tall shafts of the guillotine, and heard the yells of the blood-thirsty populace for the life of the aristocrats.

The bitterness of death had almost passed, and when the knitting women at the foot of the scaffold raised a shrill cry of exultation as they caught sight of her, she pressed her hands to her shapely throat, and murmured, "Poor Simon, even in death he was true to me, and with his own blood warned me of the death I should die."



"O FLOWERS, HOW BLEST YE ARE, WHEN YOUNG EYES LOVE."



THE NEWER NOVELISTS.

THIS is very truly the day of the novelist—notably the day of the new novelist. Never were novel-readers so numerous or so greedy. The quality of discrimination may not show an equal growth, but that should be to the advantage of some of the newer candidates for fame. Indeed, it may be to the advantage of every new writer, for so long as the popular craving for fiction remains as eager as it is, the man or woman with a manuscript novel *in esse* has a better chance of finding a publisher than ever before in our literary history. A new and untried name is not to-day an almost impregnable wall separating the ambitious author from a cold and critical public. We read one or two novels a day now; our fathers one a week perhaps. The libraries must meet the demand; the publishers must supply the libraries. They can be less exacting and take risks more freely.

But all this does not imply that the new novelist is better paid for his labours; it only means that his chance is better—his chance with the publisher and his chance with the public. It certainly does not mean that he is any the less a fool if he withholds from his work an ounce of brain or an atom of care that he might put into it to better it. It is still true that the cream comes to the top. Though critics may be compelled to lower their general standard of judgment, a select and rigid taste will still refuse to pass to the higher honours any but the deserving.

It is proposed in one or more articles to bring into more vivid relationship with our readers some of the Newer Novelists,

those who have as yet but one or two books before the public. If we were to exhaust the list of those who come within that brief definition, it would expand our purpose into several articles. We take, therefore, those whose work commands attention, either from its achievement or its promise. And even with that limitation it is not claimed that the authors we shall consider include all for whom the distinction might justly be claimed.

Place a la dame. Miss Marjorie Bowen has leaped at a bound into fame by her historical novel, "The Viper of Milan," of which no less than eight editions were issued between August and December of last year. Strange to relate, however, Miss Bowen seems never to have been consciously drawn towards the writing of fiction as a life-work. In truth, fiction appears to have had very little interest for her. History, poetry—more serious literature—forced her chief reading before she wrote "The Viper of Milan;" and that brilliant story was undertaken and prosecuted more as an amusement than with any idea of publication. It was only through the persuasion of friends that she was induced to take it seriously. From all this it would seem to be quite clear that Miss Bowen's mind and imagination were saturated with the historical records of the time of which she has written, and that she has, as it were, breathed the very atmosphere of the fourteenth century in Lombardy; that its men and women, their daily lives and ways of thought, their costumes and their speech, were as real to her as those of our own times; so that to write a romance about them was as

natural and delightful a task as for an imaginative child to compose stories about its dolls and dolls' house. Let us hope we shall not be held guilty of impertinence if we add that Miss Bowen was scarcely more than a child herself when she wrote her novel, for it was completed before she was eighteen years old. It was written in six months.

Miss Bowen was trained as an artist, at the Slade School and at Heatherly's, and looked forward to art work as the serious occupation of her coming years. She has also studied at the Paris art schools. Her original work has lain in the direction of decorative art. The historical, rather than the technical, side of art interested her, and ancient rather than modern art has her closer sympathy.

In her first historical novel—for we assume that so clear an indication of her powers will not be disregarded, and that she will continue in the path—Miss Bowen has taken that stormy period of Lombardy's chronicles when the cities of Northern Italy had fallen under the tyranny of powerful families, who made war upon one another almost without cessation and with varying fortunes, forming leagues among themselves against some more formidable foe, and breaking compacts with no consideration beyond caprice or personal advantage. Such were the della Scalas at Verona, the Gonzagas at Mantua, the Estes at Ferrara, and the Viscontis at Milan. Gian Galeazzo Visconti, who bore a viper for his crest, was the most cruel, heartless, ambitious and faithless of all his family; a usurper

and a tyrant, holding his power by the aid of foreign mercenaries and the fear inspired by his ruthlessness; but he was a skilful leader of armies, fearless, untiring and unscrupulous. At the time the story opens he has nearly reached the zenith of his fortunes, when a league of the northern cities is formed against him, under Scala, of Verona, with the intention of destroying Visconti and capturing Milan. It will be seen, therefore, that war and its horrors—which, we may be sure, were no less poignant as war was

waged in the fourteenth century than in modern times—are the grim setting for Miss Bowen's tale; and it is little less than marvellous that a girl still in her teens should have such a grasp of the technology of arms and combat, to say nothing of the science of war, as to produce such vivid and convincing pictures of that remote time.

In this tumultuous setting are scenes of quiet peace and happiness, as in the home of the artist Agnolo and his beautiful daughter,



MISS MARJORIE BOWEN.

Author of "The Viper of Milan."

ter, Graziosa; but even they are drawn at last within the insatiable coils of the Viper of Milan. In all its aspects the story is tragic, but it could hardly be otherwise if historic truth is to be a guiding principle. But those who find Miss Bowen's tale too full of the grim tragedies that lie in the path of so ruthless a *deus ex machina* as Gian Visconti, will be charmed by her descriptions of natural scenery, by her skill in characterisation, and by the dramatic power of such scenes as della Scala's humiliation and the murder of

Visconti. These are, unfortunately, too long to quote, but in the first chapter of the book there is a paragraph which in the contrast it presents is both prophetic of the tale she has to tell and also denotes the artistic perception of the author. She is describing Milan at a distance:—

"From afar the city was a vision of stately splendour, and the low dwellings clustered round about her walls, in the shadow of the palaces, appeared to the nearing traveller but a touch added of the picturesque. A close survey, however, revealed semi-ruined huts; in their foul neglect and unsightliness a blot upon the scene. They were homes of peasants who, tattered and miserable, starved and unwashed, seemed their fitting occupants. Here comes a band of them slowly dragging along the road. . . . Crushed by hopeless oppression into a perpetual dull acceptance, the crowd trudged along, with shuffling feet and bent heads, unheeding the beauty and the sunshine, unnoticing the glory of the spring, with dull faces from which all the soul had been stamped out and 'fear' writ large across the blank. . . . A stream of brown and gray monotony along the glorious road, decked with the fairest beauty of fair Italy, these miserable peasants were strangely out of keeping, both with the radiant, blossoming country and the magnificent city they drew near."

Miss Bowen's second novel will be published this spring, and will also have an historical background.

"Seth of the Cross," published in 1905, is Mr. Alphonse Courlander's second novel, the first (1904) being "The Taskmaster," which was preceded, however, by a poem, "Perseus and Andromeda," in blank verse. Thus far Mr. Courlander has found his *metier* in a close and faithful study of English rustic life and character. The figures he creates are bound to the soil; their outlook is narrow; a vague curiosity about the unknown is the summit of their ambitions. But they are very human. The primal passions surge in them. The law of heredity is as real a factor in his men and women as in the more complex civilisation of Mayfair, for Nature plays the same

pranks in fashioning the village lout as the club-man of Pall Mall. "Seth" is the history, the tragic history, of one such village household, whose cottage faced "the old stone cross of Aylsham." Seth Craddock was of different stuff to his brothers and sister. In him had cropped up by some strange law of survival, a strain of nobler blood, a more alert mind, a quicker imagination, a love of books. "He was a village boy, yet his face was the thin face of an æsthetic, with black hair crisping and curling over a high, white forehead and prominent and clever cheek-bones." His father was a road-mender, as his father had been before him, and as Seth was expected to be after him, for the post was regarded as a kind of family sinecure. Seth, had no mother, but a sister, Mary, who was housekeeper almost from infancy, and "with her small figure and absurdly small hands tended her brothers and kept the house tidy;" a brother, Amos, handsome as boy and man, but idle and worthless; and another brother, Frank, a cripple. John Thrupp, the village school-master, guided Seth "into the wonderland of books," and taught him to long to be something better than a road-mender, but fate proves too hard for the boy. His father dies, and to the dying man he swears to work for his brothers and sister and see that they are clothed and fed. So the burden falls on Seth, and he gives up books and ambition and love and hope, and mends roads as his father did before him. It is a pathetic struggle—a struggle against odds that wear out the slowly-waning spark of patience with destiny. Mr. Courlander has a sure touch and handles his materials with skill. Seth is not strong, or is strong only in a capacity for self-sacrifice. Fate is the arbiter and is relentless. Even at last, when Seth does turn, it is too late. But in spite of its gloom, "Seth of the Cross" has its moments of humour. The sketches of village life are very vivid. Mary had a lover in one Will Moody, whom she induced to grow a moustache.

"It'll never grow," moaned Will, desperately, to her one day. "'Tis just the same as it was a week ago."

"It'll grow," said Mary, with supreme

faith; "an' when it grows I'll marry 'ee."

So Will went to the village barber for advice, who gave him an old recipe, "which, he said, had been given to him by a man who knew the cousin of a bearded lady in a travelling fair. 'She used it on her beard twice a day,' explained the barber, 'and if it made that grow, I should think it would be good for moustaches also.' So Will took the recipe, . . . and a chemist mixed things together and put them into a bottle, gumming a red 'poison' label on it. 'At all events,' thought Will, 'if it don't make they moustaches grow, I can use it as a poison, an' I shan't have wasted my money.'"

Will applied the liquid next morning, and "that day he worked for eight hours with the sunshine beating down upon his face, and in the evening he went to see Mary. People stared at him as he passed them, and one or two grinned, but he affected to take no notice of them, and marched on to the meeting place.

"Mary was waiting for him, and as he drew near to her, with joy in his heart, she gave a scream of horror, putting her hands in front of her face, as if to ward off some hideous thing from her sight.

"'What's the matter?' cried Will in alarm.

"'O—O—O!' screamed Mary. 'What hev 'ee bin doin' to yourself? 'Tis terrible to look at!'

"Will, the son of Charl, stopped short in amazement. Had Mary suddenly gone insane? He tried to take her arm, but she pulled it away, and sprang from him.

"'D—don't touch me,' she said, 'ee looks awful. What did 'ee do it for?

Go away—an' p'raps it'll never come off,' she added with a sob.

* * * *

"'Won't 'ee kiss me?' he asked, utterly unconscious of anything wrong.

"Mary gave another scream, and, gathering up her skirts, fled from him. He looked after her blankly, and realising that she would not come back any more, he did the same thing that every man does in similar circumstances—he swore mightily and tramped back to his home in frenzied perplexity. He leapt up the stairs to his bedroom, and striking a match gazed at the looking-glass. . . . He recoiled in horror at what he saw.

For there, leering at him from the mirror, was an apparition, made more hideous by the thin yellow flame of the match. He saw a face—his own to the tip of the nose—but lower it evolved into the horrible face of a monkey. The bulging fore-lip was an unnatural gray-blue, as if it had been dyed, and the stain spread over the lower part of his mouth and the corner of his jaw, making it ghastly to gaze upon. . . . Then,

suddenly, he remembered the liquid he had applied that morning to his moustache. The language he used matched the colour of his lips as he groped about the mantel-piece for the bottle. He found it at last, and cursed it solemnly from the cork downwards, including . . . the label, the chemist and the barber. Then he hurled the bottle through the open window.

"'Good heavens!' said the barber, as a blue-faced, excited youth danced aggressively around him a few minutes later. 'I ought to ha' told you that you ought not to ha' sat in the sun. It's a sort o' photographic stuff that the sun



MR. ALPHONSE COURLANDER.

Author of "Seth of the Cross."



MR. CHARLES GARVICE.

Author of "Diana and Destiny."

turns into colour. You should have shut yourself up in a dark room for a day."

Mr. Courlander's next novel is expected to appear in a few days. Its title is "The Sacrifice," and the story is a study of a peasant girl who is too weak to fight against circumstances and destiny. The author, we may add, resides in London, and is on the staff of the *Daily Chronicle*.

To include Mr. Charles Garvice in a list of "new novelists" is somewhat unjust to him. He has written several novels, but he is much "newer" to English readers than to American. In this respect he has had a singular experience, for though an Englishman, and living the life of a landowner, farmer and sportsman in North Devon, he obtained a decided vogue in the United States before a single novel of his was published in England. Now there are nearly a dozen bearing the imprint of London publishers—"Just a Girl," "In Cupid's Chains," "Her Heart's Desire," "Love the Tyrant," "Linked by Fate" (to name no more), and last of all to see the light, *Diana and Destiny*."

The plot of "Diana and Destiny" is of melodramatic texture, but in the weaving Mr. Garvice displays no small skill in characterisation. His people are not painted puppets, moved by strings in the hands of the story-teller; they have orthodox flesh and blood, and if their destiny is somewhat arbitrarily made for them, they each respond to its decrees with individual consistency. Mr. Garvice's strength, however, lies in the construction of his plot, and in the courage with which he accepts all the conventions of the romantic school. His heroine is almost inconceivably beautiful, his hero brave, reckless, handsome, and just sufficiently wild to be piquant. No baser villain ever aspired to ruin hero and heroine, and never in real life did fortune descend more unexpectedly and more opportunely than a million pounds dropped into Diana's lap while she was teaching her village school. Never, too, in real life, has the long arm of coincidence worked to better effect in blessing the worthy and wrecking the schemes of the unworthy. In short, "Diana and Destiny," if melodramatic, does not lose in absorbing interest on that account. It compels the attention, and holds some thrilling surprises for the reader as he turns its pages.

The story commences in a quiet English village, where the heroine is earning her living as a school-teacher, dwelling under the chaperonage of her aunt, whose furtive and restless manner soon suggests that some mystery lurks in the parentage of Diana, of which the girl herself is ignorant. In the very first chapter Diana saves Lord Dalesford's life, an accomplishment she is destined to repeat before the end. Then she inherits an immense fortune, and chance again elects she shall live where she and Lord Dalesford are close neighbours. Events march promptly and blithely. Dalesford and Diana become engaged, and then the air suddenly darkens, and remains very sombre, with occasional gleams of sunshine through the storm, until near the end, when the mystery of Diana's birth and fortune are solved at last, and her millions are ardently welcomed by the impoverished noble family of Wrayborough. Mr Garvice

is a skilful fabricator of plot. He knows how to contrive plausible grounds for the most surprising chains of coincidence, and if it is patent hee and there that a word or two spoken in the right place by one or other of his characters would solve a puzzle, or clear away a mystery too prematurely, it is no more than we always expect in a melodramatic story.

As an example of Mr. Garvice's style we select the scene where Diana, visiting at Lord Wrayborough's Scotch castle, surprises a burglar one night tampering with a jewel safe. He seized her, and then—

"With a cry, a low, hoarse cry, his hands fell from her, and he staggered back. . . . She turned and sprang for the door.

"To her amazement the man made no movement to stay her.

"Yes, go!" he said, with a gesture of resignation. 'Give the alarm. Have me arrested. I'm after the diamonds here right enough. I shan't try to escape. Give the alarm if you like. But—but you won't, if you've a heart in your bosom, my girl.'

"There were such misery, such anguish, so acute a despair, in the rough, hoarse voice, that Diana looked at him over her shoulder. She was white to the lips, but her eyes met his steadily; for, strangely enough, she felt no fear now.

"Why should I not?' she asked, and her own voice sounded unnatural in her ears, as if it were the voice of someone else, someone else she had never known. 'Why should I not? You are a thief—a burglar. You have come to steal the diamonds. You are appealing to me for pity. You appeal in vain.' Then, woman-like, she glanced off. 'What are you doing with my portrait? Why do you ask me my name? It is some trick to stop me. It will not avail you. Before you can escape——' At that instant the question struck across her consciousness: Why did the man not escape through the window by which he had entered, and which was partly open? 'Why should I not have you arrested, you thief?'

"His head had sunk on his breast, and he was looking at her strangely through

the holes of the mask. Suddenly he tore the mask from his face, flung it aside, and, with a gesture of resignation that was not devoid of dignity, said, almost inaudibly—

"Because you are Diana Bourne—my daughter. I am your father!"

Mr. Garvice sketches out his plots in the open air, on horseback or by a trout-stream, and then dictates the novel to a stenographer, doing none of the actual writing with his own hand. He is a dramatist also, and has had one or two successes on the "boards," among them "The Fisherman's Daughter," in which Mr. Richard Mansfield, now a leading American actor, made a hit. "A Life's Mistake" also had a big American run. And in still another sphere Mr. Garvice is making a very definite success, and that is with his lectures, or rather lecture-recitals on "Some Humourists Gay and Grave." These have been thus far given chiefly in Scotland and have added materially to their author's fame.

No more genuinely earnest student of life is to be found among the newer novelists than Mr. Joseph Keating, who has three novels to his credit, the first, "Son of Judith," published in 1900, "Maurice" in 1905, and "The Queen of Swords" last year. "Adventures in the Dark," another of his books, is a collection



MR. JOSEPH KEATING.

Author of "Maurice."

of vivid word-pictures of life among the Welsh miners, both above ground and in the pits. Mr. Keating was born in South Wales in 1871, of Irish parents, and has known the life of the miners by the closest association. He is an acute, thoughtful observer, strongly imaginative, and keenly interested in social and political problems, so that it was almost a foregone conclusion that Mr. Keating would, sooner or later, surmount the impediments to a career which weighed upon him in early life. "Son of Judith" was written in 1899, when he was twenty-eight years old, and rejected by eight publishers before Mr. George Allen accepted it. It was a novel of rare psychological power, the central figure in the story being the ruined and abandoned Judith, who, in the frenzy of her hate for the man who has used her and has spurned her, brings up her son as one dedicated to avenge her by taking her betrayer's life, who, of course, is his own father. The conception undoubtedly appals the mind, and it is not to be wondered at that one reviewer of the day declared Judith's fury more in harmony with the old Sagas than modern life. Mr. Keating himself has pointed out that he sought in Judith to show that there is a spirituality in evil as well as a spirituality in good. That may be what the reviewer meant but failed to clearly grasp, for the closer we approach the elemental conception of deities of equal station, making for evil or for good respectively in human affairs, the nearer we are to the doctrine of human irresponsibility. We are swept by powers mightier than our will; our spiritual forces are in the keeping of the immortal gods.

"Maurice" is also a Welsh story, a tale of the creeping blight of the coal mines over the pastoral beauty of the South Wales valleys and hills, the transforming of the rustic village nestled peacefully amongst the prosperous farms into a roaring, sooty colliery town with a population in which the scourings of humanity are mixed, and where men and women must adjust themselves to new conditions, often under grievous hardships. Maurice is only a child when the

story opens, an Irish boy whose sole guardian is an old man, also Irish, and a wonderful fiddler. The Irish tune he could not fiddle to ravishment was not worth naming; and here we have a bit of Mr. Keating himself, for our author also is a clever violinist. The first half of "Maurice" is passed in pastoral beauty and simplicity, the second half in storm and stress. A hard destiny overtakes the boy's best friend, Jethro, who is, next to Maurice, the most vividly-drawn character in the book. A note presaging catastrophe is struck. We get down into the mines with Jethro and the boy, and here the life is described with a master-hand, the hand of a man who has gone through it all and knows the new pit-boy's delight and sense of importance, as well as the shrinking detestation felt by the sensitive and ambitious spirit in such surroundings. Then Mr. Keating, in a realistic description of rare power and acknowledged accuracy, gives a painfully vivid account of one of those awful calamities when the superincumbent rock and gravel suddenly begin to squeeze into the excavated tunnels of the mine and block up the exits to the entombed miners. Even more appalling is the later description of an explosion and pit fire, and the tale ends with an act of noble self-sacrifice.

He is prodigal of pithy sentences that stick in the memory:—

"There is no tragedy like the tragedy of getting a living."

"Music gives us the thoughts the poets have left unsaid."

We have left no space to speak of the latest of his novels, "The Queen of Swords," beyond saying that it is in quite another vein than his first two novels, and at least demonstrates the author's versatility. In it he blends romance, drama and character with the happiest results.

Mr. Keating, like most Irishmen, is a keen politician. The National policy of Ireland and the Social Reform movement generally have his earnest support, and he is an avowed supporter of the policy of the woman-suffragists. He is devoted to music, is an admirer of art in every form of expression, and an ardent playgoer.



By OSCAR PARKER.

BETWEEN "The Bondman" and "The Prodigal Son" there are certain rather marked resemblances. I refer, of course, to the dramas as staged at the Drury Lane, and not to the novels, for the similarities are more obvious in the stage versions. Both plays open with a farm interior, and the stage picture has many points of likeness in the two plays. In both the action is transferred in the third act to the south of Europe—in the earlier play to Monte Carlo, in the later to Sicily, and in both the great spectacular scene of the play comes in this act. Then, as regards the story, the dramatic interest in both centres in the conflict between two brothers who love the same girl. These parallels are not insisted upon as blemishes or as lessening interest in the later production, but they are curious and to a certain extent they are disconcerting. Others may not be affected by them so strongly, but I confess that when the curtain went up on the first act of "The Bondman," and for some time after, I had difficulty in accommodating the old setting to the new story. The fortunes of Helga and Thora, of Magnus and Oscar would intrude themselves, and

forced comparisons one would have willingly overlooked. For, without doubt, "The Prodigal Son" was the more convincing story, truer to life, less sensational in incident and not so extravagantly melodramatic. But then, when we are treating of melodrama, why, it may reasonably be asked, put any limit to one's credulous acceptance of the plausibility of the tale? Swallow the story whole. The point is: Is it dramatic? Is it told with directness, force, intelligence, symmetry? Does it reach our sympathies—compel our interest?

But even on this ground "The Bondman" is not on the same plane as "The Prodigal Son." It is of the essence of melodrama that our sympathy for the hero and heroine should not be allowed to waver, and that the Fates should be propitious at the end to all who have borne the storm and stress of undeserved misfortunes; but Greeba is not as staunch a heroine as she ought to be, and Jason, who plays the nobler part, is left to console himself with life only, while his half-brother gets the girl as well. I imagine that the plot of "The Bondman" is known to nearly all playgoers—not to mention the novel readers—so that to

tell it would be superfluous. The dramatisation is full of pathetic touches which have their full effect at the hands of such actors as Mr. Frank Cooper and Mr. Henry Ainley, and of such an actress as Mrs. Patrick Campbell. There is no lack of appeal to the sympathetic tears of the audience; no lack, also, of those heroics and self-sacrifices that thrill and end in tempests of applause. And since all that is the frank aim of author and manager, who has any call to quarrel with the means? Still, the easily moved emotions of an audience are not the absolutely final criterion of artistic success, and "The Bondman" as a drama comes far short of all that goes to make a soundly constructed play. It illustrates once more how hopeless it usually is to make a good play out of a good novel. I doubt if a play has ever been put on the stage—a play of high pretensions, I mean—where the imagination is compelled to supply so much to fill out the picture and give any degree of reasonableness to what takes place before the eyes. The vacillations of the two half-brothers are most bewildering. We commence with Michael Sunlocks starting in quest of his illegitimate brother Jason, resolved to befriend and uplift him. Later, his love is turned to hate and he consigns Jason to labour in the sulphur mines of Sicily. Jason simply reverses the sequence of the emotions; he begins with hate, which veers to affection and again to hate. Greeba is in love with Michael, vows eternal fidelity to him, and accepts the hand of Jason because she has not heard from Michael for two years. And why has Michael, the ardent lover, left Greeba so long without word from him? There is no explanation or no adequate explanation. And Michael, who leaves the old farm in Mona's Isle to search for his brother in Sicily, next appears to us most unexpectedly as President of the Sicilian Republic, an unexplained political advancement that is as suddenly and bewilderingly exchanged for the doom of a convict in the mines. These things are all in the nature of miracles in the play, upon which the more leisurely course of the novelist permits him to

confer a certain *vraisemblance*. All these discordances bring us at last to the sulphur mines, where the brothers meet on the same plane of mutual misfortune, where kinship tells, and the stronger rescues the weaker from death. It is a fine piece of stage realism, wherein every theatrical resource is brought to bear to heighten and intensify the effect, but it is purely theatrical; the incidents of many days are coerced into a few moments; the action is necessarily unconvincing, and everything is sacrificed to piling on the horror and first shattering, then electrifying, the nerves of an emotional and sensation-loving audience. Finally, in the last act, we have a quiet, peaceful scene in the presbytery of the reformed priest on Lonely Island, where Michael, blinded by the explosion in the sulphur mines, is being cared for by the old priest and by Greeba. Here we have at last genuine pathos, a situation that carries conviction, a sound touch of nature, which enables us to part company with "The Bondman" after all on very good terms.

The part of Greeba did not quite suit Mrs. Patrick Campbell, which is not saying anything in the least degree disparaging to that distinguished actress. Greeba is too much the *ingénue*, too simple and unsophisticated for the more mature and complex style of Mrs. Campbell. She rather suggested the woman of the world than the tender, shrinking, inexperienced daughter of the old Manx farmer. Mr. Cooper was admirably suited as Jason, and captured and held the sympathies of the audience from the first. Mr. Lionel Brough's Grandfather stood out clean-cut and sharp as a cameo, brimming with humour and full of vitality. "The Bondman" was transferred, with all its effects, to the stage of the Adelphi early in last month, where it is destined, I do not doubt, for a long run. At the Adelphi Greeba is played by Miss Wynne Matthison, and Michael by Mr. Walter Hampden, in place of Mr. Henry Ainley.

Mr. David Bispham produced in the autumn at the Prince of Wales Theatre



MRS. LANGTRY (NOW LADY DE BATHE.)

a new "light romantic opera" founded upon Goldsmith's "The Vicar of Wakefield," with lyrics by Mr. Laurence Housman and music by Mme. Liza Lehmann. It was undoubtedly a hazardous experiment. Serious opera, unless it can count upon the patronage of fashionable society, is pretty seriously handicapped in these days by the mere fact that it is serious; but certainly two necessary conditions of success would be sterling merit in the composer's work and both vocal and histrionic ability of a high order in the cast. It cannot be said that either of these conditions was met with entire satisfaction in Mr. Bispham's production. Goldsmith's story may be trusted always to appeal to human interest. The play was well staged, and was acted by all of the cast with at least a sincere endeavour to realise the characters they impersonated, and in most instances successfully. But it cannot be said that Mme. Lehmann's work was equally successful, or that the music was always sung with entire satisfaction. The truth is that the music left one cold and unresponsive. It was ambitious undoubtedly, perhaps too ambitious in intent, and would have met with more cordial recognition if the composer had not felt impelled to attempt to overleap her own powers. In the lighter numbers, which reflected the gentler and more idyllic moods of the story, Mme. Lehmann was most successful; but she cannot be said to have quite realised her earnest efforts to interpret the more tragic phases and the intenser emotions which have part in the play. And still, let it be said that she merits high praise for the honest effort to reach a higher plane of composition than mere tunefulness. Olivia was played by Miss Isabel Jay, who interpreted her more emotional scenes with a force that won the sympathy of her audiences, but she was less adequate to the simple, thoughtless gaiety of the vicar's daughter in the earlier scenes before the passion of a real love comes into her life. Mr. Bispham essayed the part of Dr. Primrose, and gave a very satisfactory rendering of the simple-hearted, genial and confiding old clergyman. Mr. Charles Lauder's Jenkinson, too was an excellent piece of

work, but the other parts do not call for special mention. If the production fails to secure a well-sustained public support, it cannot be attributed to any lack of earnest effort on the part of any of those who are engaged in it, but rather, I should say, to certain inherent weaknesses in construction by reason of which the play fails to rouse enthusiasm. Novelty is not necessarily attractive.

"On the Side of the Angels," a four-act play by Mr. W. L. Courtney, was produced under the auspices of "The Pioneers," at the Royalty Theatre, on the evening of December 16th last. No one who was present that evening would have willingly missed the absorbing interest of the occasion, and yet the play is not likely to appear on the stage of any of our West-end theatres so long as theatrical conditions remain as now. Its production is, therefore, a striking testimony to the value of such a society as "The Pioneers." "On the Side of the Angels" is a study in realism of the destructive effects of the cocaine habit, while the romantic element is supplied by the love of two women for the victim of the habit; the one the pure, unselfish love of his simple-hearted nurse, the other the erotic passion of a society woman who would even feed his craving for the deadly drug rather than lose him wholly. The situation is dramatic. It is the old, old fight for the man's soul between the powers of good and evil, but is this particular soul worth fighting for is the first doubt that rises in the mind of the spectator. Has not Mr. Courtney drawn Major Hawstorne so deplorably debased by a wild and vicious life that sympathy becomes impossible, and the love of a good woman too monstrous a happening to be credible? Beyond doubt the author spares no jot of infamy to blacken his hero's character. He has returned to England from India with the purpose of restoring a constitution ruined by all manner of excesses. He has been a drunkard, a gambler, a libertine, a spendthrift. His nerves are shattered, and to exact a temporary relief from physical torture he dulls his



MR. W. L. COURTNEY.
Author of "On the Side of the Angels."

sufferings with injections of cocaine. He comes upon us an almost hopeless wreck of a man, and the only sympathy we can feel for him must lie in the pity roused by a human being who is undergoing the penalty of his sins. This is not an adorable character, but as though it were not enough we speedily discover a crowning infamy. Major Hawstorne, in pursuit of health, has betaken himself to the house of his old nurse in the country, and here he has, we learn, seduced her daughter Grace, who loves the degenerate with that self-sacrificing, unquestioning devotion that takes account of nothing but the will of the man she loves—that love that is so inexplicable, so foolish, so perilous, but so very true to life in simple, earnest natures. Now, as the play is written, the character of Grace, with its sweet self-surrender and trustfulness, is contrasted with that of Lady Rolleston, a woman of the world, also loving Hawstorne, but with a selfish intensity of passion that takes account of nothing but its own desire. This seems clearly to be the contrast the author designed, and it seems clear also that he intended to show that the love of woman is not a calculated emotion, is not a crop sown by wisdom and nurtured by prudence, but an upheaval of primitive forces in human nature, knowing neither worthiness nor unworthiness in its object. It must be said, however, that, as Miss Granville interpreted the part of Lady Rolleston, the significance of the contrast in the design was almost wholly lost. From her point of view Miss Granville's interpretation was a remarkably fine performance, restrained but suffused with emotion, and it seems almost churlish to be compelled to take exception to it, but she quite altered the values; she exacted our sympathy, which is just what she ought not to have done. There is a very strong scene, where Hawstorne, as a final blow, gets word that his fortune has taken wings, leaving him practically penniless. Lady Rolleston takes the issue boldly into her own hands—she has wealth enough for both, will he marry her and share it? If to maintain the just balance of the play this proposal

should be so put as to suggest a heroic defiance of convention wrung out of Lady Rolleston by a loving sympathy for Major Hawstorne, nothing could have been finer and more convincing than Miss Granville's dramatisation of the part, but that, it seems to me, is just what it should not have been. The part should have been played to emphasise the selfish and exacting quality of her passion and jealousy, as though the unconscious thought in her mind was: Thank God you are poor, since now perhaps I can buy you. But there was no reflection of this sinister attitude. She, too, might have been "on the side of the angels," and the result quite undermined the pathetic sweetness of Miss Lilian Braithwaite's Grace Mayhew, who in the scheme of the play unquestionably stands for the redeeming influence—for the good angel at the hero's side.

Mr. Courtney has drawn Major Hawstorne with bold and unfaltering strokes. If the play were before the public we should be hearing such comments as "morbid," "unhealthy realism," "perversion of art," and the usual phrases of dilettante conventionalism. But no valid reason can be urged in terms of art, morals or manners why a study of this most demoralising habit should not be put on the stage, and if it is, every consideration demands thoroughness. Mr. Courtney does not wince; the picture is appalling in its intensity, and Mr. Norman McKinnell has never done a more vigorous and impressive piece of work than in Major Hawstorne. In the scene at the shooting box, where, under the joint influence of the drug and wine, he breaks loose from all restraint, and announces his engagement to Lady Rolleston in a wild, insane outburst of mockery, as if indeed possessed by devils, was, melodramatic it may be, but a magnificent *tour de force*.

The critics have, almost universally, referred to it as "a critic's play." I think that is a little misleading. It was a literary play—the play of a man of letters, in whose mind literary finish subtends, perhaps, too large an angle in forming a dramatic work of art. That



MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AND MR. BEN WEBSTER.
"The Doctor's Dilemma"—Court Theatre.

is—I would have the felicity of phrase, the wielding of epigram, the wit, the picturesque dialogue more closely assimilated to the dramatic movement. But Mr. Courtney has fully demonstrated that he has the dramatic instinct. To a man of his critical faculty it must have been an illuminating experience to witness the production of his play, and a stimulating experience as well.

On December 31st "The Doctor's Dilemma," Mr. George Bernard Shaw's latest play, was put into the evening bill at the Court Theatre, after a brief run in the autumn at the Court matinées. It is the best thing Mr. Shaw has done. It has a compact plot. The dialogue is crisp, with fewer long speeches retarding action with disquisition; and the long speeches, when they do come, are in the vein of the characters who speak them and not Mr. Shaw speaking through them. It is witty, of course, brilliantly satirical, but best of all it proves that Mr. Shaw, for all his affected contempt for the poor puppets who people the world, can realise and depict an earnest unselfish nature, a true woman compelled by a noble love, and can draw a character swayed by human passions, firmly and consistently, without despising it for its weaknesses or ridiculing its strength. Jennifer Dubedat is a delightful creature, a real human being, a wife with a love so absorbing as to blind her to all her husband's faults, or, rather, whose love transforms these faults into virtues. Her "king of men" can do no wrong; if others blame him, it is because they "do not understand." And again, Sir Colenso Ridgeon is a triumphant proof of Mr. Shaw's ability to paint a faultless portrait of a man of blood and bone, a live man who is not a mere enigma or a parody. True, he has done this before, but never so convincingly as in Sir Colenso Ridgeon. But every character in "The Doctor's Dilemma" is as sharply defined. I am almost disposed to say that modern drama shows no such achievement in characterisation as this creation of six contrasted types taken from a single profession who are

introduced to us one after the other in the first act. And then how brilliant the foil to their eminent respectability, their strictly preserved moral tone, their social aplomb, are the diableries, the frank immoralities, the unblushing boudoirism of the artist, Louis Dubedat! The victims of Mr. Shaw's satire in this extremely brilliant play are the medical profession and the artistic temperament. But the satire is not the main thing. In "The Doctor's Dilemma" Mr. Shaw has painted life.

Sir Colenso Ridgeon has just been knighted for his discovery of the right method of inoculating consumptive patients. (It is unnecessary here to describe how the battle royal is waged between the white corpuscles of the blood and the disease germs that attack the body, and the part opsonin plays in "buttering the germs to make them more palatable to the phagocytes.") The inoculation must take place on the up grade and not on the down grade. That makes all the difference, and Sir Colenso has found that out, and hence the knighthood. One after the other his professional brethren call to congratulate him—Sir Patrick Cullen, one of the old school, testy, warm-hearted, cynical, with a memory that caps every discovery of modern therapeutical science with an anticipation in early Victorian days; Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonnington, a loquacious and audacious practitioner, who can grasp only half a fact at a time, and merrily goes on his way killing or curing according to luck; Mr. Cutler Walpole, for whom all disease has but one cause, viz., blood-poisoning due to the existence of a certain useless sac in the human body which it is his particular business to remove by an expensive operation; Mr. Leo Schutzmacher, who has made his fortune by the magic of a "certain cure" that consists of letting Nature take care of itself, fortified by a mixture of Parish's Food with a measured quantity of water. All these gentlemen are in the front professional ranks; but there is also Dr. Blenkinsop, who stands for honesty, hard work, steadiness in the beaten tracks, and—failure. Mr. Shaw has never written

more sparkling dialogue than in this strictly professional scene. All this time, however, a strangely persistent woman has been waiting. Again and again Sir Colenso has sent word that he cannot and will not receive her; but when the last of his callers has gone, she is still waiting, and at last he yields. It is Jennifer Dubedat. She has read in the papers the discovery for which he has been knighted; she believes that he alone can save the life of her husband, who is slowly dying of consumption, and she comes to plead for his services. He tells her that it is impossible; that he has ten selected cases undergoing his treatment, and can take no more: if he took her husband one of the ten would be doomed to death. She still persists, interests him in her husband's drawings, and at last he agrees thus far—that she and her husband shall dine with him and his medical friends, and if his friends then decide that Louis Dubedat is the genius she believes him to be and worthy of the exception being made in his favour, he will treat him. Louis Dubedat does prove himself a genius in fine art, but at the same time a genius in other arts—of borrowing, of lying, of deception, of all manner of meannesses. Beside his character, as these men interpret it, his wife's unfaltering faith and devotion are beautiful and pathetic. They would do anything for her, for him nothing. Sir Colenso loses his heart to her, refuses to treat her husband, and turns him over to Sir Ralph Bonnington, saying significantly that the only chance for her husband's life is with Sir Ralph. And Sir Ralph kills him, or at least hastens his death. "A three months' galloping consumption in three hours."

Such is the essential story of "The Doctor's Dilemma," in which every character is a clear-cut gem. Louis Dubedat is an amazingly vivid portrait, his death scene one of the boldest achievements of our modern drama. Mr. Granville Barker plays it throughout with the subtlest appreciation of its apparently contradictory elements, and makes it convincing in spite of them. Mr. Eric Lewis was never better suited than in the garrulous, mercurial Bonnington; and

the Sir Patrick of Mr. William Farren, jun., is at all points masterly. But equal merit may, in truth, be conceded to every interpreter in the cast. Miss Clare Greet is inimitable in the wheedling old servant; Miss Lillah McCarthy plays Jennifer Dubedat with marked emotional power. Again I cannot help remarking on Mr. Shaw's great good fortune in the signal success with which his plays are uniformly cast at the Court productions.

"Peter's Mother" has been transferred to the Apollo Theatre, with nearly the whole of its strong cast unaltered, and passed its hundredth performance some weeks ago. Miss Nina Boucicault now plays Sarah Hewel in place of Miss Hilda Trevelyan, and no better successor could have been found. "Peter's Mother" makes no overwhelming demands on our deeper emotions, but it excites a profound interest. It is a comedy of character, a simple domestic drama, but in that lies its strong appeal to most natures. The situation is one that might arise in any English household, and the dramatic structure is created with great skill, while the interpretation is an artistic treat.

Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Edward Terry are back again at the New Theatre, where they opened their season with "Dorothy o' the Hall," and have followed it, to the delight of playgoers, with a revival of "The Scarlet Pimpernel." It is almost two years since I wrote in these pages, when "The Scarlet Pimpernel" was first produced, that it denoted "that kind of success which ensures a good run." Since then it has been seen in every considerable town in the country, and in most of our suburban theatres, and always greeted with enthusiasm. There are changes in the cast since its former long run at the New Theatre, but Miss Neilson still plays Lady Blakeney with the emotional power which reaches so fine a climax in the third act, and Mr. Terry is still the fascinating "double dealer," outwardly the elegant trifler of London clubs and drawing-rooms, and, *sub rosa*, the indefatigable rescuer of the proscribed nobility of France.

THE EXPLOITERS.

By CHARLES SHERIDAN JONES.

VI.

PERHAPS the intelligent reader who has been following the gradual development of Rose Lucas's character in its process of expansion under altered circumstances, may have wondered how those circumstances exactly arose; how, in fact, a girl with the tastes, views, and temperament usual in a country clergyman's daughter, though by no means with the usual character, came to be acting as typewriter to a usurer, and, as he now knows, a rack-renter also. To him I point out that the factor in the situation for which he has not allowed, but which has produced stranger things than the one we are considering, is the key to the puzzle, if puzzle it be, "Necessity knows no law." The reason why Rose Lucas became Carrington's clerk was that Carrington's advertisement was the first she read; therefore the appointment was the first she applied for, and therefore, also, she got it.

For if you think that Carrington was not likely to value the services of a lady, and an educated woman, who had, moreover, not only the appearance of honesty and trustworthiness, but the things themselves, then you underrate very considerably that gentleman's discrimination and judgment.

Having made these things clear, we will go back to Rose.

When she returned to the office next morning it was with a set purpose in her mind. And women, once they are fixed upon doing a thing, are the most concentrated animals in the world, even if that thing be the murder of a kindly old king peacefully sleeping in his bed. It matters not that the task they have in hand would, if done by someone else, set them making notes of exclamation and

interrogation for half an hour. When they are the executant their mind is in the thing itself, and they are blind, deaf, insensible to the horror, pathos, beauty, or madness of the action.

Wherefore some observers, seeing that women do remorselessly what an average man could achieve only after severe emotional laceration, have proclaimed her cruel, while all the time she is only business-like; wherefore, also, Rose was spared that morning another battle with the formulas.

She waited until Marcus had come in, had settled with young Richardson (whose slow death by poisoning would have left her now unmoved), and had gone out again, saying he would return in half-an-hour, before she attempted to execute her purpose.

Then she went at once into Marcus's room.

On the right-hand side of the room stood a cupboard, occupying nearly the whole of that side. The cupboard, a convenient and economical arrangement, had been outwardly stained mahogany, and was within a mass of pigeon-holes. From one among a hundred of these Rose drew, after some little searching, a bundle of docketed letters, in all about fifteen in number, and marked on the outside, "Turner, The Rev. E. T. T."

Then she took the packet back into her own room, and sat down with the letters spread out before her.

To read them? Oh, no! you mistake the lady we are dealing with. To copy them—that is, to put down their contents word by word, with the days of their despatch, in shorthand.

With the instinct women have that tells them when they are to suffer, she had braced herself to receive any shock the contents might give her. But the very first one that she read made her lay

down her pen, and bow her head in bitter sorrow and humiliation.

It was the application of her father to Marcus for a loan, and the writer, with the unnecessary frankness customary in those making similar applications, had stated the object for which he desired the money.

It was in order that he "might discharge some of his previous obligations, and, at the same time, provide for the education of his daughter in a manner befitting her station."

In all her hundred random speculations as to what had caused her father to commit his crime, this, the simple truth, had never once occurred to her, and she sat now, her head throbbing, her breath coming and going in short, irregular gasps, cut to the quick.

Presently she roused herself, and with a mechanical accuracy copied out the rest of the letters, folded them neatly together—and then put them in their original position—all, that is, except one.

She was following out the plan she had conceived with the passive consent that a subject yields to the powers of a hypnotist. Her will had almost ceased to operate, except in keeping back the half remorseful, half humiliating pain that choked her. She did not even grasp the significance of the letters she had copied, or consciously note the nobleman's name that occurred in every one of them.

But late that afternoon she was to be reminded of it.

The owner called, and she was face to face with the man whose signature her father had been mad enough to forge.

Then, in terror—blind, senseless desperate, hopeless terror—terror for the father that she loved and had injured—



She waited till Marcus had gone out before attempting to execute her purposes.

the father who had transgressed for her, she told Lord Davenant the lie we have recorded.

* * * *

That night when Rose Lucas reached home it was with the walk of one years older than her actual birth days justified. But she did not cry, nor did she brood.

Instead she sat down, and thought hard for nearly an hour.

She came to some interesting conclusions during that time, some of which shall be put before you later.

But there is one thing she did which must be chronicled now.

Before she went to bed she perpetrated the very crime, for committing which she had turned from her father with such scorn but six short weeks before.

She forged her father's name.

VII.

IN our day villadom has become a force—for retrogression the most powerful in the kingdom. Its effect is chiefly to be marked in women. Them

it keeps in the most deplorable of all paradoxical conditions, a restless, discontented apathy, which finds its only vent, alas, in the worrying of the humble necessary husband.

As a rule, the smaller the villa the more determined are its womenfolk that their neighbours shall be outstripped, at least so far as appearances are concerned. As a rule, too, the smaller the villa, the more pretentious its appellation.

That with which we are concerned was called "Blenheim," from which it may be gathered that the house was the most diminutive in a road of dwellings that reminded you instinctively of band-boxes.

The person who chose this title was, you can perceive, destitute of any sense of humour. That being so, she must have lacked other things, for humour is one of the higher gifts. But, you will perceive also, that she had that most dangerous of all qualities for an ignorant person—determination.

There are some women who, though they have entered the twentieth century, are in all true senses of the word mediæval. These flourish in villadom. They are ignorant, unintelligent, very nearly as cruel, and quite as superstitious, as if they had lived in the age that burnt Bruno, and they are as indifferent to the world's progress, thought, emotion, as though it had never existed. Literature has left them untouched, art has passed over their heads, science for them exists only in the mutoscope and the phonograph. They are narrow, visionless, uncharitable, but long centuries of habit have given them the art of ruling men, and they use their power cruelly.

It was such a woman who, on the afternoon of the day on which Lord Davenant determined to discover the guilty landlord of Game Street, sat in her poky drawing-room waiting—not waiting for anything in particular, but merely because it was her habit to do so, and because she was occasionally rewarded by one of her neighbours calling and discovering her behind teacups, for all the world like a woman accustomed to "receive."

But on the afternoon in question Mrs.

Franks was to receive a reward she had little dreamt of. She was to be called upon by a lord, a member of the aristocracy, and that member Lord Davenant.

It is, we know, the unexpected that happens, and this is due, be it noted, to the poverty of our imaginations. For instance, had Marcus Carrington, the respectable Bloomsbury money-lender, been told that he would be detected in his character of slum landlord, he would have said that the thing was impossible; but then Marcus Carrington would have no more imagined that a nobleman with brains, and a conscience—not to speak of cash—would have interested himself in the matter, than Mrs. Franks would have deemed it possible that that nobleman would call upon her.

Carrington would probably have denied that such a person existed. In any case he would have thought discovery impossible.

And do not let the reader think that discovery an easy one; for certain cynics anticipate that the severest shock the faith of humanity could receive in these days would be for a list of slum landlords to be published. Not a few they think would be of good repute, dwellers in the odour of sanctity.

Marcus was not precisely of these. But he was a man of parts, and—caution. Accordingly it was his agent, and not himself, who collected the rents, his agent who answered nasty inquiries, his agent who paid the fines when a reluctant vestry undertook proceedings. And, seeing that that agent was a man of straw, and entirely dependent on his favour, Marcus Carrington would have said that his connection with Game Street was impossible of discovery.

For, to make assurance doubly sure, Carrington had kept that agent as ignorant of his Bloomsbury business as his Bloomsbury clients were of his East End character of landlord.

Yet Lord Davenant was to discover both. How did he do it?

It was not until he found threats, bribes, and leading questions to be as useless as straightforward inquiries that he hit on the idea that gave him the victory.

Finding it vain to ask for the name or address of the landlord, he inquired for the address of the agent, and got it at once.

Then, though the agent was within a stone's throw of him, he went not to the agent, but his house.

This was situated in a rather different neighbourhood to Game Street, that of a northern suburb. And the name of the house was Blenheim.

These were the circumstances that led Lord Davenant to be announced by a fluttered maidservant into the poky drawing-room of the woman whose characterless nature I have endeavoured to outline.

But, if I have failed to outline that, how can I succeed in depicting her emotions when Lord Davenant entered.

They were those of a Mahomedan transplanted in a dream to the seventh heaven of innumerable houris (and who forgets the particular ruler of his bosom)—of a curate cooped in Walworth, who, dosing, hears the drowsy intonation of a cathedral choir, and sees himself mount the pulpit (but not the congregation preparing to yawn)—of a discharged bankrupt, who perceives whole vistas of easily-contracted fresh obligations (and forgets the Official Receiver).

Wonder, delight, astonishment—a lord had come to see her!—and instantly she bethought her of her neighbours.

Then, pulling herself back to the present, she received Lord Davenant with an imitation of staid composure vastly creditable. Woman is still woman—even in the suburbs.

But, between the suburban woman and Lord Davenant there was a gulf too great for language to bridge.

For when two temperaments that respond to no one common impulse meet, words serve to confuse indeed; but they do not communicate. The thought they are meant to clothe is never truly apprehended, and so is never answered; they become merely a medium of misunderstanding.

It was so with Lord Davenant and the suburban woman now. They might have talked till doomsday, and got no further towards finding out what the other really meant.

But there was another reason. Lord Davenant, now that he had come, was by no means certain what his object was in coming. Young blood, when fired by impulse, good or bad, is rarely reflective till after action. Hence remorse. Lord Davenant had had vague notions of extorting from the agent's wife what the agent had refused him. Also he had had some desire to know for what fascination the agent had sacrificed his soul.

He could see in this woman's face no fascination, but degradation enough for any man, and somehow he felt the subjection under which her husband lived.

"The tyranny of woman," said a thinker given to paradox, "is the greatest tyranny the world has ever known. It is the tyranny of the weak over the strong." This woman's tyranny was that of determined ignorance over a nervous organism.

Lord Davenant had not seen her two minutes before he began pitying her husband, and in another he abandoned all idea of getting information from the wife. "I have come," he said, "partly in the hope that I might find Mr. Franks at home, and partly because I very much want to find the person for whom he acts."

This speech left Mrs. Franks wondering. She merely bowed, which was perhaps the wisest thing she could do, as it left the burden of explanation entirely with Lord Davenant.

"I have," that personage resumed, "seen your husband to-day, but I have failed, unfortunately, to induce him to give me the name of his principal. He says his engagement precludes him from doing so."

Mrs. Franks began vaguely to conclude that Lord Davenant was endeavouring to out-general Marcus in some way, that for this reason he desired to obtain command of her husband's services, and that he had come to her to help him to achieve this. Her sense of vanity was accordingly gratified, and her bartering instincts were aroused.

Lord Davenant was to damp both.

"I can assure you," he said, "that your husband shall not in any way suffer by giving me the information I desire."

Whereat Mrs. Franks deduced that her lord and master was required, not to leave his present employer, but to betray him.

This course was not in the least obnoxious to her, but it needed justification in the pecuniary sense.

"And what inducement do you offer him?" she said.

Lord Davenant was as puzzled as he well could be.

"I don't think you understand," he stammered nervously. "My reason for desiring the name of Mr. Franks's employer is because, either with or without that employer's consent, the property Mr. Franks attends to is in a grossly insanitary condition. If that arises from neglect on the landlord's part Mr. Franks cannot, of course, be held to be to blame, and should have no objection to furnishing me with the name of that landlord. But if not he must, of course, expect to suffer."

Lord Davenant said this calmly, as though it were a pronouncement of fate and not a mere personal opinion. His tone, as well as the words he used, goaded the woman opposite him to fury.

Overtax the brains of persons not accustomed to mental exercise, and they become at once irritable and angry. The unwonted exertion becomes positively painful, and they seek invariably to end it abruptly. Moreover, the fact that they do not understand you jars their vanity, and sharp speech is the result.

Mrs. Franks was as mentally incapable of fathoming Lord Davenant as a Mahomedan would be of appreciating the Athanasian Creed.

Accordingly she became instantly enraged.

"In that case," she retorted hotly, "you had better speak to my husband himself. I understand he will be at the Castle Hotel, London Bridge, this afternoon at four. No doubt your lordship can explain to him there."

And she rose.

She had actually snubbed the one lord who had ever sought an interview with her. Nay more, she had referred him to her husband—in her eyes a crowning piece of insolence.

But this did not assuage her anger. On the contrary, it served rather to increase it, and she proceeded, in the absence of that same husband, to annoy her maidservant.

First, however, that unfortunate being was despatched to send off a telegram, about which we shall hear more presently.

As for Lord Davenant, he left the house more puzzled than ever. But not by Mrs. Franks only. Just as he was walking through the narrow hall, and trying not to bump his shins against an unoccupied umbrella stand, flanked by a still more unnecessary table, his eye fell on a little engraving which interested him strangely. It was that of a symbolical cartoon, done by an artist whose work in this direction has made him famous, and it represented some workers, men and women, in a field—workers, be it noted, not toilers, for their faces showed contentment, and one could almost hear the women singing at their task, while the men laughed and chaffed each other. On the top was written "*Laborare est Orare*," and beneath stood the words, "*For the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof*." The whole was simple, beautiful, complete, the one thing in that house of gaudy *bric-à-brac* that, intended for ornament, did not disgust or annoy.

He wondered what kind of mind it was that could admire this, yet tolerate the cheap imitations which nauseated one.

Before long he was to find out. Meanwhile he proceeded to the Castle Hotel, though, it must be confessed, with no very definite plan of campaign. Franks the agent had refused him the information that morning, had stood out against threats, bullying, and even bribes. No doubt he would still do so. But, when a man's determination is roused, he goes on merely because it makes him. He tries a hundred roads before he finds the right one, often acting without reason, thought, or scruple. And if he keeps at it long enough the mere force of repetition leads him at last to the right one.

Wherefore a certain cultured observer of poor, struggling humanity spoke of "the stream of tendencies that make for



She had actually snubbed the one lord who had ever sought an interview with her.



Franks waved a telegram excitedly.

righteousness"; other and uncultured observers talk of luck.

And luck was with Lord Davenant at the third attempt. For this attempt was successful.

It happened that, as Lord Davenant entered the select establishment, where Marcus had chosen that his creature should receive his orders, by one door, a boy, with a telegram, entered by the other. A coincidence? Yes, a coincidence with a cause; it was the telegram to Franks from Franks's wife.

It also happened that Franks was expecting another telegram on business about which he was, at that moment, talking to Marcus through the telephone. Franks was, as we have stated, of a nervous temperament, and no sooner did he hear the shout of "Mr. Franks, here's your telegram," than he rushed out of the telephone lobby to get and read it—rushed out as Lord Davenant, unperceived by him, entered by the other door, and seizing on the situation, took up Franks's place at the wire.

"Who are you?" he called through, but there was no answer. "Who are you?"

And then the reply came in a thick, husky voice—

"No. 7288," and Lord Davenant turned away discomfited—discomfited, but not beaten.

For, just as he was turning away with a sense of angry impotence, he found himself faced by the agent, who, realising instantly what Lord Davenant had discovered, waved a telegram excitedly, and commenced a series of derisive comments.

"Hah," he said, "so you've got the number, have you? But you won't find him even now. It's a restaurant."

And chuckling, he proceeded to shout through more information.

As for Lord Davenant, the moment he heard the words "a restaurant," hope revived within him. Ignorant as he was of the ways of "that little parish called the world, the little parish of St. James," whose only skill is in corruption, whose only virtue is in being corrupted at a good price, he knew enough of life to know that those who are servile are also false, and that the faith of waiters succumbs to half-crowns.

Accordingly, when he heard the words "a restaurant," he rejoiced.

The first thing he did was to find out what No. 7288 stood for. It was the Fedora Hotel, Soho. The next was to drive there post haste.

It was Ruskin who said that, however a man hide his temperament, character, self, he reveals it in his work. But what of the man who does no work, but only schemes with that of others? Where does he get that opportunity of taking the mask off his face, not fearing to disclose his real self, good or bad? In his home? Sometimes; but sometimes that home itself requires the severest strain on his hypocrisy. How many wretched men are there not, men with hundreds, nay thousands, at their bank, who do not know the meaning of life, who since their childhood have never felt the joy of a free, spontaneous existence, who live in dread of their servants or their children's governess, who dare not eat

their meal the way they would, whose wealth is to them fetters that bind them to a worse tyranny than even poverty knows?

Again, others there are who have no home at all.

What do these do? How do they find vent for that strange passion for being true, which is with men even to-day; which drives them forth to tell their confidences to barmaids, to boast their meannesses to barbers, to talk to strangers of their feelings.

Verily, verily the father confessor stood for much.

The moral of which is that not only in their work do men reveal themselves, but in all sorts of queer places. For us all there must be some place where we cease once a day to lie, and act—even if it be a restaurant. We are driven out to it as our forefathers were driven to the tops of mountains—there to face reality, and be real.

It was at the aforementioned restaurant, where Marcus was wont to stretch his corpulent person, to boast of his achievements, to talk of himself freely as being even worse than he was, that Lord Davenant found three waiters ready to betray his identity.

He divided a sovereign among them, got his information, and then drove to Marcus's office, there to receive the one repulse he succumbed to.

* * * *

And what of Mrs. Franks's telegram? It was but to warn her husband of the coming of the lord, and to ensure his wearing a clean collar!

VIII.

IT is one of the fallacies of your rule-of-thumb man that "little things please little minds." Fortunately this stupidity is taught to our children by rote, so that they don't believe, but only memorise, it. The truth they hear in our unguarded moments—and store it up against us. Fraudulent phrases and sing-song lies are accepted of them without being understood.

Nevertheless they count. In proof of which there is the reader's astonishment

at hearing that this echo of the copy-books rings false. Yet false it is.

For it is of these little things that the observant man takes note; on them that a great scientist like Darwin builds up a system to change the world's thought; and by them that a great artist gets great effects.

The keen eye of the student sees more through the smallest telescope than whole legions of gaping optics have detected in the great blue sky.

Finally, and to clinch my thesis, it was a little thing which troubled the sluggish soul, but cunning head, of Mr. Marcus Carrington on the morning of which I am writing.

He had heard Rose Lucas tell Lord Davenant that he was out when she must have known the contrary, and, try as he would, he could not find the reason.



One of the three waiters.

The Hebrew has, as a rule, phenomenally keen ears, wonderfully acute vision, and, a more valuable gift still, marked self-control. Had Marcus called out to Lord Davenant to stay, he could never have discovered the reason which prompted Rose in her refusal of him. She would have known she was found out, and would have been on her guard against him.

Now he could watch her without her being aware of it.

But it must be confessed he got little results from his watching.

He pondered, he peered, he pried; he tried to fill the bill with half a hundred wild conjectures, and carefully thought out motives. He even tried to revise his whole conception of Rose's character, to force himself to the conclusion that he had been deceived by an affectation of qualities she did not possess—and could not.

Why didn't he discharge her and think no more about it? To do the man justice, there was a strain of thoroughness in his character that prevented him taking so crude a course. It would have been to own himself beaten; to give up his interest in a character that attracted him.

The ordinary man of business would have done this without a qualm. To Marcus's credit, be it said, he could not.

It was on the afternoon of the day following, while the matter still simmered in his mind, that he got a letter which puzzled him still more. It was from Kendle, the village where the peccant curer of souls resided, and Rose took it in to him. She stood waiting, an excuse ready, while he cut the envelope, and read the contents, and, in an instant, with a start of gratified pride, she saw the letter puzzled him. Next moment he sent her for the copying book, and read his letter to Turner first; then he re-read one that had come in answer.

The first was as follows:—

"SIR,—I have to remind you that the bill renewed at your request on June 15th last falls due on the third of next month. Should it not be met by yourself, I shall be compelled to communicate with your co-signatory, Lord Davenant. As to

what action he will take in the matter you are, of course, the best judge.

"Yours truly,

"MARCUS CARRINGTON."

The answer ran:—

"SIR,—I have to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 28th inst. In reference thereto I have to tell you that the bill cannot be met by me on the 3rd of next month, or on any date within the next four weeks. It is not till then that I can even name the day on which you will be paid. As to your communicating with Lord Davenant, and as to my being the best judge of the course he will take, I do not agree. So good a judge as you yourself are of these transactions will be able to determine better than I whether the action he will take is likely to be of profit to yourself.

"Yours truly,

"EDWARD T. T. TURNER."

This was the letter. It left Marcus astounded.

It dared him to play his trump card, and told him that to play it meant to cheat himself.

But, though Marcus was at first astounded by the cool audacity with which, at a bound, the weaker man assumed the mastery over himself, he saw one thing instantly. The letter was not the unaided composition of the man who, as he thought, had penned it.

Rose had been too thorough in her method. She had shown the work, not of her own, but of another, hand too clearly. At once Marcus came to the conclusion that Turner, the man he had been badgering for two years, who had written letters that pleaded, supplicated, contradicted themselves and gave their writer hopelessly away, had sought the advice of one stronger, bolder than himself.

And yet—and yet, he could not free his mind from the idea that the letter had some connection with Rose's refusal of him to Lord Davenant, the man whose signature was on the bill, the man whose signature was, as he had known all along, a forgery.

Obviously it must be in connection with that same signature that Lord

Davenant had come to see him, so falsely do the shrewdest of us reason, and, if Rose had an interest in keeping him and Lord Davenant apart, she had an interest in writing the letter he had read.

He recalled the fact that she had come to him without a reference, and had frankly said that she had quarrelled with her people. The fact, which counted for little then, weighed heavily against her now.

Then he made two interesting discoveries.

He went to the pigeon-holed cupboard, drew out a little packet of letters, glanced at their contents, counted them, and then, with a start, he realised that one had been stolen. Next instant he realised something else, something that sent the blood to his head, made his heart pulsate with an emotion to which the mammon worshipper had been for years a stranger.

When we are moved deeply about a subject, especially if it be a human one, we usually discover that, all unknown to ourselves, we have entertained a whole chapter of impressions, doubts, fears, hopes and dreads, which seem to wait a shock of further interest before they are realised in our mind. Only a few of us analyse our emotions, still fewer do so correctly. And it came in on Marcus now with a shock of dread and fear that he felt

towards this woman as he had never felt towards any other being.

He realised it with fear, I say, because all of us fear new things, and for the first time Marcus's nature was responding to a passion in which the cheating of his fellow men, the massing of wealth, and all the instincts developed in him for years, and some of his race for centuries, found no place.



With a start of gratified pride she saw the letter puzzled him.

He realised in a flash that he loved the woman who was betraying him.

IX.

WHEN Nature produces a new scourge for man she usually produces almost simultaneously the thing that is to protect him. Thus,

of the hundred and one new diseases modern medicine men have discovered, they really have found the remedy for half a dozen; thus, while we get a mad anarchist Lucceni murdering a woman who, though an Empress, is inoffensive, nay, positively interesting, we get a great discoverer like Lombroso who tells us why and wherefore Lucceni came, and how in the future Society may avoid him.

It may be that Society will be deaf to Lombroso's warning—but that has nothing to do with Nature.

And this is true, not only of individuals in the aggregate, but true of them individually. The chain of causation running through the universe brings the same law to us, and over and over again we find the thing that has caused the disease produces also the cure. We find this in a hundred and one odd ways. It even confronts us in the case of Rose Lucas and her father.

If Rose had never been educated, her father might never have forged, but again, if she had been uneducated, or partially so, she could never have saved him.

At any rate she would not have tried to do so.

Another result would have been that this story could not have been written.

Being educated, and not on poll parrot lines, but so that logic had become a part of her mental equipment, she thought, while an ordinary woman would have contented herself by crying copiously, and, thinking, she produced the letter we have seen Marcus receive. How did she do it?

She noticed that through all the variations of Marcus's correspondence one fact held good—the more his victims supplicated, the more he bullied, but, did they but show him a bold front he climbed down, for a time at any rate.

She used this knowledge in writing the letter we have recorded.

But she had noticed one other fact about his correspondence also. This man, who was nominally a money-lender, was something else in fact, something even nastier—a blackmailer within the law. Not a third, but half of those who had borrowed from him had borrowed by reason of some fraud punishable by

law, and which Marcus had all along detected.

Then, when the victim was slow to come to heel, Marcus would indulge in veiled threats—veiled that is to all except the victim.

Now, it is the peculiarity of your black-mailer that the very last thing he will do is to ruin the victim he preys on. Since to do this means that he will gratify spite indeed, but he will lose potential money.

And Marcus, Rose reasoned, was not nearly high enough in the scale of evolution to prefer the former to the latter.

Did he but prosecute her father for forgery, he lost for ever the chance of getting back his ducats.

Thus she reasoned, and she reasoned truly. The letter would give Marcus pause, and would give her time. Time to deal with the other foe to her father's peace, Lord Davenant. Meanwhile she had this problem confronting her: the letter was written in London, but it had to be posted from Kendle.

And it must be posted by herself. How did she meet the difficulty?

X.

ACCORDING to all the laws which govern the imaginings of idealists, and nothing else, Rose Lucas should have been, by this time, in a state of contrition pitiable to think of. She had opened letters entrusted to her, had deceived her employer, had forged her father's name, yet, while, according to those same laws of the idealists, she should have gone about with drooping head and prostrate mind, she rose each day with a conscience void of offence. She never even thought of the matter at all.

The reason? She had something more important to think of.

The same impulse that had caused her to do these things caused her to forget them—to forget herself and to think only of the person for whose sake they were done. "I give to you a new commandment, that you love one another."

A man would not have ceased thinking on the enormity of his offence. Rose had not yet commenced. Instead she was thinking of Lord Davenant.

That he had come to see Marcus about her father's crime seemed to her to be as certain as it had seemed to Marcus, and it involved the necessity of immediate action on her part. Women are much better at fighting a desperate case than men are. They deal point by point with a thing as point by point arises.

Above all, they do not despair, and they take all the chances. Wherefore, having puzzled, and as she thought silenced, Marcus by her letter, Rose commenced to think of Lord Davenant. She did not waste time in preliminary cogitation, or damp herself by imaginary difficulties. She looked his name up in a directory and found it at 14, Cheswick Chambers, Bloomsbury. Then, when the evening came, and her work was over, she set out to find it. As to what she was going to say she did not know herself. She did not know what excuse she could offer for calling on a young man, and a strange one.

Women like her trust to the finer intuition of the moment, a course which often gives better results than long deliberation. But events are sometimes too strong even for women. They were so that evening, and Rose was not to go to Cheswick Mansions. An incident, in

itself trifling, was to prevent her, that incident being that a child four miles off fell ill. What has that to do with Cheswick Mansions, and Lord Davenant? you ask. Nothing, but it has something to do with Rose Lucas. Give me time and I will tell you what.

Though Rose was ignorant of Carrington's East End character, and though Franks was, as we shall see, ignorant of his master's West End pursuits, fate had brought the two together—fate and Marcus. It is a psychological fact worth explaining that when a man trusts the majority of his fellows over-little he is sure to trust one of them over-much. Even Bismarck had his Busch, and the subtle delight of being free and natural with one has been the undoing of many a poor rogue who has cheated hundreds. It was in a sense to be Marcus's undoing also, though not in the manner the reader may imagine.

It fell out on an afternoon, some

fourteen days before that of which I am writing, that Marcus had had occasion both to communicate at once with Franks and to remain in his office; a difficulty he met by entrusting a note to Rose, who was to deliver it to that worthy. He reasoned, half unconsciously,



No woman worthy of the name can see a child dirty without instantly desiring to wash it.

that there was so little in common between them that the interview was like to be formal and brief.

In this he was mistaken, for there was more in common between his two servants than he, or the reader, thinks. Franks, on the occasion in question, was in a dingy little room, a kind of office, in Game Street, and with him was a little child, shrunken, neglected, and dirty, but, for the moment happy, as she sucked sweets supplied by the aforesaid Franks, and crowded contentedly on his knee.

Now, there is one spectacle that no woman worthy of the name can look upon with equanimity. And that is a child who has gone too long unwashed. She may see that same child beaten unmercifully, may know it is being starved, may keep it in cruel silence when its young instincts need freedom and noise, but, I repeat, no woman worthy of the name can see a child dirty without instantly desiring to wash it, and anathematising its unnatural mother. Accordingly, when Rose found the neglected little infant on Franks's knee there was at once a bond of interest between them.

You may think it strange that Franks, the man who did the dirty work of Marcus, should take even a temporary interest in a child of one of the wretched creatures out of whom it was his duty to screw a few shillings each week. But that is because you have made the mistake of confounding the man with his occupation. Later on we shall find out more both about his occupation, and the man himself.

Meanwhile we will concern ourselves, like Rose, with the child.

Its history was a very ordinary one. Its parents gave only one indication of being human—the child itself. They drank, quarrelled, fought, and worked with a monotonous regularity that, had they been cursed with memory, must inevitably have driven them mad. They were as unfit to have the care of a human soul, or of a human body, as a navy is to criticise Botticelli, or an elephant to dust *Sèvres*.

But the law, which later would spend hundreds of pounds in sending that child

to prison, would not spend one now in preventing the necessity while it was possible.

What wonder, then, that Rose should, when Franks told her of the little one's wretched case—what wonder that her compassion should have gone out towards it?

She did something more than wash the infant. She saw the parents, and, accustomed to speak in tones of authority that the poor always respond to, she even succeeded in getting some faint recognition of their duty from them. She bought the child food and clothes; she might even have saved it had not an accident happened. It fell, and broke its head, and on the very afternoon when Rose set out to call on Lord Davenant. As it lay in its agony, it called out for the one person who had shown it human consideration—called out so piteously that even the wretched parents were moved to action and went to find Franks.

Now, Franks had been given Rose's address, and when he heard the news set out post haste to find her.

She had not gone more than a hundred yards from her lodgings before they met, and Franks blurted out his information. Womanlike, in an instant, Rose forgot Lord Davenant and her father, and was hurrying him along to reach the child before life left it. But before she saw the child her sorely-tried powers of endurance were to receive another shock. Just as she and Franks were getting out of the cab which had taken them to Game Street her eyes fell on the figure of a man, who was leaving the house they were about to enter. It was Lord Davenant, and he recognised her, flushed, raised his hat, and hesitated.

Something in his manner decided Rose. Women have a wonderful knack of knowing when to storm a fortress by assault. And they almost invariably have a way of spiking the enemy's guns first. Rose did this now. She went up to the young nobleman eagerly, and held out her hand, which he took with strange awkwardness. Then—

"Lord Davenant, I want to beg a favour of you," she said.

He intimated that he would be delighted to grant it—if he could.

"And I want you to promise me you will not tell anyone I have done so."

A discreet man would have declined this pledge of confidence—if he had been over forty. In which case it is probable that Rose would not have asked for it. As it was, Lord Davenant gave it, with that automatic readiness with which we say things, without realising their import, when not quite masters of our ourselves.

"You came to see Mr. Carrington the other day. I want you to promise me that you will not go near him again for a month."

Rose was prepared for the look of astonishment with which the young man regarded her. But she expected also that he would ask her why. Instead, he made a statement of fact. "I have seen him to-day while you were at lunch."

For a moment Rose reeled, then, with a great effort, she walked, half swooning, away from him and into the house.

XI.

THE meeting between Marcus and Lord Davenant had, as the latter said, taken place that day when, screwing his courage to the sticking point, the young nobleman with a conscience determined to see a man who laid so heavy a burden on his fellows. Some writers would picture this meeting as full of dramatic surprises, scathing denunciations, and callous retorts. On the contrary it was very ordinary—ordinary, that is, in so far that neither man raised his voice above its customary tone, but full of interest to those who care more for human nature than they do for noise.

There is this about brains, that a man accustomed to use his own will generally contrive to get to the root of another's meaning in two minutes, and, if he can't, will request further information. Whereas an ignorant man, or one not accustomed to think, will, if the thing spoken of be not patent, become confused and vaguely fearful; ten to one he will snarl, and there will be a row.

Had either Marcus or Lord Davenant

been unaccustomed to think and draw deductions, infallibly unpleasantness would have arisen. As it was, nothing of the sort took place.

What did take place? You might give a thousand guesses, and never the right one. Which shows, not so much that the two men were out of the common, but that you are weak in psychological perception. You see, you do not know them as well as the author, who will tantalise you no longer.

Lord Davenant had met Marcus just as the latter was going out of his office, had introduced himself, and had been politely invited to sit down and explain what he wanted.

Lord Davenant saw a man florid, a little puffy, to his taste just a trifle vulgar, but cool, cautious, and alert, who seemed to indicate, without the least approach to swagger, that he was master of the situation, and knew it. In a flash he realised that the man he had come to plead with was at once beyond his power, and too much for him. He was overweighted, and he knew it, and began lamely.

Marcus saw a youth, austere enough for a curate, whose dignity made him a trifle awkward, but who had himself well under control, seemed to know thoroughly what he was about, and to have invincible determination behind his actions. Immediately he decided this was a man he could not wholly fathom, a man who responded to other impulses than common clay, a man with whom it behoved him to be cautious.

Lord Davenant, though he felt dispirited, did not show it.

"I have come to speak to you about the state of your property in Game Street," he commenced. "I fear it is in a very bad condition."

Have you ever realised that one of the most enviable gifts the Hebrew possesses is that of dramatic instinct. If not, the reply of Marcus would be as Greek to you.

He did not ask for details, he did not wax virtuously indignant, as your ordinary slum owner would have done, he did not even ask for proof that the property was his. Instead, he played a

card which left Lord Davenant speechless—and the game in his own hands.

He leant over the table, touched Lord Davenant on the arm, and with admirably assumed earnestness, and most effective directness, said quietly—

"You, Lord Davenant," he said "are a rich man. I am a poor one—oh yes, that most wretched of poor men, a poor man who has to handle large sums in other people's interest. Nominally I am the landlord of Game Street; actually,"



Rose rode off into the night.

"Help me to put it right."

The sentence left Lord Davenant stupefied with silence. Marcus had followed the old rule: when in doubt bewilder your opponent. The result was that he had time to take up the parable.

and he smiled grimly, "I am not. The property to me represents so much sunken capital, on which, as that capital was entrusted to me, I am obliged to make a certain return. To alter, to improve that property would mean that I should

have to make a bigger return, for it would mean more capital. That capital I have not got."

Then he stopped, suddenly sunk his voice to a whisper, and went on rapidly before the other could interrupt:—

"You have seen the property? You have seen the people on it. Perhaps you have pitied them—I often do. Their wretched, stunted lives—and the children choked for air. Oh, it is pitiable, but what can I do? Nothing! What can you do? Everything!" And, after a second's pause, he added: "You can lend me the money to alter it."

He delivered the last few words with passionate emphasis. A mother pleading for her child could not have been more effective.

Then, as if exhausted, he flung himself back into his chair, the back of which was in the shadow of the room, and shot keen looks at Lord Davenant.

And Lord Davenant—he proved his grit by saying nothing. He remained impassive, immobile. Marcus had shot his bolt in the dark.

Then Marcus, seeing he had not drawn the enemy, threw himself forward again and began speaking energetically.

"Understand," he said, "my proposal is a perfectly business-like one. The property makes a good return as it is."

He did not tell him that the mere fact that the property was overcrowded meant that it was more profitable, because it meant that there were more human beings packed upon it to pay tribute.

"It would not be easy to raise capital, I fear, on the mere ground of philanthropy." Marcus said this with an admirable assumption of regret.

"Now I suggest that, in the first place, you should inspect the property in company with my agent, whom I will instruct to give you every facility and full information; that, having arrived at your conclusions about it, you should let me know both these and the money required to carry them into effect, and that you should then consider your ability to lend me the money on security. I do not think your lordship will hesitate to accept. If you agree to this"—his voice had become coldly business-like,

tinged with an indifference much more effective with Lord Davenant than his enthusiasm—"if you accept this course I will arrange an appointment with my agent at your convenience, if not"—he shrugged indifference significant and final.

Lord Davenant was silent for some time. When he spoke it was coldly, and with a business-like directness which made Marcus respect him.

"I do not pledge myself to anything," he said. "I do not make any promises, or guarantee anything. But I shall be glad to avail myself of your offer to inspect the property with your agent. And I may say I hope that we can come to an arrangement. Tuesday, 12 o'clock, will suit me for the first meeting. Meanwhile, I have to thank you for the courtesy with which you have received me. Good-morning;" and, with a cold bow, he strode out.

They had come to conclusions within ten minutes. You see, they were men of brains.

And Marcus leant back in his chair and chuckled. "Tough," he said, "very tough; still, I think I've got him."

What did he mean? what was it that put Lord Davenant in his power?

XII.

LOVE is usually represented to be an overmastering passion, which, whatever be the character of its subjects, drives them along in one direction, absorbs their energies, and makes them blind, reckless, and heedless of all save love, to the serious detriment, one would suppose, of the world's business.

And, indeed, in the first glow of caring for another being so closely that one's own peace of mind depends on that being's condition rather than on one's own, love is a wonderful thing. But, for all that, love does not produce the same effect on different natures, but different effects on different characters. And with Marcus it was as little likely to result in a generous abandonment, or less calculating frame of mind, as it is to make the criminal who feels its power to-morrow an honest man, or the woman he inspires a strong one.

Marcus was calculating over other things; he was calculating over love. Once he recognised that his affection was a fact, he began to think of its object as an asset of the business. He remembered her coolness of head, her reliable, painstaking character. He even remembered her subdued charm of manner, so fascinating to one accustomed to the noisy display and loud vulgarity of women he knew. He knew enough about society to know that, while it forgave a man his business and his past, in the matter of his wife it was merciless. And Marcus, like most men who have made money, had social ambitions. Almost the first thing that love made plain to the soul of Marcus was the exceeding utility which the proposed asset would have in this direction. This, and her other qualities established in his mind, he set himself to the task of acquiring possession of the property.

You may think that not even a travesty of affection could be felt by such as Marcus. That is because you have confused two things—human nature and love. When human nature in one of its concrete manifestations is great, then love can play upon that nature, and produce great music. But the virtue is in the nature itself, not in one of its own instincts, and if Marcus had been going to love differently he would have had to be a different man. Perhaps when you shake a nature to its depths you bring into play latent potentialities which their owner never suspected; but that did not happen now. Love only roused the every-day side of Marcus, and left him calculating more keenly than ever.

And this being so, he set himself to the task of fathoming the one incident in Rose's conduct which he did not understand. It is to be counted to Marcus's credit that he never for one moment allowed the mystery of that incident to change his view of Rose's character. An ordinary man would have suspended his judgment upon the one until the other had been cleared up, but Marcus had at least faith in his own perceptions, which is something.

He did not revise his estimate of Rose, but he sought assiduously the key to the

incident that did not square with it. As a result of this he determined on an interesting course of conduct.

He reasoned that, as Rose was not the woman to commit an action without an object, that object could be found. He determined to find it by the experimental method. Instinct, rather than reason, would not permit him to think of that action, and of the letter he had received from Mr. Turner, separately; accordingly he decided to treat both together.

He first concocted a reply to the letter. This written, after much thought, ran as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours, the contents of which I am not wholly able to understand, I have to inform you that, as you have not taken up the bill for £300, I am communicating by this post with your co-signatory, Lord Davenant.

"Yours etc.,

"MARCUS CARRINGTON."

This done, he handed it, early in the day, to Rose for copying, and watched narrowly for the effect produced upon her.

She did not so much as move a muscle.

Then he requested her to step out and post it, and she responded with alacrity.

She returned five minutes later with the letter in her pocket and a serene countenance.

Marcus felt his opinion of her rising steadily.

But this did not exhaust the first attempt to succeed with the experimental method; the most important part was yet to come.

Kendle was situated some twenty-five miles from London, and the service of trains between it and the metropolis was more than usually disgracefully deficient. The last train, Marcus found, left for London at half-past ten. There was one down to Kendle at 5.35. Accordingly, Marcus hoped that the business which was going to take him to Kendle that night would be concluded between those hours.

Nevertheless, it was not. Marcus arrived at Kendle close on seven; he was

careful to attract as little attention as possible. By dint of quiet inquiries he discovered a post office, made sure it was the only one in the village, fixed the location exactly in his mind, and then went for a walk in the country.

When he returned the village had retired to rest, the clocks were striking ten. No sound broke the stillness of the night, only a few lights the darkness.

He began to wonder what anyone could want with money in this sleepy corner of the earth. It was as different from the bustling gaudy town as if a continent were between them. Then he concluded that even forgery was justifiable to break monotony so intolerable.

Presently he heard the rattle of the oncoming train, the last back to town that night. But he lit a cigar, and did not budge. He had taken up a position on the side of the road opposite the post office where, standing in the shadow of a tree, he could see without being seen, could observe undetected. A fine drizzling rain began to descend, and the Sybarite turned up his collar.

Eleven o'clock struck, but still he waited; even wondered why he did so, and could not find the reason. It was the persistency of his own character.

(To be concluded.)



Marcus commenced his five-mile walk.

After that he fell into that apathetic state when we wait, and do nothing else.

Twelve o'clock—half-past twelve came, and went. He had almost fallen into a doze; nay, he had roused himself, when on that instant a sense of movement fell on his quickened ears. He slipped out cautiously, and listened. A moment later he stepped back satisfied, smiling. The sound was a familiar one.

One moment more, and Rose Lucas, riding a bicycle, and white with exertion, passed by him, dismounted, placed a letter in the box, and then, getting on her machine without so much as one look about her, rode off into the night.

And Marcus commenced his five-mile walk back to the nearest railway station with a light heart and smiling face.

The woman was in his power.



TWO doughty champions have lately fought in the lists kept by the *Daily Telegraph* for the wager of battle over vexed questions of thought and manners. This particular engagement concerned the British drama. Sir Herbert Beer-bohm wore the favour of a blond and blue-eyed lady of wistful countenance bearing the uncouth name of Optimism; Sir Henry Arthur brought to the fray the dun colours of a peevish and sometimes shrewish maid who is as ill-called as her rival, being known as Pessimism. The joust was lively and the issue hardly doubtful, but no description would be tolerable. I speak of it because it was a symptom. The champions came from rival camps, which had previously sent out less distinguished heroes to tilt against each other, always with barren results. In one of these camps were gathered all those who thought the British drama hopelessly decadent; in the other camp were those who saw signs of hopeful promise. Like art and literature, these said, the drama has been passing through its ebb of mediocrity. Material progress has absorbed men's minds and they have turned everything else to mere diversions; but now gaze about you and note the turn of the tide. No longer general apathy and crass indifference, but everywhere curious questioning and keen dispute. What, then, is drama?—is being asked. And on every side new agencies to help furnish an answer—clubs of play-goers more critical than the critics; disquisitions in books, pamphlets and reviews; column on column of newspaper argument, satire, chaff; pleas for a national theatre, a municipal theatre, a people's theatre; upbraidings of managers and taunts at public taste or the

want of it; stage societies that eagerly produce plays nobody wants to see; schools of dramatic art—never was a London fog so inter-penetrated with illuminating rays, and yet, like the torches in the fog, they have so far served chiefly to disclose the density of the mist.

And yet all this pother means something. All this stir is a sign of restless consciousness that matters theatrical are not quite what they ought to be at the heart of the British Empire. What is the trouble? men ask, and forthwith crashes down in response an avalanche of answer: The public is too frivolous; managers are mere time-servers; there is no sound dramatic criticism; the untried dramatic genius has no chance. Such are a few, a very few, of the cries of wrath and satire that meet the question: What is the trouble? Most of us are ready with a diagnosis; many have a "sure and certain" cure; few have the courage to back up their prescription on their individual responsibility and survive or perish, financially or judicially, by the result. In all this sea of opinion the writer's is, doubtless, of little moment; but if it is worth anything, this is it: British drama is not so much decadent as delirious; it is formless and void, like the earth before God said: "Let there be light," but, also like the earth, it is slowly forming and coming into logical order and symmetry, and all this fuming in men's minds is the transitional state—the sign of inevitable transition from darkness to light. It is a phase that ought to be encouraged and ought to encourage also. Without it progress would be impossible; with it the cultivation of public taste for a nobler drama, the gradual supply of exalted work by the dramatist and the



MR. HERBERT SWEARS.

Founder and Honorary General Manager of The Pioneers.

experimental production of it by the manager, will act and re-act on each other and so go hand-in-hand to a fine fruition. And I also believe in every serious effort to put out of court any one of the many pleas that are validly urged against the state of the art as it is to-day.

One of these serious efforts is the Society known as The Pioneers. It must interest every well-wisher of British drama on account of its objects, even more on account of the straightforward, practical way in which it has gone about its work, and perhaps most of all because of its success in its chosen field; for human nature is so constituted that, while it may coldly admire a cause, and will extend a lukewarm approval to its energetic prosecution, it reserves its full sanction till the cause is actually prospering. I do not think anyone who was present at the production of Mr. W. L. Courtney's play, "On the Side of the Angels," on the 16th of last December, can hesitate to say that The Pioneers has achieved a notable success. Whatever may be the critical judgment on that play, the fact remains that a four-act play of very exceptional interest, both on its own account and from the name of its author, was produced with a powerful professional cast, with entirely adequate scenic setting, at a single performance and before a large, distinguished and representative audience.

And yet The Pioneers is not two years old. It was born June 27th, 1905. The author of its being, its baptismal sponsor, its fond and watchful guardian was (and is) Mr. Herbert Swears. For years, when The Pioneers was only an intuition, its eventual author nourished it on ambition and hope. At last its time ripened, and at the Garrick Theatre on the date mentioned a goodly company welcomed it into being—may be said, indeed, to have breathed the breath of life into it. It was welcomed with audible warmth by many not given to impulsive gush—by Mr. Arthur Bourchier, the late Mrs. Craigie, Mr. E. F. Spence, and silently but no less warmly by a numerous company of actors, managers, critics, playwrights and regular playgoers.

And what is The Pioneers? Its subtitle explains it partly—"A Society for producing Original Plays." But that is not all; for that does not explicitly declare the fact that the chief aim of the Society is to discover the unacted playwright and give him his chance. That is to say, The Pioneers cuts down one loudly proclaimed obstacle to dramatic progress. The imbecile manager of a playhouse who knows not genius when it openly displays itself before him, or, knowing it, is bent on denying it, is not the only arbiter from this time on, and genius may take heart. In its first year the council of this Society gave attentive consideration to some two hundred MS. plays. Five of them were selected as worth production, and they were produced at a West End theatre, with well selected professional casts, before capable audiences, and at the cost of the Society. Has any practical result followed beyond these single productions? Yes; because two of those five plays have been accepted by managers for the regular bills of their theatres. I do not see how the author who is himself unable to stand the cost of production of his play can ask for a fairer chance than The Pioneers offers him. At all events, and emphatically be it said, that no true dramatic genius need now die unwept, unhonoured and unsung. We have been told that geniuses have been going to their graves every year unknown, for want of a hearing callously, ignorantly denied them. It's a sad pity; but let it be known that if any of them are still living, they may take heart. So far, however, I believe the council of The Pioneers have not been surfeited with works of this exalted class.

An appeal to Mr. Swears, as general manager of the Society, for his experience in this hunt for geniuses has brought an entertaining communication. "I have learnt something of human nature," he writes, "since The Pioneers came into being. My daily correspondence is heavy; sometimes it is violent; sometimes both. When Dame Nature packed my wallet at the outset of life's journey, she was somewhat sparing of her gifts. I have often called her a niggardly old lady. One small talisman she gave me, however: a

sense of humour, and for that I can never be sufficiently grateful. Perhaps the old dame knew best. Possibly she saw away on the horizon of the years the rising of a new Society, to be known as The Pioneers. Be that as it may, my talisman served me in good stead during the anxious period when I was developing my scheme for the production of original plays. It is in constant requisition, too, when I am dealing with the letters of budding dramatists, more especially lady dramatists. Perhaps, after receiving a succession of charming notes in relation to some play that the writer has offered to the Society, signed variously 'Yours Sincerely' or 'Yours most Truly,' I am suddenly confronted with 'Sincerely Yrs.' That symbolises the return of the lady's MS.; and mark the sting of it! Not spelled out in full, but curtly snipped off to a bald and dour 'Yrs.!' I am convinced that to the feminine mind 'Sincerely Yrs.' has all the awful significance of an imprecation. The irate male is more blunt; his feelings find an outlet in the significant 'Yours, etc.,' and I shudder at the menace that lurks concealed and yet avowed in that 'etcetera.' Is it active or passive? Does it mean a bomb in my waste-paper basket, or merely a harmless hope that my after-life may not be entirely unassociated with brimstone? But I will give you, at your request, a transcript of the most remarkable communication I have received. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—I enclose herewith a four-act drama entitled "The Dastard." It must be produced within a fortnight from this date; otherwise Mr. Simpson, the multi-millionaire, cannot be married.—Yours Sincerely."

"The play was impossible and was returned, and I suppose Mr. Simpson is still a bachelor. But that letter fascinates me. I have tried in vain to fathom it to my satisfaction. What was the authoress to Simpson or he to her, that his single or double blessedness should hang upon the instant production of 'The Dastard'? What an awful responsibility to cast upon the infant shoulders of The Pioneers!"

Then Mr. Swears describes his labours,

fears, hopes, tribulations, anxieties over the early days of The Pioneers, and how through it all his talisman—his sense of humour—kept his head above the waters. Especially that first performance under the auspices of the Society was crammed with anxieties. It was on December 17th, 1905, at the beautiful Scala Theatre. "It was a colossal undertaking, how gigantic no one will ever know. My heart was very full that night. I remember afterwards someone present remarked—'You looked quite anxious!' Perhaps it was not surprising. There were many things in my mind that evening that I am never at all likely to forget. It was an amazing audience. Literature, science, the arts, the learned professions—every section of society, all were represented. The house was packed; it was a wonderful sight."

There is an amusing story, not generally known, in connection with this first performance of The Pioneers, that is worth telling. At its conclusion a considerable number of the brilliant audience were invited to supper at the Scala Restaurant, among them, of course, Mr. Herbert Swears, the very head and front of the whole affair. But the minds of all were so engrossed by the success of the evening that its organiser was quite forgotten. Even his host forgot him, and, as Mr. Swears tells the story with a keen sense of the humour of it, "when I got to the restaurant the place was packed and I must have departed supperless had not an old friend observed my plight and made room for me at his table."

On this premier night two plays were performed by a distinguished cast: a three-act play with a prologue by William Toynbee and a melodramatic absurdity entitled "Hero and Heroine." The latter was at once accepted by the management of the Palace Theatre and produced in the January following with Mr. Arthur Playfair and Miss Kate Cutler, scoring an instantaneous success. The second Pioneers night was on May 20th, 1906, at the Royalty Theatre, when a triple bill was presented, "Out of Sight" by Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce, a strong emotional play in one act by Samuel Gordon and Calmel Goldsmid

and an amusing comedietta "Compromising Martha," by Keble Howard. Again the Society scored a success in its appeal to managerial wisdom, for Mr. Howard's play was accepted for production at the Haymarket Theatre and has been in the bill continuously since September 5th last to the time of writing.

The season of 1906-7 commenced, therefore, with ample evidences of the exceeding utility of The Pioneers in the field its founder had marked out for it. The membership rapidly increased and its position in the world of dramatic activity was apparently well assured.

On the evening of December 16th, 1906, the Society produced Mr. W. L. Courtney's play, "On the Side of the Angels," at the Royalty Theatre, which, despite the most forbidding weather, was again packed with a very distinguished and representative audience. Mr. Courtney's play is dealt with elsewhere in this number of THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, and I will only say here that it was given with as much care and thought in the perfection of every necessary detail, and with all the signs of careful rehearsal, as if staged for a run to paying audiences as a genuine theatrical venture. What further Mr. Swears and the council have in store for us during this season I do not know; but they have reached so high a plane of achievement that any lowering of the standard would be as great an affliction for them as a disappointment to others. They may be trusted not to tolerate anti-climaxes, difficult as it must be to keep up to their level from the work of the unacted dramatists.

If the question be asked: How is The Pioneers and its work estimated by the profession itself? the character of the audiences at the Society's productions and the attitude of the leading dramatic critics would be a sufficient answer. But we have put the question direct to a considerable number of those whose opinion would carry weight in such a matter, and have to record very little that even indicates indifference, and no decided antagonism, to the Society's aims, while generally professional opinion is strongly favourable. The feature of its work

which receives at nearly all hands the heartiest commendation is the chance it brings to a new and untried author. No one need despair of a careful hearing on his merits, for The Pioneers does not put in the forefront of its test the question: Is this a play that, in the present state of public taste, is likely to prove a paying investment? That is a rock on which an otherwise meritorious manuscript might come to grief, and no one be to blame. Mr. N. Newnham Davis believes that "such a society as The Pioneers, which encourages young authors, which can produce a clever play, without thinking whether it will pay or not, which gives the managers a chance of seeing on the stage plays which they might hesitate to accept in manuscript, may do much good and cannot do harm."

Mr. Arthur Law emphasises the valuable aid such a society may be to managers of theatres. "It gives managers," he writes, "the opportunity of seeing the play of a new author acted by professionals, and consequently enables them to form a far better judgment of a work than they could possibly arrive at by merely reading the manuscript."

As one who has done more than any man alive to sustain the best traditions of the stage, to elevate the modern drama and to educate a public to appreciate the best, and to found a school of sincere and cultivated actors and actresses, the judgment of Mr. F. R. Benson will carry exceeding weight, and he writes: "I think such a society might do a great deal to encourage the untried author by providing an approach for him to the stage other than through the narrow portals of the stage door, and will, I am sure, encourage the production of high class drama. It might be the means of finding out the wants and aspirations of the intelligent public and placing them in a concrete form before the manager who caters for them. It will be, I hope, one of the many forces which are making for the revival of art in England."

Mr. Israel Zangwill has "very much sympathy with the objects of The Pioneers, and is of opinion that it will be a useful society."

And now let us take the view of an acting manager, Mr. George Edwardes Minor, of Daly's Theatre. The scheme of *The Pioneers*, he writes, "could only be devised and carried through by a society of dilettanti—dilettanti in the best sense of the word, stiffened by earnestness and enthusiasm, prepared to make great sacrifice of leisure. When a theatrical manager gives evidence in the law courts that he has read over 300 plays in the course of a year, the deduction is forced upon one that, with the many cares of a strenuous business, a large proportion of these plays must have been "taken as read," obviously with no advantage whatever to the authors. *The Pioneers* gives to new authors the chance of having their works carefully read and considered in any case, and, where real merit is found, a chance of production. What more can author desire?"

Perhaps readers will discount the appreciative words of an author whose first play has reached the goal of his ambition through its production in the first instance by *The Pioneers*. Still, it is not to be slighted. Mr. Keble Howard, already known as a novelist, tells the experience of his first play thus:—

"You ask me for my own views as to the probable value of the Society. They may be gleaned from the following story:—On a certain evening in March of this year I met Mr. Herbert Swears, the founder and honorary manager of *The Pioneers*, on the steps of Charing Cross Post Office. He was looking sad. 'Why do you look sad?' I asked. 'Because,' he said, 'I am trying to find a play in one act to make up a triple bill.' This seemed to me an excellent reason for looking sad. 'I am not particularly exacting,' he went on; 'anything with any sort of an idea at all in it would do. But, having read two hundred and forty-seven plays without coming across the ghost of an idea in any of them, I see nothing for it but to put my house in order and go hang myself.'

"Now, I like Swears, and I showed my liking in a peculiar way. 'About two years ago,' I said, 'I began to make

a little play out of a story I wrote for the *Sketch*. I don't think it's any good, but, if you care to come along to my rooms, I'll read you as much as I've done and tell you the rest.'

"In his desperation Swears caught at the chance, and presently urged me to finish the play. I finished it, therefore, called it 'Compromising Martha,' and sent it to *The Pioneers*. They produced it at the Royalty on a certain Sunday evening in May. My brother-critics humiliated me by saying very kind things about it; Mr. Frederick Harrison asked to see the script, and, a day or two later, 'Compromising Martha' was booked for the autumn programme of the Haymarket Theatre.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Pioneer pudding makes excellent eating, and I, after all, have merely nibbled at it. There is plenty left."

The world, I know, is full of reforming agencies, so full that I wonder the millennium is not ashamed of its procrastination. We get rather sick of them sometimes. They press so mercilessly on all sides of us as to leave no open course for our individual progress. Even the satire that fails to discriminate is pardonable. But I do not think the founder of *The Pioneers* makes any grandiloquent claim for it as a reforming agency. It is just a common-sense scheme to prevent injustice—to open to the clever aspirant the door of an art, the most limited, exclusive and difficult to enter of all the arts. It is eminently a common-sense scheme, because it renders to every member of the Society a full equivalent in entertainment for every shilling he contributes, and at the same price he has the gratified sense of being philanthropical. What more can any man ask? The burden of the work does not fall on him, but it is a real burden. No. 1, Trafalgar Buildings, in Northumbreland Avenue, the Society's elevated home, has been the scene of an amount of arduous and usually thankless labour in the past eighteen months that we can dimly imagine, but cannot justly realise. However, it is making its influence felt; it is doing work as conscientious as it is laborious, and no really earnest work is ever thrown away.



By WILLIAM CONWAY.

I WAS on a walking tour through the county of Essex early in September, 189—, making no haste to be here to-day, there to-morrow, and somewhere else the next day, but taking it leisurely, purposing to do in a month what most of your go-ahead City men would want to do in a fortnight. I am a busy City man myself, but I enjoy my holiday in the quietest possible manner.

Living in a South-Eastern suburb, I made my way to Woolwich, and there crossed our muddy Thames and struck out for the high road to Colchester, though I did not intend visiting that town, but branched off on the third day and reached M—. My experience of "putting-up" at the wayside inns was not happy, and I resolved by the time I arrived at M— to seek a private lodging for the night.

A neat little villa had showing in the front parlour window "Furnished Apartments," and here I knocked. The door was opened by a woman between fifty and sixty years of age, plainly but primly dressed, with a certain stiffness about her, which gave me to understand I was not talking to an ordinary person. When she spoke in reply to my inquiry for tea, bed, and breakfast, the illusion was dispelled, for her speech was most ungrammatical and of broad accent, though favourable to my application.

I was shown into the sitting-room,

with its plain polished pine chairs and mahogany horsehair couch arranged upon a carpet of a peculiarly indescribable colour. The snowy white network curtains hanging from a bright brass rod were looped up with a faded ribbon which no doubt used to deck the good landlady two or three generations back.

While I was taking in my surroundings the landlady was eyeing me, and, I suppose, judging me by my looks, for I had brought no testimonials. She was satisfied at last, apparently, and I asked if I could have a "wash and brush up."

"Will you pay a deposit, sir? It's always usual," she said; "leastways in these 'ere parts."

"How much shall I give you?" I asked, in no way disconcerted.

"Will a matter of a couple o' shillin' do, if I may be so rude?"

"Oh, dear no; here you are," I answered, as I tendered the money.

"'Deed! I think but what you're honest, but folks are rum, ye know, be they dressed in silks or cottons."

I laughed.

"But surely you don't think folks do a bit of thieving when they're on a holiday?" I queried.

Her stern, grave look gave place to a pleasant smile.

"Your bedroom is the room above this one, if you'd like to wash—or if you wouldn't mind the outhouse, you can

have a good splash there," the landlady added.

I had a refreshing wash in the out-house, and went to my bedroom, opened my knapsack, and had a change of linen, and felt as though I wouldn't take the place of a king.

By the time my toilet was completed a meal had been spread for me, and very quickly disappeared the rasher of ham and eggs, and several of the nicest of home-made rolls.

After which I wondered if I might venture to smoke without *her* permission. You see I was a bit afraid of my landlady.

I like to sit in a comfortable arm-chair at home, put my feet upon an ordinary one, and lay back and dream while I watch the smoke curl, twist, and disappear—but that is when my wife has gone to stay at a friend's for a few days, taking the two children with her.

While I was in doubt whether to smoke or not to smoke, the landlady put in an appearance and solved the difficulty by declaring that she never, under any circumstances, *allowed* smoking in that room.

"My man always smokes in t'other room," she said, inclining her head towards the doorway, "and if so be ye'd like to go in there, he mayhap would like your company."

I ought to have said "thanks," but I didn't. I went to the room indicated and saw "my man," who rose as I entered. Such a man he was, too. About sixty years of age, tall, and broad-shouldered, with sandy whiskers, and small, piercing dark eyes, under the shaggiest of black eyebrows. He was dressed in corduroys, with a dark cloth waistcoat, and a red scarf tied loosely round his neck. He was smoking a short clay pipe.

"Good evening," I said, in reply to his invitation to sit down. "It has been a very fine day."

"Deed, it has, finer than most o' the days sent us lately. Aye, aye, weather here's been bad this summer, and no mistake. They've had a deal o' fine weather up north, though. My son in Edinboro' wrote me to say they hadna a drop o' rain these four weeks."

"Fortunate to have been in Scotland, then, this summer," I answered.

"It's a fine country, sir," he said.

"Do you know it at all?" taking my tobacco pouch out of my pocket.

"Do I ken the land o' my fathers, do I ken the land o' my fathers? No, worse the luck, but I've heerd on't." Which strange answer made me laugh inwardly; then I thought that of all the extraordinary folks it had been my lot to meet, this old couple were the strangest.

"It's a fine country"—(I had never set foot in it)—"the land of fine men," I rejoined, by way of taking up the conversation.

"Aye, and women, too—there's ne'er a country in the world where ye'd find finer."

I was half a mind to agree with him.

"Did ye hear tell o' the Ramsays, sir? The men who fought and bled for bonnie Prince Charlie? Sit ye down, and I'll tell ye all about 'em," for I had stood up to light my pipe.

I sat down to hear his story.

"Ye couldn't have heerd o' the family. Nobody about here knows;" and he shook his head.

"I've never heard of that particular family," I said, "but I've heard of many good old Scotch families who were entirely broken up and scattered in many lands."

"Broken up, sir! I tell ye, they were ruined. My grandfather"—(he cleared his throat, story-tellers always do, you know, and, thought I, now I'm in for a good yarn)—"My grandfather was one o' two brothers o' the name o' Ramsay. Fine young men as ever ye saw, belonging to the clan; rich in cattle and lands. In love they were, too, with the daughters of a neighbouring chief, who was also rich. And they would have been married had not someone come in the way at the time, none other than Charlie Stuart, who laid claim to the English throne.

"The clans gathered for the great struggle, and claymores were sharpened and love laid aside until all the men should be high up at King Charles's Court at St. James's.

"Preston Pans was fought, and the young Ramsays were to the front and did

great work among the English soldiery with their claymores and dirks ; and then came Culloden, and you know how that ended with the flight of the Prince.

"Many high family men suffered, too, who, if they stayed were beheaded, and if they fled forfeited everything they'd got.

"The young Ramsays gathered a few valuables and followed their Prince. The lugger they sailed in was wrecked—like their own lives, and their sweethearts' lives—off this Essex coast, and had it not been for some smuggler-fishermen they would have been drowned. Men as lived a life o' daring, as did these fishermen, took in their situation, and knew they were Scots and a price on 'em, and hid 'em away—all credit to 'em.

"Well, after a time their tartans and claymores were put away, and fishermen's clothes procured for 'em, in consideration for some of the jewels they had, but never a word could they speak o' English, tho' they helped in the trade.

"The fishermen got tired o' 'em and their ways, and the risk they ran, and at last got rid o' 'em, telling 'em they must shift for themselves. So they gathered their possessions together, including the clothes and the arms they had come with, and went their own way.

"The brothers had picked up many English words, and they were able to make themselves understood. While they had been laying by they had heard how Scotland had given in, and how many of the folk who believed in Prince Charlie had suffered the penalty.

"The young men got a job after a time as farm hands, for they were fine, strong men, and lived in a cottage rent free as part of their wages, and here the remembrance of their connections, and even the old land, seemed to die out with the years that followed on. Each took a wife unto himself ; but before doing so they changed their names. While they had always been known by the names o' Jack and Sandy, that was a name the girls didn't like when they had to take a different one to their own, and after a long talk the brothers decided to take one the name of Raven and the other Eagle, and you know there are the Eagle's Bank and

Ramsay Island at the mouth of the river Blackwater still, but whether they are anything to do with my relations I cannot say.

"I am a grandson o' one of them—the one that took the name o' Eagle. You may have noticed the inn at the top as you came down the hill—that's my cousin Raven's house ; and so you see we're not of so common a stock—in fact, the Earl o' Dalhousie, that died in 1860, they do say was of our blood.

"It would make a good book if some of the writing chaps got a hold of it."

The old man was silent for a minute or two, then he added :

"Perhaps you'd like to stroll up to Raven's, just to see the claymores and tartans and dirks that those young men brought here ; things we hold sacred almost. Raven keeps 'em up at his house.

"My son that's in Edinboro' has got the history at his fingers' ends ; but Lor' bless you, what's buried in history is buried, and he only gets laughed at when he tells it ; still, there's the Scotch blood in his veins, and, I tell ye, he feels it."

My interest was aroused at the old man's strange story, and I readily assented to accompany him to his cousin's inn to see these relics.

"Look, here they are," Eagle said, as we walked into the bar parlour ; "those claymores did a good deal of work that day at Preston Pans ; and the tartans, well, of course, they're a bit old, but all there, just as they were worn.

"Ah ! here comes Raven," suddenly breaking off ; and his eyes brightened as that individual drew near. "Here, cousin, here's a gent what's come to look at the looms" (heirlooms I suppose he meant) "and I've been a-telling him the story about 'em."

Raven winced, I thought, but pleasantly wished me a good evening, and asked what I would have in the way of refreshment.

Of course I had to pay for refreshments for three, and after some more conversation about the town and surroundings, Eagle and I returned leisurely to his house, where, between the whitest of sheets, redolent of lavender, I dreamed

again about the story of mine host and of his Scottish forefathers and their relics.

In the morning, after a hearty breakfast, I paid my dues, shouldered my knapsack, and set out again on my tour.

from him, I was somewhat taken back by his next sentence.

"I saw they'd nabbed yer last night, sir, they two old birds, with th' yarn o' theirn. That about the Eagle and the Raven, and all them family relics.



"Broken up, sir! I tell, ye, they were ruined."

Nearing the outskirts of the town I stopped a minute or two to speak with a labourer who was resting on his hoe between the mangolds which he had been weeding. After inquiring my nearest way to G—, and receiving a reply

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed. "You'll excuse me, but you cockneys do take it all in. Why, d'ye think we're such fools as to believe on't, not we. It's only you cockneys as does," and he kept on grinning.



"Those claymores did a good deal of work."

"You may have the laugh of me," I said sharply, somewhat nettled, "but it was a very strange story nevertheless."

"Oh, as to that, now you speak of it being strange. Well, it is strange, but it ain't true, not it. We've known 'em too long for that. Still, I don't say as there's nothin' in't all—no, no. There may be some on't happened."

"Perhaps so. Well, good-day, my man," I said as I turned to go, and soon left him gazing after me until I was out of sight; and I've wondered from that day to this if there was any foundation for the story of the Eagle and the Raven.

Some few months later I was in a library looking over one of the volumes of the *British Encyclopædia*, when I came upon the following quite by accident:—

"DALHOUSIE, Marquis of. James Andrew Brown Ramsay, b. 1812; d. 1869."

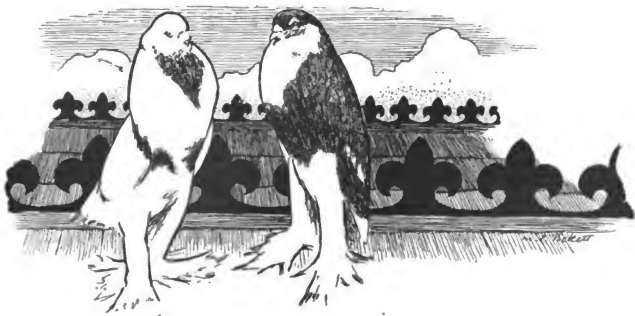
And then after a description of his brilliant career, it proceeds to give a part of the contents of his will, and this is the part that sent the blood rushing to my head, for I felt I had made a great discovery:—

"Secondly. It is my wish that on my decease the whole of the *letters and private papers* of every description, wherever found, and not being legal documents, connected with the Dalhousie family, should be delivered to my

daughter Susan. . . . And it has been the practice of my father and of myself to keep a full private journal during our lives, and to preserve papers of personal interest. . . . I desire, if possible, to preserve these papers in privacy within the family to which they refer. I direct, therefore, that when these documents shall be delivered to him who shall then be Lord Dalhousie, the delivery of them shall be accompanied by a request from me (to which I am confident he will conform, as to a request issuing from the grave) *that no portion of the private papers of my father or of myself shall be made public until at least fifty years shall have passed after my death.*"

The will also states that the papers referred to are carefully preserved at Coalstoun till the year 1910, when they can be made public if the head of the house pleases.

Old Eagle and Raven may, perhaps, be dead when that year comes, but from the night I read the above and connected it with the story, in my quiet moments my mind is continually reverting to it, and I shall always wonder if there was any truth in the origin of the names Eagle and Raven, and whether the private papers of the late Earl of Dalhousie have any bearing upon the 1745 Rebellion and the part the Ramsays took in it.





THE SPIRIT OF WINTER.



By W. B. NORTHROP.

ENSIGN Irving Van Gordon Gillis, son of Rear-Admiral Gillis, of the United States Navy, stands in the fore-front of American heroes whose deeds will form an intensely interesting chapter of the history of the war between the United States and Spain, when, in the light of the future, the book will be penned by some calm and impartial historian.

When Admiral Cervera found himself "bottled" up in Santiago by the vessel which brave Lieutenant Hobson had sunk across the channel entrance, and by the fleet of Sampson, which watched him day and night, he set about devising the plan by which he could at least inflict upon the United States warships the amount of damage which might satisfy his country for his failure to escape from the vigilance of the enemy. He provided himself with a number of Schwartzkopf torpedoes, with which he hoped to succeed in sinking at least one or two of Uncle Sam's vessels.

His plan was this: He would take advantage of the strong ebb tide running out of the harbour of Santiago through its narrow entrance, and this force, combined with the motive power of the torpedoes, would carry the deadly implements in the vicinity of the warships, and the swell of the Caribbean sea would do the rest. As soon as any of the torpedoes came in contact, even by a very slight shock, with the side of a vessel, the gun-cotton they contained would be detonated and the warship blown to atoms.

Like tigers waiting for their prey, the American cruisers and battleships kept watch upon the entrance of the harbour of Santiago. It had been ascertained that Hobson's plan had failed in the expected fulness of its effect—the sunken *Merrimack* did not block the harbour-mouth completely, and it was suspected that Admiral Cervera might slip away in the night, eluding the fleet with the same fortune that had attended his efforts in the early months of the war.

There was one move, however, which they little thought Cervera capable of attempting, and that was the firing of torpedoes from the *Pluton*. At dead of night, this boat was allowed to drift down near the entrance of the harbour—as near as was consistent without attracting the attention of the watching fleet. The ebb tide was running out very strongly—for it surges through Santiago's narrow entrance with the speed of the mill-race—and when the *Pluton's* tubes belched forth their missiles of de-

releases the firing-pin of the torpedo, so that when what is called the "war-nose" comes in contact with an object, it will bring the firing-pin into play, which, in turn, acts upon the weight which detonates the gun-cotton. So, as may be well imagined, a torpedo with its "war-nose" exposed is an exceedingly dangerous object—the slightest shock—the merest contact with the firing-pin—and everything within range of that terrible mass of gun-cotton is doomed to instant destruction.



"The brave young officer had plunged into the shark-infested sea."

struction, they leaped and bounded towards the open sea like things of life, their propellers whirling fore and aft as if eager for an object on which to prove their deadly power.

Besides the ordinary propeller mechanism which furnishes the motive power for torpedoes, the Schwartzkopf torpedoes are provided with a small propeller in front—or on the "nose"—which revolves rapidly as the missile goes through the water. This forward propeller has the function of unscrewing the catch which

Out leaped the torpedoes, discharged from the tubes of the *Pluton*—which, before the great battle of Santiago, was Spain's largest torpedo-boat—and made straight for the waiting fleet, carrying the messages of hate from Cervera. They went steadily along the waters, assisted by the strong tide, and it was not long before one of them had reached the open and was speeding directly towards the United States torpedo-boat *Porter*. But the night was dark, only illuminated by the heat-lightning of these southern



"A few sturdy strokes, and Gillis reached the side of the torpedo."

climes and the phosphorus from the heaving sea, and those on board the *Porter* little suspected that a messenger of death was at their very side.

The look-out on the *Porter* paced

back and forth, looking in every direction, but all seemed well; for he made no sign to the officer on deck, and everything was so peaceful and quiet that one might well have imagined the deck of the *Porter*

a pleasure yacht's, and not that of a gun-boat.

Before the sun arose upon the tropic sea, Captain Fremont, of the *Porter*, stepped upon the deck, and began scanning the horizon with his glass to ascertain if the positions of the boats in the squadron had been altered. Ensign Gillis stood by his side, and looked out with him over the silent waters.

Suddenly a long, dark object flashed into the field of Captain Fremont's glass. He recognised it in an instant. At the same moment the keen eyes of young Gillis spotted the object. He had been graduated from Annapolis—the United States Naval Academy—and his course in torpedo work had accustomed his eye to the appearance of the long, cigar-shaped object.

Rising and falling on the swell of the sea, and each instant approaching nearer the side of the *Porter*, came the Schwartzkopf torpedo. As the mists arose from the sea, and the night began to give place to day, the object became more distinct. In an instant Ensign Gillis saw that the firing-pin was exposed and ready for its deadly work. A few more rolls of the *Porter* in the heavy sea, a lunge forward of the torpedo on the crest of a wave, and there would be a shock, and a detonation, and then a rushing of waters over the sinking fragments of the ship.

It did not take Ensign Gillis a moment to see and comprehend the danger to its fullest extent. In an instant he had tossed off his coat and boots, and before the Commander of the *Porter* could remonstrate with or catch him, the brave young officer had plunged into the shark-infested sea, and with bold over-hand strokes was making his way toward the on-coming torpedo. Over Gillis' head broke the crests of the heavy seas, but his stroke was strong, and he brushed the waves aside in contempt. On the top of a great sea, the "nose" of the torpedo appeared, pointing straight for the side

of the *Porter*, with the fatal firing-pin protruding.

A few sturdy strokes, and Gillis reached the side of the torpedo. Throwing his left arm over the back of the missile, he reached out his right hand, feeling forward for the mechanism which would screw up the firing-pin. The sense of touch, and the familiarity with the projectile, were all that guided him; for the waves were breaking over his head, and he could not possibly see. His training, however, told him his touch was true. Otherwise, he might have handled the firing-pin in such a manner as to bring about the very disaster he was risking his life to avoid.

In a few minutes after Gillis had reached the torpedo, the firing-pin mechanism was screwed up, and the great mass of explosive rendered absolutely harmless. The charge of a hundred and ten pounds of gun cotton would have sent to the bottom a much larger ship than the *Porter*.

A few more of the great Caribbean swells and the torpedo rolled up against the side of the *Porter*, but Gillis manipulated it in such a way, circling it with his body and arms, that he literally formed a human buffer, and the now harmless instrument of war was hauled aboard the ship, where it was carefully prized as a souvenir by the officers and crew, who lavished upon young Gillis—who was but twenty-seven years of age—all the praise that his wondrously brave deed deserved.

The young hero was as modest as he was brave, and received the praise of his superior officers with becoming calm. He persisted in maintaining that he had done no more than any other man would have done who had the same opportunities as himself, and he did not regard the plunge into the sea and the capturing of a torpedo as anything very remarkable. It is safe to predict that the deed of Gillis is unparalleled in the annals of naval history.



THE STORY OF THE WHITE CAT.

Children's Competition.— Award.

IN our Christmas Number we offered a prize of five shillings to the boy or girl under ten years of age who would write the best story describing the six pictures on page 323 of that number. Well, I have had a goodly number of little stories sent me on postcards and have read them all very carefully. From them I have selected three which I consider the best, because these stories show some imagination. Their writers have tried to tell the story picturesquely—rather a long word for little nine-year-olds I am afraid, but perhaps their fathers or mothers will explain it; I am glad I do not have to.

Now, of these three stories I have had some hesitation as to which is really the best, but I have finally decided to award the five shillings to—

MISS HETTY ROBERTSON, aged 9,
3, Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh.

And highly commended are the stories by—

MASTER T. T. HILL,
Holfield Grange,
Coggeshall, Essex,

and

H. CRUIKSHANK,
The Chaplain's House,
H.M. Prison, Winchester.

This is the prize story:—

“HOW THE BLACK CAT TURNED WHITE.

“A naughty black cat was very fond of playing with string. His name was Tom, and he lived in a large garden. One day, he saw a bag with a string on it. He pulled the string and—the bag burst! Unfortunately it was full of flour, and Tom was soon covered, all

except his tail. He struggled out, but a very different Tom. He was all white except his tail and feet. It taught him to be more careful again.”

Now I am going to award an additional prize of 2s. 6d. to—

MISS MARJORIE GARRY,
4, Spencer Park,
Wandsworth Common, S.W.,

for her story on “How a Black Cat Turned White,” and I do this, because she has written quite the most fanciful story of all, but she does not get the first prize because she wrote in the form of a letter, and not on a postcard as my instructions were. Her story is too long to go on a postcard, and therefore it would not be fair to the others to put them in competition with her. But I will print her story and then you will all see what I mean by a picturesque and fanciful tale. Here it is—

“HOW A BLACK CAT TURNED WHITE.

“Once upon a time there were two old ladies named the Misses Bruces. Well these little ladies had a very funny cat named Tiger; this cat was black, and was just like other cats, mischievous and daring. These little ladies lived near a miller's, where they got their flour. One day, on the 2nd June, when everything looked nice and fresh, Master Tiger strolled out of the house; he meant to have a look round. He walked on for a very long time, and presently he came to a miller's, and hanging out of the open window was a large sack of flour, with a piece of string hanging from it, to tie the top together. Master Tiger could not resist the temptation, he rushed up to it and

caught hold of it and pulled it, and oh what happened, the pull was a hard one, and it had undone the knot in the string and all the flour fell on him, he struggled and at last he got out, but he no longer

was a black cat, for while he was struggling, it began to rain, and when he got out, the flour had stuck to him, and that was how the black cat turned white."



BEAUMONT

DISINTERESTED COUNSEL.

He: If you eat too much cake you're sure to be ill.



SEEKING SANCTUARY.

From the painting by Ralph Hedley, R.B.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy,
Reproduced by permission of the artist.

THE
English Illustrated Magazine.

MARCH, 1907.



THE ROMANCE OF DURHAM
CATHEDRAL.

THE origin of Durham Cathedral connects itself with the life and character of the saintly Cuthbert. The biography of the patron saint of Durham illustrates the active and prosperous condition of the church in the eighth century. Beyond the Tweed, in the house of a widow, lived a dreamy boy, Cuthbert by name, who tended sheep on the hills. Once he thought he saw a light streaming from heaven and multitudes of angels carrying a pure soul to Paradise. When he heard that the saintly Aidan, Bishop of Lindisfarne, had died that very night, he believed that his was the spirit which he had seen in the company of the celestial visitors; and being desirous of like fellowship, he resolved to seek admission to a religious house. He found his way to the straw-thatched log-houses which then formed the monastic settlement of Melrose, a branch of the Abbey of Lindisfarne, and was admitted to the brotherhood there A.D. 651. After some years of diligent study, conspicuous devotion, and unusual energy, he became its prior. His work, while in that monastery, made him famous throughout the north, for not only

did he wisely rule the large number of persons who were admitted to its society, but went on preaching expeditions to the lowlanders, in places solitary and afar off, as well as difficult of access, where none else cared to penetrate. It was the custom at that time, whenever a preacher came to the village, for the people to assemble at his summons to hear the Word. "Cuthbert's skill in speaking," says his biographer Bede, "was so great, his power of persuasion so vast, and the light of his countenance so angelic, that no one in his presence concealed from him the secrets of his soul; all confessed their misdeeds, because they thought that what they had done could not escape his prescience, and atoned for them by such penance as he enjoined."

Like the Saviour, he would preach all day and spend many of his nights in lonely meditation, often making journeys to distant places, both by sea and land, not seldom finding himself cut off from opportunities of food and shelter. The little town of Kirkcudbright in Galloway preserves in its nomenclature a memorial of such work. In 664, when a new prior was required for Lindisfarne, Cuthbert's

reputation for sanctity, and his experience as a disciplinarian, caused him to be transferred to that more important position. "His life was lightning, and therefore he could make his words thunder. . . . He was wont to blend severity towards sin with infinite tenderness towards the sinner, and such tenderness he ever believed to be the best mode of dealing with honest confession of shortcoming." After he had been prior of Lindisfarne for twelve years, he felt the need of rest, and resolved to spend the remainder of his life as a recluse. For this purpose he built himself a cell on one of the little Farne islands, surrounding it with an earthwork so high that he could see nothing of the world, but only the sky above it. He rarely saw visitors, nor would he under any circumstances permit females, human or animal, to land on the island. This life of almost complete loneliness lasted for eight years, during which the fame of his piety spread far and wide; and in 684 Egfrid, King of Northumbria, went to the island with Bishop Trumwine, and entreated him to accept the bishopric of Hexham. After many protestations of inability, he consented to leave his solitude, but delayed the ceremony of consecration for several months, during which he prevailed upon Eata, Bishop of Lindisfarne, to exchange positions with him, Eata going to Hexham, and Cuthbert becoming chief ruler over the older but more secluded community. He died in 687, but his name and fame as apostle of the lowlands, and his example of sincere devotion, are still revered throughout the north of Britain. His body was buried at Lindisfarne, in a shroud wrought for it by the Abbess of Tynemouth, and for generations pilgrimages were made to his tomb.

The preservation of the body of St. Cuthbert is a fact which has been much doubted. Upon his death the body was, it is said, wrapped in cerecloth, enveloping evidently the whole head; arrayed then in priestly garments, it was placed in a stone coffin, and buried on the right side of the altar in the church of Lindisfarne; eleven years afterwards, the monks seeking [his bones as relics, found the body entire, swathed it in a new garment, and

kept it above ground. In 875 the ecclesiastics fled from Lindisfarne, taking with them the body in a wooden coffin, and in the same coffin the head of St. Oswald with the bones of St. Aidan and of Bishops Eata, Elfrid, and Ethelwold; their migrations ended at Chester-le-Street with their charge in 883. About A.D. 980, Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, raised the lid of the coffin, and deposited on the body a pledge of his devotion. In 995, the body of St. Cuthbert was again removed and transported to various places, till, after a few months, it arrived at Durham, and rested for a time in a wooden church. In 999, it was transferred to the White Church. Within the next thirty years it is said that Elfred, a canon of the church, was accustomed to handle the saint, even to wrap him in such robes as he thought fit, to adjust his hair with an ivory comb, to cut the nails of his fingers with scissors he had made for the purpose. In 1069, in dread of William the Conqueror's army, the body was again carried to Lindisfarne, but in the following year restored to Durham. Doubts as to the identity and incorruptibility of the body are said to have been held by the king, and some of those less interested in its preservation than the monks of Durham. Such, however, is the account that has been handed down, and it is, of course, impossible now to decide whether imposture was practised or not. When the White Church was pulled down in 1093, a temporary tomb of stone and marble seems to have been made in the cloister garth for its reception, and in 1104 the remains were translated to their final resting-place in the present cathedral.

To clear up all doubts as to the preservation of the body, an examination of its contents was made at this time. First, an outer chest was broken open with the aid of iron tools, disclosing another carefully covered on all sides with hides fastened on with iron nails; the prior and his attendant monks removed some iron bands, raised the lid of this second chest, and found a wooden coffin cased entirely in linen threefold, which those present believed to be the swathing added at Lindisfarne eleven years after his



LEGEND OF THE FOUNDING OF DURHAM BY ST. CUTHBERT.

"In the year 995 Bishop Aldune and the monks of Lindisfarne fled from the Danes with the body of St. Cuthbert. At Wredelaw the coffin refused to move until the Saint in a vision told his followers that he must rest at Dunholme (Durham). A milkmaid seeking her cow led them to the place, and here they found a resting place for the body of the Saint.

From the painting by Robert Spence, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1902,
By permission of the Artist.

death. They now carried the coffin from behind the altar into the middle of the choir, then unwound the linen, raised the lid, and observed an inner lid, lower down in the coffin, resting on three bars, and upon the lid a copy of the Gospel of St. John. This they did not replace, but it was preserved in the church till the Reformation, and known to be in existence at Liège so late as 1769. The inner lid had a ring at each end for lifting it, and its removal exposed a linen cloth laid over the contents. Beneath the cloth, in a small linen sack, they found bones and a head, which by old writers they judged to be the relics of St. Oswald, Bede, Aidan, Eadbert, Eadfrid, and Ethelwold, with other relics, and the body of St. Cuthbert reclining on its side. After removing some of the relics, the monks lifted the body out, and laid it on a tapestry on the pavement; and when the coffin had been cleaned out they replaced the body of St. Cuthbert in it, and carried it back to its place behind the altar. The next night the coffin was again brought out, and the body laid on the pavement as before, and then returned to its place. Again, within a few days, the lid was taken off, to afford the incredulous abbot a proof of all that was asserted. It is clear that on these occasions the flesh was never seen: but the investigators were satisfied with feeling through the coverings, and lifting the weight of the body. At this time a new bottom, resting on four blocks of wood, was put inside the coffin, and the body laid upon it. Next the skin was found a wrapping of fine linen, covering the face and head, and so closely adhering that the finger-nail could nowhere be inserted to raise it, except at some part of the neck. A purple face-cloth was next laid upon the head; and the clothing was an alb, a tunic, and a dalmatic, beneath which, at the feet, the ends of the stole were visible; but none of this clothing did they disturb or explore. Outside the clothing were two wraps of sheets, and then the inner coffin itself in a wrap saturated with wax. These wraps were not again returned to it, but three new ones used—first one of silk, then one of purple cloth, and then one

of fine linen. There was in the coffin a small silver altar, a chalice and paten, a pair of scissors, and a nearly square ivory comb, with a hole in the middle. From this date to the suppression of the monastery, the body of St. Cuthbert was not again disturbed, except when the coffin may have been lifted for renovations of the shrine, such as occurred in 1372.

The Commissioners for the Suppression at length made their appearance at Durham. In November, 1541, they destroyed the shrine, broke open the coffin, and afterwards removed the body into the revestry; but within a few days, upon orders received from London, they buried him "under the place where his shrine was exalted," behind the high altar, and where a large flagstone marked the interment. In May, 1827, Dr. Raine, with three others of the cathedral clergy, and other witnesses, undertook to search for the body and relics at this spot. After the rough treatment it had received in 1541, it is wonderful how successful and convincing were the results of their search; and Dr. Raine relates the discovery of the coffins and the bones so as effectually to establish their identity with the objects described in 1104.

Some of these objects were removed to the cathedral library, where may now be seen the stole, the altar, and the comb then spoken of. After the examination, the bones of St. Cuthbert were placed in a new coffin; and this, resting in the old grave, on the fragments of the older coffins, was again interred.

The miracle of the preservation of the incorruptible body of St. Cuthbert, therefore, resolves itself into the fact that it was at first carefully sealed up in cerecloth, carefully clothed and swathed; and thus, in the soil of the church of Lindisfarne, protected from the weather, it lasted eleven years: being then still far more perfect than the monks expected, it was preserved under still more favourable circumstances, kept dry, and protected from the air, down to the dissolution of the monasteries; being then violently broken and buried, though in a protected soil, the more perishable parts decayed.

The visitor to Durham Cathedral will notice in a niche of a turret on the north



KING EGFRID OFFERING THE BISHOPRIC OF HEXHAM TO ST. CUTHBERT.

From the painting by W. Bell-Scott, by permission of the Right Hon. Sir G. O. Trevelyan, Bart., LL.D.

wall of the building the sculpture of the famous Dun Cow. The present sculpture is a modern reproduction of a much more ancient work. This curious sculpture commemorates the legend as depicted in Mr. Robert Spence's picture, reproduced on page 541. Dun-holm signifies the hill-meadow, and Durham is its modern equivalent. It was, indeed, nothing but a rough field, which the bearers of St. Cuthbert's body found when they arrived from Chester-le-Street.

A small church of twisted boughs was

at once formed, until a more permanent building of wood could be prepared. This, again, was succeeded by a stone building, in which, in the year 999, the body of the saint was reverently laid. But a grander structure was to be the memorial of the great missionary-bishop.

We have come now to the Norman Conquest, and to that great leap in architecture which England took under the inspiration of the continental influences, for which the invasion of William had opened the way. But, before the

event of the beginning of the present great structure, another incident occurred, which gave to the See of Durham a peculiar importance. As the Conqueror surveyed his new kingdom, his military genius could not fail to perceive that there were certain Christian parts of his kingdom too far removed from himself to come under his personal control. Wales and Scotland, with their highland fastnesses, were sources of continual danger to the security of the crown. William, therefore, formed the two Palatinate counties of Chester and Durham. These Counties Palatine, as they were called, were two large areas, over each of which was placed a vice-gerent to act for the king, and who was called a count palatine. This functionary held a very similar position to a modern viceroy. Most of the powers of the crown were vested in the count, to exercise at discretion over the area of his Palatinate.

The Palatine of Chester was a temporal lord, but the Palatine of Durham was a spiritual peer—he was the bishop of the See; the distinguishing title he received was that of a prince bishop. As a suitably imposing residence for the prince bishop of the Palatinate of Durham, the Conqueror founded Durham Castle. The See of Durham, therefore, from the early times of the Conquest, gained a precedence of dignity over all other bishoprics. Professor Freeman brings the whole position forcibly before us in his history of the Norman Conquest: "Durham alone among English cities, with its highest point crowned, not only by the Minster, but by the vast castle of the prince bishop, recalls to mind those cities of the Empire—Lausanne, or Chur, or Sitten—where the priest who bore alike the sword and the pastoral staff looked down from his fortified height on a flock which he had to guard no less against worldly than against ghostly foes. Such a change could never have taken place if the See of St. Cuthbert had still lingered in its hermit island; it could hardly have taken place if he had finished his wanderings on a spot less clearly marked out by nature for dominion. The translation of the See to Durham is the

turning point in the history of that great bishopric."

But we must hasten on to the episcopate of William of St. Carileph (1081—1096), who, in 1083, gathered together at Durham the Benedictine monks previously located at Wearmouth and at Jarrow. Ten years later Carileph commenced the present lordly structure, one of the grandest specimens of Norman architecture which can be found anywhere. By the time of Carileph's death only the choir had been completed. Four years elapsed before the appointment of another bishop, but during those four years the monks themselves worked at the transepts. The next bishop, Richard Flambard (1099—1128), completed the nave. In quick succession subsequent prelates completed the adjuncts of the cathedral and the extensive monastic buildings which occupied the south side of the church.

With this hasty review of the history of the building we must pass on, and say a few words upon some of the most noteworthy features of the cathedral, and, first of all, the north entrance door tells an interesting tale. The Right Rev. Edward Stuart Talbot, D.D., the first and present Bishop of Southwark, in his account of Durham Cathedral informs us that "The present door is a modern restoration, and some of the original features of the famous entrance have been obliterated. Towards this door many a poor wretch, hastening to escape the hands of the avenger, has sped his fearful steps in days gone by. Attached to the door still glares a fearful-looking metallic head holding a ring in its mouth. In its now eyeless sockets were once, in all probability, balls of crystal or enamel. When once the ring was grasped by the hand of the fugitive he was safe. He had claimed the 'peace' of St Cuthbert and the sanctity of the neighbouring shrine shielded him. So soon as ever the fugitive had reached the door he was admitted. This done he had to confess the crime of which he was guilty, and his statement was taken down in writing. All the while a bell was tolling to give notice that someone had taken refuge in the church. Then the culprit was arrayed in a black gown



*Durham Cathedral
from the North Wall*

DRYDEN

with a yellow cross on his left shoulder, and remanded within the precincts for thirty-seven days. If at the end of that time he could not obtain a pardon of the civil authorities, he was conveyed across the seas to commence his life again elsewhere."

Space does not permit of a detailed description of the noticeable features of the interior of the Cathedral with the exception of the tombs of St. Cuthbert and the Venerable Bede. The lofty platform, which adjoins the back of the altar, and wherein lies the body of St. Cuthbert, is approached from two doors on the side of the altar, and the much-worn pavement gives witness to the number of pilgrims who from time to time have visited the spot.

There is, however, a tradition that the real body of St. Cuthbert was secretly conveyed away by the monks at some time and buried in a certain part of the Cathedral, which is only known to three members of the Benedictine order, who, as each one dies, choose a successor. In allusion to this legend (for probably it has no real foundation) the lines of Scott may be quoted:—

" There deep in Durham's Gothic shade
His relics are in secret laid,
But none may know the place;
Save of his holiest servants three,
Deep sworn to solemn secrecy,
Who share that wondrous grace."

The Galilee Chapel must not be omitted in a description of the church. It was designed for the sake and for the use of the women who wished to worship in the church. Its name of Galilee has probably some reference to Galilee of the Gentiles, and implies that it was considered less sacred than the rest of the Cathedral. St. Cuthbert had a more than usual monkish fear of women, and they were not allowed to approach the shrine. A cross let into the pavement of the nave at the far west end curiously marks the far removed spot nearer than which women might not approach. The prejudices of the good saint were thus perpetuated long after his death.

Another interesting monument is the plain altar slab which marks the burial place of the great Northumbrian scholar.

On the tomb are engraved the well-known words, *Hæc sunt in fossâ Bedæ Venerabilis ossa* (In this grave lie the bones of the Venerable Bede). According to the old legend the monk, who was casting about for a word to complete the scansion of his line between "Bedæ" and "ossa," left a space blank until he could in the morning return to his task with a mind refreshed. However, during the night an unknown hand added the metrically suited "Venerabilis." This, according to the legend, is the origin of the peculiar prefix Venerable, always associated with the name of Bede.

As we leave the Cathedral, and look up at the great church "half house of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot," one more historic recollection comes to us and we are carried back to October 17, 1346. "The city of Durham lay in dreadful suspense, a prize to the conqueror; and whilst the remaining brethren of the convent poured forth their hymns and prayers from the highest towers of the Cathedral their eyes wandered with anxious doubt over the field of approaching combat." It was the day of the battle of Neville's Cross, and the North was trembling for her safety before the Scots. The day was won by the English, and Durham breathed freely again. The following year Lord Neville, one of the victors of the day, passed away. A special honour was accorded to him. He was the first layman buried under the cover of the Cathedral. His disfigured effigy lies still upon the south side of the nave. In the year 1836, on the death of Bishop van Mildert, the founder of Durham University, the title of Count Palatine ceased. The Prince Bishop came to an end. A peaceful country needed no more the defence which the bishopric had once afforded. But its fame did not grow less in popular esteem. An old writer tells us how, prior to the Reformation, before the high altar in Durham there hung three silver lamps, always burning as a sign that "the house was ever watching unto God." Those lamps are put out now; but as we behold the house to-day, we feel that the whole majestic sanctuary carries on the thought and is of a truth "ever watching unto God."

THE WEAVERS OF LYONS.

By HENRY TEMPLETON.

ONE bright day in the autumn of the year 1795, the morning sun was vainly endeavouring to penetrate through the windows of an upper room in one of the back streets of Lyons, where four persons were engaged weaving the gold and silver tissue for which that town is so celebrated. The surroundings of the place were of the most poverty-stricken description. Many patches of paper supplied the place of glass in the window through which the sun could cast but a feeble and doubtful light.

The machine was working very briskly, yet a painful silence was kept by those engaged at the hard and exhausting labour of the loom. In front of it, seated on a high bench, was a man about forty years of age, working his feet to the right and left as a means of action to the treadles, or footboards, of the cumbersome and ill-constructed machine. Near him sat a pale and emaciated young woman, preparing the reeds on which the silk was rolled previous to being placed on the loom; whilst two girls, in forced and painful attitudes, put the cords in motion. At this time the sufferings and hardships of those who were employed in this badly-remunerated and wearying trade were of the most painful description. The sight offered a strange contrast between the rich stuffs, the gold and silver and silks, and the wretched clothing of the poor miserable beings, whose only knowledge of the beautiful materials they were labouring on was limited to their preparation for the use of others. The *Canuts*, or weavers, were greatly dissatisfied with the low rate of wages paid by the manufacturers, and severe disturbances, and even outrages, were resorted to over this much-contested point. Neither the doctrines of political economy, which teach that wages depend on the demand and supply of labourers, nor the later contrivance of trade-unionism, whereby that law is arbitrarily set aside, were

appreciated or understood by the silk weavers of Lyons.

Among their number, the person I am about to introduce was a fair sample, inured to excessive toil and ignorant of the true causes of his excessive and ill-paid labour.

"Antoinette, do you know where Joseph has gone?" asked Jacquard, in a voice that spoke of fatigue.

"He has gone for some silk," replied his wife. "It is a long time since he went out, almost two hours; still, he is invariably obliged to wait. But, Marie, you appear to be in pain," she added, addressing one of the young girls before alluded to.

"It is nothing, mother," replied the girl; "it will soon be time for sleep, when we can forget all our fatigue."

"Yes, to recommence again to-morrow," said the man.

"What would you wish, Charles?" asked his wife, with a look in which affection and resignation were mingled. "Is not this season better than the last, when I have often seen you draw the belt tighter around your body, the more easily to support the pangs of hunger which exhausted your strength? Though the work at present is hard, yet we have, thank God, enough to eat. Cheer up, my children; if the dinner has been meagre, we have at least a good supper of boiled chestnuts and lard, and as much bread as you wish to eat."

An expression of anguish, uttered by the younger and more wretched-looking of the two girls, now attracted the attention of the woman, who, turning towards her, asked if she was ill.

"No, aunt," slowly replied the child, whose languid smile sadly belied her words.

"Would you care to change places with me, cousin?" asked Marie. "My work seems easier than yours."

"No; I am very well here," feebly

answered Josephine, her dim and sunken eyes and her pallid countenance expressing lassitude more than suffering.

Another interval of silence ensued—a repose of the lips, but not of the body. But Josephine having again unconsciously moaned, the *canut* ceased his work as he gazed on her. “Poor little one!” muttered he. Then, as if to drive away thought, he applied himself more vigorously to his labour.

“The wife of Jaubert the *canut* died yesterday. Were you aware of it, wife?” resumed the weaver.

“Heaven protect us! No. Of what did she die?” asked Antoinette.

“Of what did our daughter die last year? Of what did the sister of Jean die last week? What caused the death, five years ago, of my sister Marion, the mother of your poor Josephine? Of what do all the *canuts* die before their time? What, but of misery and exhaustion! Look at these girls, wife,” continued he in a milder and lower tone, and with a glance of commiseration towards them, where they sat fatigued by their unnatural position under the loom, a position in which they were obliged to remain while moving the cords.

“Oh, dear!” again sighed the feeble voice of little Josephine.

“Ay, wife, it is easy to see that she will soon follow her poor mother.”

“Do not speak thus, Charles,” said Antoinette, with an involuntary shudder.

“Have you perceived how cramped and deformed her limbs are? Even rest and quiet at night do not restore their shape.”

“Josephine was always weak and sickly,” replied Antoinette. “When this piece is finished I shall make her rest for some days, and she will be better after it. With Marie it is different; her paleness does not arise from sickness, but confinement in this close and ill-aired room. She has a naturally good constitution.”

“Yes, as a mulberry tree decayed at the root,” answered the weaver, without ceasing his employment, “we shall not be able to preserve her any more than we did her sister and poor Marion; she will die, and her brother also, my dear

son Joseph, and we shall have no one left to close our eyes, my poor wife.”

“God is good, Charles,” answered Antoinette, with resignation, and forcing a smile to raise her husband’s courage. “He will not leave us childless.”

“Here is my son,” exclaimed Antoinette, as a flush of pleasure passed over her pale countenance.

The weaver raised his head as the steps were heard on the stairs.

Josephine alone did not stir.

There soon entered the room a tall, delicate-looking lad, about fifteen years of age. It was Joseph, the son of Jacquard. Like the generality of the *canuts*, he had a subdued and sad expression of countenance, which, when at rest, spoke of nothing remarkable, yet when his pale features were lit up by excitement, or some sudden emotion, it changed his entire appearance. The truth is, Joseph was no ordinary boy, he had good natural faculties, which he had exerted himself to cultivate by reflection. Joseph was always thinking on some useful subject or other, but silent and modest: his own family did not know the extent of his capacity.

“What a long time you have taken to get the silk,” remarked the weaver to his son.

“Well, here it is father,” replied Joseph, handing the bundle to him. “And now to tell you why I have been so long away. In returning, I met Louissant, the son of Francois the *canut*. Perceiving that he had been crying, I enquired the reason. ‘My mother,’ he replied, ‘has broken the loom. Father is from home, and I have been with Martel, the joiner, to try to get him to repair it, but he is so busy that he cannot come. The piece must remain unfinished, and when my father returns to-night he will be very angry about it.’ He was in great distress. Then, father, finding from what he told me that the loom was not much injured, I went home with him, and succeeded in mending it. So that his mother is now at work again.”

“You! all alone?” asked the weaver in surprise.

“It did not require to be very clever, father, to do so. What a pity that the



"I cannot quite understand you," said Jacquard.

looms are so badly constructed, when it requires so much exertion to put them into motion."

"You think so!" said his father, ironically. "I should like to know what you see so bad about our looms?"

"Every portion of them, father," said Joseph, with animation. "Must it not be an ill-made thing, requiring as it does so much unnecessary labour? Has it not killed hundreds of workmen every year? Are you not now covered with perspiration? Look at Marie, who has lost all her roses and healthful appearance; and

observe Josephine——." He could not find words to express his feelings at the fading little flower. "It is a horrible machine," added he, a moment after.

"You had better invent another," said his father roughly.

"And why not?" said Joseph; "that would indeed be a happy idea."

"Go, foolish boy," said the weaver; "instead of criticising and finding fault with what has been the means of livelihood to your father and all his family, you had better throw aside your hat and coat and come to work."

"If you have no objection," replied the boy, "I shall take Josephine's place for a while, father; she seems unable to work. See, mother, her hands can scarcely ply the cords. Josephine, what is the matter with you?" he cried anxiously, as the poor girl ran towards him and fell into his arms.

"Josephine!" exclaimed Marie, rising and running towards her. "Oh, mother, she is surely dying, and her hands are damp and cold as ice!"

"Charles, run and bring back a doctor," cried Antoinette to her husband. "My God, take pity on us!" moaned the poor woman, in an agony of grief, as her husband left the room quickly.

Josephine remained motionless, supported in the arms of young Jacquard, who gazed on her in sad and silent grief. Her eyes were closed, and a slight breathing alone told that she still lived. This became less perceptible every moment, and ceased altogether as the doctor entered the room.

"Is there, then, no hope?" asked Charles, as the doctor examined the pulse of the poor girl.

Sadly shaking his head, he answered, "You have sent for me too late, my friend," and gently lowered the girl's lifeless arm to her side.

As he left the room it was difficult for them to bring the reality of his words home to their minds. And yet the truth was there, very real and terrible. Josephine was no more.

Joseph laid the body of the dead girl in a corner of the room, covering it with a wretched counterpane, and then, as if it were a matter of course, seated himself in the vacant place, crouching himself up in the same painful and forced attitude that had caused the death-scene they had just witnessed. What a dismal evening was passed by the poor family—so poor, indeed, that they dared not suspend their labours to give even a few moments to sorrow. They sat down to their meagre supper of fried chestnuts and bread, though Joseph, plunged in sad reflections, would take no food, but remained silent and in deep thought, his mind intent on his future.

"No, father," said he at last, "I can-

not be a *canut*; I have reflected well; it is no boyish caprice on my part, you must not be angry with me."

"A wise thing, certainly," exclaimed the father. "Have I not told you, Antoinette, that your son's brain was touched. But tell me, foolish boy, what has put this idea in your head?"

"It is the sight of the miseries the other *canuts* endure, father; if they had other looms, and——

"Are not these good enough?" interrupted the weaver.

"We have seen their effects this day," replied the boy, casting a look of grief towards the body of the poor girl lying in the corner.

"It is our fate," said the weaver in a subdued voice.

"It is our fate to work for the rich; that is but just," answered Joseph; "but the loom, father, the loom which kills our workmen!"

"You are foolish, Joseph," said his mother. "How can you think to change a machine which has served the *canuts* for centuries?"

"That is just it, dear mother; because it has served for such a length of time, it seems possible to me that something better might be invented. Do not interrupt me, father, let me finish. Tell me, are not your stuffs finer and better-finished than those made by your father?"

"Certainly they are," said the weaver.

"Then, since the stuffs have been improved, why not the looms?"

"Why?—Why? Because they cannot!" pettishly replied the father.

"Say, rather, because no one has thought of doing so, father," replied the boy; "and one would do well to think of it."

"What, then, do you wish to be?" asked the father, touched at the silent appeal.

"To enter as an apprentice with Master Pinet, the bookbinder, father."

"Be it so; though it would be better to follow the trade of your father. To whom can I bequeath my loom, if not to you?"

"You can bequeath it to the husband of my sister, as my mother's father left it to you. However, I do not say that I

shall always refuse to work as a weaver ; but that must be when another loom has been invented by someone, and that person may perchance be myself."

Following the bent of his inclinations, young Jacquard passed from his father's workshop into that of the bookbinder, but his active and inventive spirit soon placed him above the inferior grade of the labour. In mechanics of all kind he had a great interest and was ever on the alert to acquaint himself with the knowledge of mechanical principles. They had a constant fascination for him, but unfortunately his very limited means did not allow him to carry out the products of his busy brain. His talents were but slowly developed, for the man who possesses a great idea must often wait for the favourable occasion to give it practical form, unless, perchance, some accidental circumstances may bring the discovery before the world.

And now will be told how Jacquard, the poor weaver of Lyons, was able at last to conquer the almost insuperable difficulties that hampered his genius.

About this time the Royal Society in London offered a considerable sum of money to anyone who should invent a mechanical apparatus applicable to some special process of thread-making. This offer was printed in some French paper, and came under the eye of Jacquard, who immediately set his brain to work, and after many fruitless essays, at length succeeded in finding the secret. His invention being as simple as it was useful, he imagined that he could not have been alone in the discovery. Nevertheless, this did not prevent him from making a model of the machine ; but once made, he put it aside and thought no more about it. One day, however, some of his companions were discussing the offer of the London Society's prize, and the conversation led on to the filet, or thread machine.

"Here is the difficulty solved," said Jacquard, producing his model from where he had laid it aside.

"Have you not made known the discovery and asked for the prize-money?" they asked.

"Nonsense! Do you imagine that I

am the only person who has found out the secret?"

"Will you confide it to me?" asked his friend, taking up the miniature filet.

"With all my heart," replied Jacquard ; and soon forgot the model while thinking over an idea which was engrossing his attention very deeply, viz. the means of ameliorating, by some new description of loom, the miseries of the *canuts* of Lyons, as that class of weavers are called who work the gold and silver tissues.

Some weeks afterwards, Jacquard was summoned before the Prefect, and without being able to form the slightest conjecture why he was sent for, immediately presented himself at the office.

"Monsieur," said the magistrate, "I have heard of your ability as a mechanic, and have therefore sent for you. I understand you have lately made an admirable discovery?"

"Very simple, sir ; very simple."

"But very useful to humanity."

"I have not been so vain as to suppose so, sir."

"The mechanism is most ingenious ; you must have studied deeply to have gained such an insight into the art."

"I, monsieur ; in truth I know nothing."

"And this filet?" said the Prefect, as he took from his desk the model which Jacquard had given to his friend.

"It certainly is mine, sir ; but I had quite forgotten it until a few minutes since."

"But your friend has not forgotten it, nor I either ; and I have been commanded by the First Consul to send the model to Paris."

Jacquard thanked the kind magistrate, and withdrew.

After the lapse of a few weeks, he was again sent for by the Prefect, who informed him that he must immediately set out for Paris, by command of the First Consul. "This will admit of no delay, but must be obeyed. I shall see that your family know of your departure. You will start at once and journey to Paris by special service. This gendarme here has orders to accompany and not to lose sight of you."

"Believe me, sir, there must be some

mistake," said Jacquard in extreme agitation.

"Calm yourself. Be assured that the First Consul is a man who knows how to appreciate talent, and a short time in Paris will be a benefit to you," was the Prefect's rejoinder.

"You may not be provided with money. The gendarme will see that you want for nothing, and I promise no harm shall befall you. A pleasant journey to you, and good-bye."

The family of hard-working weavers were surprised at a visit during work hours from anyone, and they were more surprised still when they opened the door to the visitant on the present occasion. The mother and Marie both rose somewhat disconcerted as a tall and handsome young man entered the room. He was about twenty-five years of age, dressed in the height of the reigning fashion, and wearing a sword and a three-corner hat.

"Monsieur Brechet!" exclaimed Antoinette, as she offered the stranger a chair. "You have then come to see us?"

"As you see, Madame Jacquard; but do not let me disturb you. I have come to speak to you upon an important matter. I have this morning promised the Prefect to convey to you the sudden order given by the First Consul, that your son Joseph should be taken to Paris, without any delay, and he is now on his way to that city accompanied by a gendarme, who will watch and take care of him until he presents himself to the minister."

"My poor son Joseph! what has he done?" exclaimed Antoinette, in a voice which betrayed her great apprehension.

"Have no fears, madame; your son is not in any danger," was the soothing reply; "but on the contrary, he will soon be a great man, and I think he is on the high road to fortune. That will be well for all of you."

"I trust it may be so; Joseph will find it very difficult. He is a good, hard-working and industrious youth, and may be successful," said the father hopefully.

"It is what everyone says," responded Monsieur Brechet; "and I have no fear all will be well with him. I have now,"

continued M. Brechet, "to speak to you concerning my own affairs; but how is Mademoiselle Marie?" added he, turning towards the young girl.

Marie was blushing, but did not raise her head from her employment.

"As you see, Monsieur Brechet," hastily answered the mother.

The *satinaire* for a moment hesitated, then added in a firm voice, "I am thinking of your daughter, Père Jacquard."

"And a good girl she is, Monsieur Brechet, one of whom a father may be proud."

"Well, I have two workshops—one for satin, and the other for velvet. I am equally well known as M. Brechet, the *veloutier*, or M. Brechet, the *satinaire*."

"I cannot quite understand you," interrupted Jacquard.

"Allow Monsieur Brechet to speak, Charles," said Antoinette, mildly, to her husband.

"This, then, is what I have to say. I have already told you that I have two workshops, in each of which there are twenty workers. Well, there is still something wanted in these two workshops, Père Jacquard."

"There are always workmen to be found, Monsieur Brechet."

"No, Père Jacquard; I seek a companion—in fact, a wife."

"I understand you now, Monsieur Brechet."

"Say that you consent, Père Jacquard—say that you consent; and you also, Madame Jacquard."

"Is it that you would marry our daughter, Monsieur Brechet?" asked Antoinette, whose expressive smile told that since his arrival she had divined the cause of his visit.

"If Mademoiselle Marie will also consent," said the *satinaire*."

"But my daughter is poor, Monsieur Brechet."

"She is sweet and good-tempered, and she pleases me. I love her, and if I possess her good opinion——"

"There is no doubt of that, Monsieur Brechet," said the weaver briskly. "She must be hard to please if she does not like you. But I do not wish to give you a promise."

"And wherefore not?"



Bonaparte led him by degrees into an animated conversation.

"Because you are rich, a *satinaire*, a *veloutier*; in fact, a gentleman wearing a sword; you ride in your carriage; and for a thousand other reasons, Monsieur Brechet."

"Each one worse than the other, Père Jacquard; however, I do not wish to take you by surprise. Reflect on what I have said, and all I ask at present is to be allowed to repeat my visit."

"I am not proud, Monsieur Brechet. We shall always be happy to see you; remember, I promise nothing, but——"

"Well, I am content; to-morrow, then, Père Jacquard," said the *satinaire* as he rose and took leave, accompanied to the street door by Antoinette.

This visit, with its very remarkable revelations, roused many varied emotions in the bosoms of the poor family, and we will leave them to discuss their prospects while we follow the doings of young Jacquard.

Joseph had never before been to Paris, and the first place that he and the gendarme stopped at on their arrival was the Conservatory of Arts. After some delay he was taken to an apartment, where he was presented to Bonaparte, then First Consul, and to Carnot, the Prime Minister.

The minister demanded in a rather brusque tone—

"Are you Joseph Jacquard?" and upon receiving his answer, turned to Napoleon and said, "This is the young Lyons weaver who pretends to do what no one else can accomplish—to form a knot on a stretched cord."

Joseph was both surprised and awed at finding himself in the presence of such high personages. He could not immediately reply; but Bonaparte, with that suavity he could so well display, asked him a few trivial questions, and led by degrees into an animated conversation, which might be considered the foundation of the youth's after-success in life.

Jacquard was at once installed in the Conservatory; all the secrets of mechanics, which till then he had been unable to study, were laid open to his inspection. In the midst of these and other wonders of industry, all difficulties seemed to vanish as he pondered on his long-

cherished idea of constructing a loom which was to ameliorate the condition of the *canuts* of his native town. The first task to which he was put to work was the construction of a full-sized machine after the model that had been of such service to him, and this, when completed, gave general satisfaction.

A magnificent shawl destined for Josephine, the wife of Bonaparte, wrought in a loom that had cost more than twenty-thousand francs, led him to form the idea of applying in the manufacture of these articles of luxury less complicated, and at the same time much less expensive, machinery; and in this he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. While thus employed, he had steadily persevered in his endeavours to perfect the machine which had engrossed his thoughts from boyhood, and in 1801 completed the one known as the "Jacquard loom," which was exhibited at the Exposition of Arts that year in Paris.

But note now how the Jacquard loom was received by those for whose benefit it was expressly intended. Having received from the French Government a pension of a thousand crowns for his discovery, Jacquard expected that with such testimonials of its value, he should have no difficulty in establishing the loom in his native city. Filled, therefore, with the hope of alleviating some of the miseries of his fellow-townsmen, Jacquard returned to Lyons. Alas! those hopes were quickly dispelled. Having at his own expense constructed one of the machines, the *Conseil des Prud-hommes* (a body appointed to watch over the interests of the Lyonesse trade) were invited to inspect it, and give their opinions. Great was Jacquard's dismay when he found that they not only opposed the introduction of his loom, but gave orders that it should be publicly destroyed; which was accordingly done in the Place, amidst the shouts and rejoicings of the populace, and his inventions excited such an enmity against him among the weavers that he three times narrowly escaped with his life.

A few years elapsed, during which time the English had made rapid strides

in the manufacture of gold and silver tissues, and it was only when the French began to feel the effects of foreign competition that their prejudices gave way, and in self-defence they adopted the loom, which they had previously rejected and destroyed. The inventor, although not forgetting the ignominious treatment he had received, gladly came forward, and under his superintendence looms were rapidly constructed, and were soon employed in most of the silk manufacturing districts in France. Jacquard,

inventions, the condition of the *canuts* has been enormously improved. If their work is not always abundant, at least it does not kill them. In the schools and in the workshops are to be seen well-dressed and ruddy-looking children, and men no longer wearing the broken-hearted and timid look which was once a characteristic feature of this class of workers. As is always the case, the improvements in the methods of manufacture have cheapened the cost and increased the demand and the output, and no class of



The new loom was publicly destroyed.

happy in the thought of being instrumental not only in adding to the comforts of the workmen, but also in furthering the interests of the employers, lived modestly and retired, without desiring anything more.

Many magnificent offers were made to him by strangers, but with firmness, devoid of pride, he refused them all, and preferred engaging himself, at a moderate annuity given by the municipal council of Lyons, "to consecrate all his time and abilities to the service of the town, and to perfect, as far as lay in his power, his former inventions."

In a great measure owing to Jacquard's

artisans in Lyons to-day are healthier or more contented than the silk weavers.

After the Exposition of Arts in 1819, Jacquard received the decoration of the Legion of Honour, a recompense justly due to the humble workman through whose instrumentality a suffering and unhappy population had been regenerated.

This most useful citizen, born of obscure parents, who were not forgotten by him in his prosperity, ended his days peacefully at Duillons in August, 1834, and was interred in the village cemetery, where a suitable monument was erected to his memory. He had merited the appellation of "benefactor of mankind."



ART STUDENTS AT WORK IN THE ORCHARD, YEALMPTON.

YEALMPTON.

A Devonian Art Colony.

"NEAR Plymouth" is the postal address for the little village of Yealmpton, presenting thus, to those who know it not, a mental picture of a suburb to that busy part of the west country. Yet anything more unsuburban, rural and picturesque—unspoiled by the rush of humanity, than this little corner of Devonshire it would be difficult to imagine.

This is owing to several causes. For one thing Yealmpton is on the way to nowhere in particular, is not sufficiently near the coast to make a watering place, and has few or no "objects of interest" with which to tempt the ordinary tourist to make the journey of eight miles by rail or motor from Plymouth. Another reason is that the property is mostly in

the hands of one or two old-fashioned landlords, who avoid so-called modern improvements, caring more to preserve the old-world aspect of their little villages.

To these causes is probably owing the fact that Yealmpton has preserved its rural simplicity.

The village stands high, looking down on its sister hamlet, Torre, which lies on the opposite side of the little river. The country round about is very varied in its beauty, swelling and rising gradually till beautiful Dartmoor is reached.

Within walking distance of Yealmpton is the little township of Plympton, famous for being the birth-place of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The old school-house, where his father taught, is still standing,

and the adjoining wall, where Reynolds' house used to stand, is marked with a tablet on which is inscribed: "Here, until 1871 stood the house in which Sir Joshua Reynolds was born A.D. 1723." Many of his best portrait groups hang on the walls of the private houses throughout this part of Devonshire, Lord Mount Edgcombe being his first patron before the artist's departure abroad with his friend Commodore Keppel. Examples



THE STEPPING STONES.

From a colour print by "Ajax."



OUTDOOR MODEL.

Oil sketch by Herbert Cash.

of his work are found at Saltrem, Kitley, Puslinch and other neighbouring mansions.

No better neighbourhood than that of the birth-place of Sir Joshua could have been chosen for the establishment of a "Devonshire School of Painting,"—either from a sentimental or a practical point of view,—but it was not until within the last two years that a little colony of artists and art-students had been established at Yealmp-ton. While passing through the village some two years ago, Mr. Edward Ertz (formerly a professor at the Académie Delécluse, Paris, and a well known exhibitor at the R.A. and R.B.A.), was struck with the place from an artistic point of view. Realising at once what a large variety of subjects could be found there, he decided to make it his headquarters, and there establish his painting classes, which had been at Polperro for some years. An ancient and dilapidated school-house was found which was converted into a studio,—the tumble-down appearance only enhancing its value as a background for figures. In fine weather,

however, the students pose the models out of doors, in the meadow, or in one of the many orchards (for Yealmpton is in a cider-making district). The "models" are simply village people who consent to have "their likeness taken," and who criticise the students' work at the end of the morning. Many are the amusing

The winter colouring of the landscape at Yealmpton is delightful for those who love the rich purples and browns and greys of leafless woods. The climate is mild, even the soft Devonshire mist (which takes the place of snow and frost) having its own charm for the artist; while on the hottest day a fresh breeze comes over from Dartmoor, six miles away.

For the student who loves to paint animals, Yealmpton offers many facilities for studying them under all effects and conditions. Once a month there is the exciting cattle fair, when the timorous seek shelter from droves of bullocks, cattle, sheep and Dartmoor ponies, which are sold by auction in the market-place and driven home by their respective purchasers.

The art students find lodgings among the villagers, and, although the



remarks they make. Though as a rule they are more polite than the old Cumberland yeoman, who, after studying one painting for some time, turned to the artist and said: "Wal, you'm cubbered yor paaper!" (Well, you've covered your paper!)

In the autumn and winter evenings there is a class for quick sketches in black and white, or monotyping.



cottages are primitive, they are cheap and clean, and a *bon camaraderie* prevails between the students, which tends to their mutual benefit. There is a weekly gathering for music and conversation, and once a week there is a general

All kinds of subject-pictures are attempted, from the cider press at work, with stolid horse steadily turning, and villagers grouped around, waiting their turn to have their apples pounded; farmyard scenes; thatched cottages in



THE SPRINGTIME OF LIFE.

After the painting by Edward Ertz, R.B.A.

criticism of compositions at the studio, and of all other work done during the week: paintings, drawings, etchings, monotypes, stencils, miniatures and colour prints, have, in turn, their criticism from the Professor, whose verdict is awaited with anxiety.

different states of dilapidation or repair, with quaint interiors and pleasant-spoken inmates; to wide stretches of breezy country, and quaint estuary, or deep quiet woods.

Then there is the little river Yealm, which irrigates the two villages, Torre

and Yealmpton. It rises on Dartmoor, and runs gaily through many a beautiful wood and sunny meadow, round mossy boulders, hides under overhanging branches, sparkling and frothing into little cascades where the fall is quick,

The beautiful South Devon coast is about four miles away. There, rocky headlands jut out into the sea, with waves dashing at their base, tempting the marine painter and the artist fond of cliff scenery. Many a painting and



A FAVOURITE MODEL.

Painted by Edward Ertz, R.B.A.

emerging finally into a broad meadow, through which it twists and turns till the marshy land is reached and it becomes widened into a tidal estuary, spreading at high tide like an inland lake between wooded slopes and shingle shores, till, after a couple of miles, it reaches the sea near Newton Ferrers.

bathing excursion do the students make there, lingering at the time of the full moon to see the beautiful red orb rise serenely over the purpling water.

For the scientifically inclined, there is a wealth of material round Yealmpton. The flora of the district is characteristic of the limestone formation, and the



CHARCOAL SKETCH OF THE CIDER MILL.

By "Ajax."



THE OLD CIDER MILL.

From the painting by Edward Ertz, R.B.A., exhibited at the Royal British Artists and at Paris.

stalactite caves contain many a subject of interest to the scientist. In the Rev. Warner's book on Yealmpton we read:—

"Two caves have been discovered at Yealmpton, one at Yealmbridge and the other at Kitley.

"In 1834, some men were working the quarry at Yealmbridge, when they exposed a narrow fissure, which took a nearly horizontal direction. They blasted the rock in the same course as this cavity pursued, and came upon bones of various shapes and sizes, which, unfortunately, the men threw away as so much rubbish! The bones were enveloped in clay and a very rich black



OLD RUINS ON THE ESTUARY.



A FARMYARD.

After two water-colours by Sam Charlesworth.

mould. Pebbles, such as are found by the sea and in rivers, occurred at intervals. Generally, the bones were in fragments and splinters, many of them appearing to have been thus broken by the teeth of some predatory beast, and some are undoubtedly marked by these. Nothing of this cave now remains but a small arm, which passes under the cart-road. This was examined by a Mr. Bellamy, who took out of the clay as many as seven dozen teeth of the hyæna, besides bones and teeth of the rhinoceros, horse, ox, wolf, fox, sheep, rabbit (or hare), and polecat (or animal of that size). Some time previously to Mr. Bellamy's examination.



STENCIL DESIGN BY G. WINTER.

it appears that two or three skulls of the hyæna, in good preservation, were turned out, but they have been lost. In addition to these, it is stated, teeth of a young elephant and of a bear, as well as the

"The Kitley cave, happily, has been carefully preserved. It is very beautifully decorated with stalagmite and stalactites, and a pathway has been dug through it, making it still easier to tra-



LE PETIT MOQUEUR.

From the painting by Edward Ertz, exhibited in Paris, Munich and Glasgow.

remains of a bird of considerable size, were found. In one part of the cave, where the roof is lower than usual, the limestone is polished as if by the friction of the animals which inhabited the cave.

verse. Here was found a hyæna's tooth and a fragment of the head of a hare or rabbit. There is also a bone of some quadruped firmly fixed among the diluvial pebbles in that part of the cavern,



A BREEZE OFF DARTMOOR.
Painted by Mrs. E. Horsfall Ertz.



ON THE ESTUARY.
Monotype by Herbert Cash.

which seems to have been choked up with these bodies.

"The animal remains found in the caves at



Yealmpton strangely correspond to those in the cave at Kirkdale which was examined and identified by Professor Buckland."

During a recent visit to these caves, opened specially for the artists by the courtesy of the owner—one of the students, who was more keenly observant than the others, caught a species of fly with a fungoid attachment. The find was pronounced by a biologist of the party to be of unusual interest. Several of these flies were sent to the insect department at South Kensington Museum, where they were pronounced to be hitherto unknown in England, similar ones having, however, been found in the Austrian caves.

Lastly (though probably first in their own estimation) come the villagers themselves. They have a slightly contemptuous tolerance for the "painters," which found expression by

one of the village girls (secure in the possession of a modest competency), "Why! they can't even sell their pictures in Yealmpton, they have to send them to exhibitions to do that!" "Rather you than me," is a favourite remark when they see a student sitting for hours in one spot.

As models, they cannot understand that the artists prefer them in their smocks, their corduroys (tied with a bit of string under the knee), old shapeless hats, and farmyard boots,—and, if allowed half a chance will slip into the house and "smarten themselves up a bit" before posing.

Time being of no particular value to them, punctuality is consequently a virtue more conspicuous by its absence than presence, and many are the amusing tales, told by the students, of the easy views their landladies take of this virtue, these easy ways being part and parcel of the reposeful, slow-going Devonshire ways. To the tired worker from hot town studios the village, with its leisurely air, its women gossiping round the village pump, and its men smoking under the



AFTER WATER-COLOURS BY B. DONIF, L. B. WHITEHEAD
AND A. GALTON.

village elm, acts as a soothing draught to nerves fretted with the rush and bustle of large communities. Nature, the great

healer, touches these weary ones with beneficent fingers, inspiring them to work, for idlers have no place in the little colony of students, who have chosen the thorny paths of art, where world rewards are scarce and hard to attain, but where the pleasure of the work is its own reward.

Students come and go, but "as it was in the beginning" remains the little West-country village, whose portrait in these few words we have endeavoured to portray. Long may the outside world, with disturbing elements of hurry and toil, leave untouched the peaceful serenity of quiet Yealmpton!

Our illustrations in connection with this article are unique, inasmuch as they reproduce the actual work of masters and students at the Yealmpton Art School. Thus scenes in the district are presented



YEALMPTON COTTAGES.

Painted by Mrs. E. Horsfall Ertz.



THE NAVE STOCK.

Etching by A. Galton.

to us in the drawings and paintings which serve at the same time to illustrate the technical efficiency and artistic spirit that are inculcated among the students, who have received their training, or part of it at least, at this School. Of course the photograph which appears at the head of the article is not in that category, but as a photograph from life it presents vividly the essentially thorough methods adopted in the School, and also the healthy outdoor life enjoyed by the students in one of the most beautiful and invigorating districts of England. On page 558 are some interesting pen-and-ink sketches of the near-by village of Plympton, associated with memories of

Sir Joshua Reynolds, while on page 567 we reproduce, from a painting by Mrs. E. Horsfall Ertz, a very charming view of some Yealampton cottages, which, however idealised they may be, emphasise the delightful old-world character of the place, its calm repose, and the singularly picturesque material it offers as subjects for the artist. Again, on page 562 are two reproductions from water-colour drawings, executed by Mr. Sam Charlesworth, of neighbouring views, one on the estuary of the Yealm and the other a study of simple rustic life, for which, doubtless, some Yealampton farmyard stands sponsor. Still another medium of art creation, etching, is employed in the picture of "A Yealampton Doorway," by Mr. A. Galton, reproduced on this page, a picture as delightfully suggestive of idyllic peace as of the artistic value of the subjects that crowd upon the artist's attention thereabouts. That the natives of the district afford a sufficient supply of picturesque models requires no further



A YEALMPTON DOORWAY.

Etching by A. Galton.



PLYMOUTH.

From a pen and ink sketch by C. Eldred.

proof than is evidenced by the study in oils, by Mr. Herbert Cash, on page 557, and the finely modelled head by Mr. Edward Ertz, the founder of the School, which we reproduce on page 560. This painting, which necessarily suffers greatly in the black-and-white photographic reproduction, is a splendid example of the master's style in portraiture, vigorous in tone, boldly realistic where elaboration of detail will intensify the scheme, but elsewhere leaving the effect to depend on broader lines of treatment. The versatility of Mr. Ertz's art is shown by contrasting this painting with his "Springtime of Life" (see page 559), a very attractive study of the nude in a landscape of charming freshness and brilliance. The boys' figures are most

naturally posed, and are alert with life and enjoyment. The canvas is as full of vigour and the restless energy of youth as "The Favourite Model" is subdued to the calm sobriety of age. Or consider, again, the *genre* quality of "The Old Cider Mill," on page 561, a

familiar scene of this cider-making district of Devonshire. The only light is that which pours through the open door and sharply outlines the figures and the rude machinery of the mill, throwing dense shadows to right and left of the stream of brightness. The woman and her children are in the light, while those who toil are in the shadows. It is the fulfilment

of the judgment in Eden—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Or yet again, what delicious insolence and air of irresponsible *diablerie* in the figure of the gamin in "Le Petit Moqueur," which we reproduce on page 564, as remote in its demand on the artist's sympathy from the "Old

Model" as it is possible for subject to be; and yet Mr. Ertz has treated it with as keen an appreciation of its exuberant vitality as he has shown in treating the placidity of gentle age. This versatility is an admirable quality in a teacher, for it enlarges his sympathies and enables

him instinctively to take more accurate stock of varying artistic tendencies in those who come under his guidance.

The two landscapes, which are reproduced on p. 565, are very characteristic of the district about Yealmpton and of the quality of work that emanates from the Devonshire School of Art. Mrs. Horsfell Ertz's painting, "A Breeze off Dartmoor," is as expressive a rendering of

moorland scenery as one could wish. Merely to regard it as an invigorating tonic, it is so suggestive of space, light and air. One seems to be on the top of the world. The ills and worries of life drop away and a deep breath fills the lungs like a prayer of praise. And yet the elements of the picture are of homely,



STUDY OF A HEAD.

Drawn by Miss M. Bernard on Papier Gilat.

every-day familiarity—the tilled field, the ploughman and his team, the house in the dip of the downs; but it is the familiar infused with feeling as broad as the sky, as deep as nature.

The view on the estuary of the Yealm, by Mr. Herbert Cash, on the same page, indicates by contrast with Mrs. Ertz's painting and many other views we give, how very varied are the nature studies open to the art student in this

may refer to the three water-colour sketches on page 566, all by the hands of students at the Devonshire School of Art—hands and brains we ought to say—for they exhibit no inconsiderable degree of that power of imparting feeling to landscape work which elevates the depicted scene from the plane of photographic realism.

It goes without saying that the art of design is not overlooked in a school that



SEA URCHINS.

Painted by Edward Ertz, R.B.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy and at Liverpool.

beautiful locality. Water has a living charm of its own and hints at life and movement, where all else around may be steeped in quiescence. The shores of the estuary are diversified in character, here high bluffs towering above the tidal flow and again spreading out into flat meadowland. In truth the whole course of the Yealm, from its source in the moor to its final absorption by the sea affords endless opportunities for the selective sensibilities of the artist and for testing his power of idealising Nature. In this connection we

aims to embrace all branches of pictorial art. A fine example of stencil work by Mr. G. Winter is reproduced in the full-page illustration on page 563, as a specimen of the school's achievement. The practical utility of stencil designing as a business, and a lucrative one, cannot be overlooked in these days which are leading the general public to a better appreciation of its value as a decorative process. Elaborate though Mr. Winter's design is, it is strictly feasible in practice and of distinct decorative merit. Another

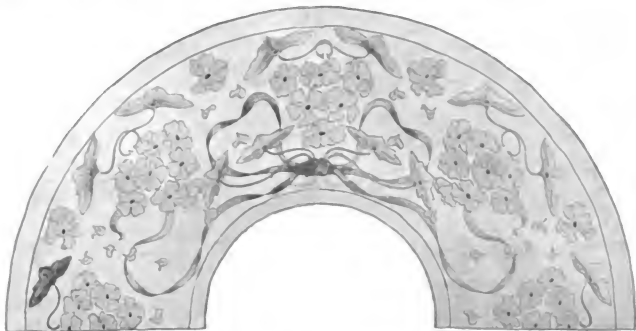
example of design is shown in the concluding illustration to the article. It is intended, we should say, as a design for a fan. The conventionalising is admirable in character.

But without carrying these remarks on the illustrations to a tedious length, it must be said in conclusion that the school founded and conducted by Mr. Ertz appears to fill the proper measure of such an undertaking. It is comprehensive; it is earnest; it carries on its work amid the pleasantest and most healthy surroundings; the environment is such as to cultivate a taste for the beautiful; picturesque models are plentiful—there seems to be nothing lacking (within, of course, the necessary limits of a special environment) to stimulate and bring out of a student signs of whatever ability he may possess. No school will suffice to educate all sides of a painter who aspires to distinction. He must know the world as he develops, not suffer himself to be prescribed within any single round of Nature's moods or by any single type of humanity. The school is his starting-point—the foster-mother of his



PORTRAIT SKETCH BY A. SLADEN.

art, but the world itself is his final school. Yet, unless the foundation be true, the structure will be faulty, and this Devonshire school has certainly not failed in its special function.



DECORATIVE DESIGN BY L. WILLS.



THE LITTLE MENAGE.

By F. C. PHILIPS.

GEORGE FAIRHOLME was the third son of a rector in the shires, whose income allowed him to send his sons one after the other to a public school, and then to the university. These two stages concluded, the worthy rector used to tell each boy in his turn that he had now got his start in life and must shift for himself.

This they all somehow managed to do. The knowledge of the Rev. Mr. Fairholme was limited. He had forgotten all the Greek and Latin he ever knew, and he had never in his life learnt anything else beyond the minimum of theology required for ordination, at a time when bishops were lax, and when a duke was heard to declare, confirming his ducal word with his ducal oath, that he would have his negro footman ordained the next day if he chose, and offered to bet heavily on the event.

The history of the first son, who was in a marching regiment, and of the second, who was in the navy, need not concern us. The third, through the interest of the member for the county, got a nomination to the Foreign Office, the clerks in which have chances of better things, and with a little luck occasionally get them. He was looking out, when our story commences, for a stroke of luck of this kind—a paid attaché-ship, or something of that sort—and by way of improving his prospects generally in that direction, or indeed in any other, he

decided to make a prudent marriage. Accordingly, Miss Constance Thorndyke, daughter of Lord Eustace Thorndyke, fourth brother of the Duke of Surrey, became Mrs. George Fairholme.

Her father, on her wedding-day, gave Mrs. George, with tears in his eyes, a pearl and ruby locket. In it was a cheque for £500, the half of the sum which the devoted parent had extracted from his eldest brother for the specific purpose of dowry in ready money.

Now, the expenses of a honeymoon on the Continent and many other things incidental to a marriage in good society, such as lockets for the bridesmaids, make a hole in five hundred pounds, and when George Fairholme returned from his honeymoon at Nice he found that he had difficulties to face which may be briefly thus enumerated.

His pay in the Foreign Office was exactly three hundred a year, less income-tax, to which he could add about three or four hundred a year more, which he had to work very hard to make up. In the first place, he belonged to one or two clubs, and he played a remarkably good game of whist. He also betted judiciously. Pray let it not be supposed that there was ever a question about this, even amongst his enemies. Any man who had breathed a word against his honour would have been laughed at. It has been said that the University Boat-race is the one rowing event that has never been sold, and,

consequently, the public puts on its money with confidence, from Crœsus who follows it in his launch, down to the costermonger who invests his dollar and trudges down to Putney on foot. Now, Fairholme's play was as much above suspicion as the University Boat-race itself. He also wrote a little, and perhaps, one way and another, his whole income ranged from seven to eight hundred a year.

Let us take the *per contra* account. As a bachelor he had lived in very comfortable lodgings in Ryder Street. He now had to pay for a small house in South Street, Park Lane, and to keep three maidservants. His wife needed a hired brougham. He could not take her out to dinner in a four-wheeled cab, and it would have been fatal to his chances to have given up society.

Going out to dinner involves giving dinners, and there are other expenses incidental to Mayfair; for it costs a man with a house far more to dine at home *tête à tête* with his wife than it would to take her to a restaurant, and there share with her a dinner of the same quality.

Then, too, there was his wife's pin-money, and there were rates and taxes and other things of which a bachelor in lodgings knows nothing. The quarterly coal bill when presented in February is an item to make a man groan, even if his cook does not receive a commission on it from the coal merchant, and Fairholme began to think that his wife must be a wonderful manager. She never exceeded her allowance, or wanted a cheque in advance, or told him of a troublesome bill which she had overlooked; and yet they lived in as good style as did friends of his with three or four times his income.

An end to his happiness—a very sudden and sad one—came at last. His wife had been with him to a quasi-state ball given by the Russian Ambassador. Within a week about a hundred of the ladies who had been present were seized with typhoid fever. The *Lancet* took the matter up, and there was an investigation. As there is nothing like accuracy in science, we give its result. It was a scientific

"house that Jack built." These ladies had all refreshed themselves with some vanilla cream. The milk in this cream was traced to the dairy in Daleshire which had supplied it. This was a dairy constructed on sanitary principles, and visited weekly by a medical inspector, who had overlooked the fact that the water supplied to the cows came from a well which ought to have been closed some years back and securely bricked over, as the whole sewage of the farm leaked pleasantly into it.

Among those who were stricken down, and whose case was hopeless from the first, was Mrs. Fairholme.

Her husband returned from the funeral looking as he had looked for many days, at least ten years older. The servants instinctively avoided him. The blinds were drawn up, and he wandered moodily about the house like a caged panther.

There were his wife's little tropical birds in their gilded cage. There was her fernery with its green frogs and speckled lizards; her piano, her writing case, her picture on the wall—everywhere something to remind him of her, down even to the little silver inkstand she had given him on his last birthday. He had never been able, poor fellow, to afford her jewellery, beyond some little trifle such as a locket or inexpensive bracelet on New Year's Day, or on some other such occasion. But, like a good and economical wife, she had hired her jewellery for the evening, or when she attended a drawing-room, from Messrs. Polonius, of Bond Street. This, she explained to him, was a practice as common as to hire a brougham, and Messrs. Polonius, with whom her family had dealt for years, would always let her have the same articles over again if she gave a few days' notice, so that, as she used laughingly to say, her friends quite believed them to be her own, and could hardly conceal their envy.

"I am a clever little wife, dearest, am I not?" she would say as she put up her face to be kissed before he took her out to some dinner or ball. "Don't be afraid. I won't drop this pendant. Why?"—and here she would clasp her little hands—"it

would cost my darling nearly a year's income."

From the drawing-room he wandered upstairs. He was going to leave that night and bury himself for a month in Brittany. He went into his dressing-room for a few odd things, and then took a look round the bedroom. Suddenly a thought struck him, and he rang the bell. It was answered by the housemaid.

"Send Mary to me," he said shortly. Now Mary had been in the family in a double capacity. She waited at table and acted as Mrs. Fairholme's maid.

"Mary," he said, "I want the key of the wardrobe." He could not bring himself to mention his wife, even indirectly. "There are some things there which I must take back to Mr. Polonius before I go away to-night. I would rather not have them left in the house."

Mary turned round to hunt for the key, but her face became very pale.

"You have been sitting up lately," he said, as she found the key and brought it him. "You may go to-night to your people in the country. When I return, I fear you must find another place. Where is the jewellery?"

Mary, paler than ever, pointed out a large Russian leather jewel-case, found him the key of it, and fairly burst into tears.

"They are all from Mr. Polonius?" he asked.

"All, sir," sobbed Mary. "Poor dear mistress never went anywhere else."

And so, with his own valise and with the case of jewellery, Fairholme drove straight to the emporium of that prince among diamond merchants, and strode into the shop.

"This," said he to the junior partner who met him on the mat, "is the jewellery Mrs. Fairholme hired of you. I wish you to check it and give me a receipt. You may send in your account at once."

The man looked bewildered, but he said nothing. He took the key Fairholme handed him, and opened the box, remarking—for he could see Fairholme's deep mourning—that it was a fine day, an observation he seemed to think might prove inspiring.

"Not ours, sir," he said, as he opened

the first morocco case—a necklace of diamonds and pearls. "These," and he pointed to the name on the white satin inside the lid, "are from Messrs. Triplet. Nor these either; nor yet these. I do not see anything of ours, sir, as yet."

Evidently bewildered, the man lifted the upper tray. Under it were letters. Then, without moving a muscle of his face, he was about to replace the tray, when Fairholme stopped him, took out the letters hurriedly, and begged him to make them up into a small parcel. This task the man accomplished, and Fairholme left the shop with the case in his hand and the letters in his pocket.

When he had gone, the junior partner allowed his features to relax into a curious kind of smile.

The jewels were left at his bankers, sealed up. There were yet two hours for his train from Victoria. So he turned into the Marlborough, sat down at a table by the window, and ordered some brandy. He seldom or never touched brandy, so now it settled his nerves, and in a mechanical way he opened the packet.

The letters in it told their own story. The jewellery had *not* been hired from Mr. Polonius, nor indeed from anybody else. Every article that he had left at the bankers had its own little packet of letters.

I hold that George Fairholme was doing nothing dishonourable in this, though I need not discuss the casuistry of the matter. He began with a letter from the Duke of Radnor. The coronet and crest struck him, as he had not the honour of the Duke's acquaintance, so he opened the letter and read it. Then he read one or two of the others. Then he made a parcel of the lot, which he carefully sealed up, and so left the club.

There was still an hour to catch his train, so he had time to buy a despatch-box for the letters. He also provided himself with cigars and a few other things of which a widower does not usually think on the day of his wife's funeral. And then he drove to Victoria. Here it became apparent that he had changed his plans. Anyhow, he abandoned the idea of Brittany and took a ticket to Paris, which he reached shortly before six the next morning.



He opened the Duke's letter and read it.

He devoted the day to writing letters, mostly on business. He instructed his solicitors to arrange for the sale of the lease of the little house in South Street, with all its effects if possible, except a few of his own which he specified. He also wrote a short and carefully considered letter to Lord Eustace Thorndyke, and another to the chief of his département at the Foreign Office, mentioning that he should probably apply for a fortnight's further leave of absence than he had obtained. This took time, but he did not seem to feel tired, although he had been many hours without sleep.

He posted his letters himself, and then dined at the Café Anglais. No man ever selected a dinner more carefully, or drank his champagne more deliberately or with greater appreciation.

His dinner finished, he lit a cigar, then drove to the Théâtre Réjane. Réjane played that night in one of her most characteristic parts. The play was "Ma cousine." No one laughed at it more heartily than did George Fairholme. The play over, he strolled into Maxim's, and concluded the day with a supper of the kind which has made that establishment famous throughout Europe.





AT THE TOURNAMENT.



By OSCAR PARKER.

A FEW evenings ago, in one of our dramatic clubs, I listened to a debate on Mr. Bernard Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma." Some of it was admirable, but much was very depressing. I don't know when I have heard so much twaddle expressed at such weary length. I can understand how a mind, sensitive to perfection of form in a work of art, can feel irritation over Mr. Shaw's frequent indifference to dramatic canons, but I cannot understand how anyone can say that he is never serious—that he cannot express passion—or that "The Doctor's Dilemma" is a dull play and shows that Mr. Shaw has passed the zenith of his powers. If ever there was a serious dramatist, it is Mr. George Bernard Shaw. The intensity of his cynicism is a gauge of his seriousness. No man could expose our human shams and hypocrisies with such biting humour unless he were in earnest. It pleases our egotism to pretend that his criticisms of life are all mere vapid persiflage. We don't want to think him serious. How can anyone read—I do not say *see*—the last act of Major Barbara and say that Mr. Shaw is not serious. It is not drama—stage drama—I admit; it is almost

intolerable on the stage, but it is stuffed full to the skin with conviction. There was never any room for doubt of Mr. Shaw's seriousness, but there certainly was room for doubt if his seriousness would permit him to be really dramatic. When Major Barbara was staged, we saw, from the second act, that he could write an intensely dramatic scene that was also serious. "The Doctor's Dilemma" has proved that he can write an intensely dramatic play while giving his satirical humour full scope. Passion! Why Jennifer Dubidat is brim full of elemental passion, a passion that spreads like an exquisite glaze over the sordid base of her husband's character, and transforms him in her eyes into something wonderful and precious. And Sir Colenso Ridgeon, if a somewhat cold and undemonstrative lover, is no less real and human on that account. The entire group of medical gentlemen seem shockingly callous to those who contemplate death only as a poignant calamity, but do we not all know it is true to life? Is it the duty of a dramatist to create falsehoods, because men and women are too namby-pamby to face the truth? There is not a false note struck in "The Doctor's Dilemma,"



Photo by]

[Dover Street Studios.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD

As Maid Marian in "Robin Hood."—LYRIC THEATRE.

and, so far from indicating a decline of the author's power, it gives promise of dramatic achievement far beyond what he has yet accomplished. It proves, that to vividness and contrast in characterisation, to a pungent humour, to a rare ability in constructing dialogue, to a fearless fidelity in portraying life, he adds the power of presenting character without twisting it into a satirical caricature, and of adhering unflinchingly to a dramatic theme through three acts.

Fine old crusted melodrama is the phrase that fits the latest play in which Mr. Lewis Waller and Miss Evelyn Millard have been drawing crowded audiences to the Lyric Theatre. "Robin Hood" is a holiday play. We can take our boys and girls to see it with an agreeable sense that we are teaching them history, though they may come away with unscientific views of the remarkable part played by luck in carrying all really good people scathless through a world, where so many pitfalls cross their path. But whether it be luck or a good stout arm and unfaltering heart, we all rejoice when Robin Hood just slips through the hempen cord and wins an earldom and Maid Marian and the perpetual freedom of Sherwood Forest. He goes through many a peril to get there, however, harrowing our very souls by his recklessness and his exasperating contempt of danger. There is a separate peril in every act of the play, and there are four acts. In all of them Robin's merry men and Prince John's soldiers play hide-and-seek industriously and always just miss each other—by a squeak as it were, keeping our hearts in our mouths till we almost choke. In the second act we are nearly sure that John has caught Robin at last, and what a relief it is when it turns out that the soldiers have only carried away Much the miller's wife, while Robin, in impenetrable disguise, is safely left behind. Marvellous bit of quick-change that, but never mind—there's better to come, for here in the third act is the foolishly venturesome Robin fairly caged in the enemy's stronghold, with only two followers to back

him up, and the place swarming with Prince John's army. Now, indeed, there is no hope left. Be still, silly fears! Bold Robin was never beaten yet. Nor now. For see! He has got Maid Marian away in a boy's suit, just as the bells were about to ring at her wedding with the vile Norman, and she is fled along the corridors of Nottingham Castle, where, marvellous to relate, there are no guards posted to intercept her. But the castle is up in arms; her flight has been discovered. (She cannot have got to the drawbridge yet.) Here come Prince John and the baffled Norman bridegroom and all the Court, and there stands Robin at the door in the deadliest possible peril. They will hang him if they catch him, and how can they possibly miss catching him? Ah, the pity of it—the pity of it! Robin, who never yet knew bolts and bars and chains and dungeon cell, and now—by my halidom! he hath his stout yew bow in his hands and hath drawn a bolt to the head that is aimed straight at the heart of craven John! Back, ye caitiffs, and stay your hands or the false Prince dies where he stands! Now crash to the iron doors and slip the bolts home and Robin is away on the steps of Maid Marian, and ho! for the glades of Sherwood Forest once more.

And in the forest we come on the strange knight of kingly bearing. How odd that Robin Hood should be so dull, for do we not know the knight at once as King Richard, escaped and on his native heath again, come to set all things right, and put Prince John in his place at last? And so it turns out, but not before Robin, taken unawares, is put in direst peril yet again. It is only a question of time. The rope and the tree and the man are handy—will Richard never come to the rescue? We know that even if Robin offered to sing a song, it would be futile—would even doubtless hasten the hanging! A blast on the horn is more to the purpose, and wily Robin beguiles his foolish enemy to sound the call. In rush the merry green-wood men in the nick of time, King Richard at their head. Robin gets the accolade instead of a hempen collar; Prince John a scolding in place of a kingdom; and Marian a



Photo by]

[Dover Street Studios.

MR. LEWIS WALLER.
As Robin Hood,—LYRIC THEATRE.

doughty Englishman for a husband instead of a scurvy Norman knave.

Of course, the public like to be imposed upon by these theatrical devices and freely bare their very souls to be easily harassed by incredible chances and mischances. And equally, of course, Mr. Lewis Waller is a picturesque hero, a most winning lover and redoubtable fighter, taking any odds with woman or man, and making nothing of the task. And Miss Evelyn Millard cannot be other than sweet and irresistible, whatever mimic fortune may fall to her share. But is it not at least disturbing when a craving for the best in the art of the stage is fed by such a play as "Robin Hood," and when Mr. Waller's genius for vivid dramatic expression should have no more plausible a vehicle than the title rôle therein? Mr. Henry Hamilton and Mr. William Devereaux are the authors of "Robin Hood," and at least they have made a bustling play, full-flavoured with romance and adventure, with bow and quarter-staff, with reckless audacity and hair-breadth escapes, and it goes with a merry swing.

"Les Merveilleuses" at Daly's Theatre is set in the shallow brilliancy of the Directoire, when France, glutted with slaughter, awakening from the madness of the Terror, but not yet quite sane, tried to deaden memory in hysterical draughts of pleasure. It was the Gallic way of restoring the nerves. It was superficial, frantic, bewildering, and exhilarating. The air was still full of explosive gases and no one knew what a day might bring forth politically. "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die" was literally the hideous under-mind of men and women, and to keep it buried out of consciousness was the one dominant impulse. Hence frenzy in the pursuit of pleasure, in the invention of new and extravagant orgies, in novel forms of dress, in eccentricities, in immoralities. Anything was welcomed that deadened memory and stifled fear.

In selecting this period of frothy manners and irresponsible gush for the background of a musical comedy Victorien

Sardou showed his sense of dramatic fitness. Here are gaiety, frivolity, extravagance in costume and manners, contrasts of light and shade, without departing from historical truth; and underneath there is just that degree of ominous instability in political and social life to give reality to the plots that affect so materially the action of the play. The story is not involved. Dorlis, an aristocrat of the old régime, has escaped the guillotine by flight and by hiding himself in the army of Italy. Ignorant of the law which condemns to instant death any refugee aristocrat who returns to France without a pardon, he comes back to seek his wife Illyrine. She, carried away on the frivolous tide of new Paris, has obtained a divorce from him and on the very day of his return marries the Prefect of Police, St. Amour. But she has only to set eyes on her former husband for all her old love to return, and, as this is comedy, the long-parted pair must be re-united again in the end. This Sardou accomplishes with the aid of the dandies and the "Smart Set" (our modern equivalent for "Les Merveilleuses") among the women of the Directory period, aided by a mock plot, that quite shatters the nerve of the Prefect of Police. This simple love story Sardou sets in scenes of great magnificence, the gardens of the Palais Royal and a Directory fête at the Palais Luxembourg; and with the fidelity of the artist he accompanies the romance with a background of incident that possess historical verity, such as the menace of the mob threatening to duck the extravagant dames of the day in the Palais Royale fountain and the clamouring throng at the Stock Market. And again, Sardou's keen sense of dramatic effect is seen in such incidents as that which closes the second act, when the presence of Dorlis in Illyrine's rooms is disclosed to the Prefect and his friends. There is, in other words, a unity of design and accomplishment in "The Merveilleuses." The parts cohere; the humour fits in the scheme sympathetically, and the sumptuous decoration, the colour, the sparkle, the *diablerie* even, are all in consistency. Mr. Basil Hood has translated the book with taste and



MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AS CRAYLL AND MISS COMPTON AS LADY HUNTWORTH.

In "Lady Huntworth's Experiment."—APOLLO THEATRE.

CRAYLL: "Let's kiss and be friends."

wit; Mr. Adrian Ross has written (or translated?) the lyrics which are fresh and piquant, and Dr. Hugo Felix has composed the music.

The name of Dr. Felix alone is sufficient warrant that the music of "*Les Merveilleuses*" will gratify the most exacting ear. Its quality is far beyond what we are usually compelled to associate with the light and fanciful productions we know as musical plays. Dr. Felix keeps within the mental compass of the book he is setting, but he adorns it and dignifies it by the musicianly earnestness he brings to his task and the pains he takes to justify his own exacting sense of worthy work. The orchestration is brimming over with delightful fancies and the setting of the lyrics is as dainty and appreciative as could be desired. There is delicate charm in Miss Denise Orme's Cuckoo song and humour in her "I'm Sorry," a fine dramatic fervour in Mr. Robert Evett's "How I took the Redoubt" and in Miss Evie Green's "*The Merveilleuses*," and a popular lilt in Mr. W. H. Berry's topical song "An Authoritative Source;" but there is distinction in all Dr. Felix's work which it is a great pleasure to acknowledge.

Alas! Since the above was written, Sardou's play has been brought out in a "New Edition." The dear old B.P. needed coaxing.

At the Haymarket Theatre "*The Man from Blankneys*" has, after a long run, given way at last to an equally finished revival of R. C. Carton's "*Lady Huntworth's Experiment*." With Mr. Charles Hawtrej, Mr. Fred Lewis, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Miss Compton, Mrs. Charles Calvert, and Miss Dagmar Wiehe in the cast. This interesting revival could not fail indeed, in point of finish. The only doubt that rises in the mind is whether, however perfect the cast, the comedy may not be a little too old-fashioned to hold the public interest for a considerable time. Much depends, of course, upon whether that favourite device of playwrights twenty and thirty years ago of extracting fun from the concealment of three or four characters in convenient cupboards

and rooms, whence they emerge or where they are discovered to the discomfiture of themselves or someone else, was merely a phase in our dramatic development or can move the present generation to laughter as easily as it did the last. Mr. Carton's play is really as much farce as comedy, perhaps more, because the situations are too highly improbable, not to say impossible, in a respectable and decorous vicarage in either the nineteenth or twentieth century. The most lady-like cook would scarcely capture the hearts of *all* the men in the house, and any woman who would refuse to defend an action for divorce, in which there was a co-respondent, must either have been guilty or willing her world should think her so, in either case not the most desirable *parti* for a clergyman or a captain of hussars, though she might have done for the butler. I must confess that Mr. Carton is clever enough to blind us temporarily to these amazing improbabilities, aided by the alliance of extremely clever impersonations. Our sympathies are acutely engaged for the vicar's cook, and we are disposed to pardon him even the indiscretion of proposing marriage to her in the kitchen of his own house. But clearly we must not take "*Lady Huntworth's Experiment*" so seriously. It is misleading to dub it a comedy. It does not picture real life or manners or character. It imparts to persons, and incidents that touch of exaggeration which removes them from the world where normal rules of interpretation are reliable guides. They are summoned for our amusement solely. They neither instruct nor admonish. Taken in this sense, Mr. Carton's play is entertaining. Its extravagance is not pronounced enough to take it wholly out of the range of our sympathies; we feel its unreality, while we acknowledge its relationship to real life, due partly to the construction of the play, but even more to a particularly able cast. It is most admirably acted, and I want especially to refer to Mr. Weedon Grossmith's impersonation of the pseudo Mr. Crayll, the insufferable boulder and depraved sot, an admirably realistic and yet restrained assumption of a part I should not have thought in Mr. Grossmith's vein.



MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AS CAPTAIN DORVASTON AND MR. FRED LEWIS AS
REV. AUDLEY PILLINGER.

In "Lady Huntworth's Experiment."—APOLLO THEATRE.

REV. PILLINGER: "What have you there?"

CAPT. DORVASTON: "It's what they call a pudding basin."

THE THOUGHT INCARNATE.

By SPENCER R. BLYTH.

Author of "Mary Branksome's Step," "By a Hair's Breadth," etc.

TWO labourers returning home to Enworth by the meadow path, puffing stolidly at their short clay pipes, did not see the man lying half buried in the long grass and reedy tangle by the river side. As they vanished over the stile into the road beyond, the man lifted his head and peered cautiously round. There was no one in sight; the stretches of grass land faded away into solitude beneath the autumn sky.

He rose slowly to his feet and drew himself to his full height. Though not a handsome man, he arrested attention by a certain individuality of manner and bearing uniquely his own. The face, with its powerfully moulded features, was redeemed from heaviness by deep-set brilliant eyes, which in their keen scrutiny suggested singular magnetic powers.

Again his glance followed the direction taken by the two men; he had recognised them—a smile of mockery rose to his lips—what if they had seen and recognised him, lying prone upon the earth, their esteemed, respected doctor.

Suddenly he flung back his head with defiant gesture. A wild streak of sunset glory flashed through the curtain of grey cloud. "Life has never baffled me yet." He spoke slowly. Sombre clouds swept over the rift of blood-red light in the west; still he stood, the only sign of life in the solitary space around. Rousing himself he turned homeward, walking rapidly.

Two years ago Douglas Sladen had come to Enworth to assist old doctor Haward, who through increasing years found himself unable to cope with the claims of a large and straggling parish. Sladen had given evidence of undoubted ability and skill; a probable partnership loomed in the near future. But Sladen was a man of impetuous ambitions, also he was a great lover of research, an

ardent student of the occult and the unknown. Doctoring the body was but oiling and tinkering at the outward machinery. What of the hidden spark that set the fires burning, the influence of soul, of mind upon matter, and mind upon mind. These were the questions which held and fascinated him, and many were the midnight hours spent in patient investigation. Then a new experience came to him. There were times when having thus shut the door upon himself and his own thoughts, the spell of work became abruptly broken, and across the table at which he wrote a pair of brown eyes looked into his. Brown eyes full of magic witchery. Sometimes they laughed with careless banter or coy coquetry, or for a passing moment from their depths would flash on him the inner light of a soul, then before he could read the message, the vision had faded and fled—but the glamour remained.

Only during the last few months he and Helen Darcy had known each other. Mrs. Darcy, a chronic invalid requiring frequent attendance, had mentioned a daughter travelling abroad. Then Helen had returned, and through the sombre house—Mrs. Darcy, a woman of extreme pride of birth and position, had but few friends—came the glad sound of a young girl's laugh, the trip of merry feet. And before Sladen was aware of it, with those light tripping feet, Helen had danced her way straight into his life and into his heart. Helen, with only her eighteen summers and that bewitching blend in her of the child and the woman which made such irresistible charm, had taken his whole soul captive. For the first time in his eight-and-twenty strenuous years, Sladen knew the influence of love. It dominated all his nature. Life became full of Helen; he met her in the Enworth woods, the village street; he saw her in her hammock among her flowers. Once

meeting her, a bunch of roses in her hand, he had begged one. With demure eyelids she proffered him a blossom nearly full blown. She turned away, then looking back, at the expression of forlorn disparagement on his face, with a gay little laugh as she ran toward the house, she tossed something lightly over her shoulder. He caught it; it was an exquisite half-open bud.

But into these happy days came a sudden break. A little later Sladen was summoned abruptly home to Scotland. His father was seriously ill—he must go at once. There was but time for a brief farewell to Helen.

With a little quiver on her lips, "Will you be away long?" she asked.

"That must depend upon my father—while he wants me, I must stay. But," he was holding her hand, looking down into her eyes, "Helen, you will not forget me?"

She gave him a swift glance; through it he read her heart. Then, in shy soft tones, "I shall think of you much, I shall think of you very often," she said. In the long night journey those parting words made their music in his soul.

It was characteristic of Sladen that the thought of Mrs. Darcy's pride proving a serious obstacle in his path did not weigh with him. He and life had full often been at odds, and he had always come off conqueror. Neither did the thought trouble him that in the wealthy Edward Carrington, of Enworth Hall, one of the few admitted to Mrs. Darcy's select circle, he might have a very formidable rival. The two men were in a measure friends. Carrington amused his leisure with art, and in a large studio built in the grounds away from the house where he resided, they had spent chance evenings over their pipes discussing specimens of work Carrington had recently brought with him from abroad. It was on the last of these occasions that a jarring note had been struck. With furtive glance at his companion, "Oh, I heard a bit of news in the village to-day," Carrington remarked, "It was something about you."

Carrington was holding a light to his pipe. Sladen caught a curious, almost

sinister expression from the corner of his eye.

"About me?" he said slowly.

"About you and little Helen Darcy." Sladen stiffened. "I never regard village gossip."

"Oh, of course not; only I mean, accept my congratulations and so forth." Sladen looked at him sharply, the tone grated on his ear; it was not that of a genuine well-wisher.

Soon after he took his leave.

Sladen remained in Scotland till after his father's death. His absence extended over two months. It was late one night when he returned to Enworth, and the following morning he was greeted with the news of Helen Darcy's engagement to Edward Carrington. It was Dr. Haward told him; he had received the intelligence directly from Mrs. Darcy. A dull sense of its certainty beat slowly through Sladen's brain, but so many duties claimed him that it was not till late in the afternoon he found himself free for reflection. Returning home from visiting a patient, he had made a détour through the Enworth woods. Here he could at last find solitude for thought. With stern and heavy face he walked moodily. On either side of the path were cleared spaces. In one of these, partially concealed by the trunk of a large tree, a small figure lying upon the mossy ground was weeping out a passion of grief. Suddenly raising his eyes Sladen saw her; he recognised her instantly, it was Helen Darcy. Hardly conscious of his actual intention, he went nearer. A dry twig snapped sharply beneath his foot; startled, she lifted her head, looked up, and saw him. An instant later she had risen. All her bright coquetry and gaiety had departed; she stood before him a mute impersonation of pitiful distress.

At this sight of her, the sternness vanished from Sladen's mood. To both, in those first moments of meeting, the barrier between them grew shadowy, remote.

She was in his arms, her head on his shoulder, the miserable little story plainly revealed—he saw it all—Edward Carrington's carefully-acquired ascendancy over Mrs. Darcy, his proposal to

Helen, and Helen's decided refusal; then ceaseless coercion, and finally such a collapse in Mrs. Darcy's health, that in terror for her mother's safety, Helen had promised. And from that pledged word she could not free herself. Lifting her eyes, "It is impossible," she said; "we must meet no more, we must forget we have ever met."

She started hastily from him. Steps were approaching. It was a servant from Helen's home. Mrs. Darcy, understanding that Helen had gone to the woods for ferns, seeing a storm threatening, had despatched the maid with umbrellas. This, after a first little start of surprise, with discreetly non-observant eyes, the woman had explained. Already on the leaves was the patter of rain. With a look of mute farewell towards Sladen, Helen and her escort moved away.

Sladen stood watching their retreat, swayed only by a wild desire to rush after them, to send the maid back by what route she chose, so he could still be by Helen's side. He checked himself, he ground his heel into the soft earth. Surely that right belonged now to another? At that moment the perfidy of the whole affair lay mapped out before him. The man who had offered him congratulations had been quick to treacherously supplant him. With Edward Carrington was all the wrong. He walked onward, a raging conflict of mind and soul blotting out his surroundings.

Suddenly he drew himself up with a start. Before him lay the river. He gave a short laugh of irony. Not thus would the tumult, the fight be ended.

The storm Mrs. Darcy had anticipated had hastily spent itself, and down among the reeds and grasses Sladen threw his long limbs in an attitude of fierce despair.

Then turning homeward, reaching his rooms, he encountered his housekeeper in the hall. He explained that he was not going out any more that evening, and he asked not to be disturbed.

"But your tea?" she protested.

He laughed ironically. "Thanks, no. I have just fared sumptuously." Ascending the stairs, he went straight to his own apartment. He closed and carefully

locked the door. There, in the quiet of his room, he mentally surveyed the situation. It had been his intention upon returning to Enworth to speak openly to Mrs. Darcy. Resting in Helen's love, he had been willing to wait, to work, confident of attaining a suitable position. And all in the dark, a man professedly a friend, had plotted against and circumvented him. Here lay the bitterness of his defeat. He paced slowly up and down. Again upon the man who had wrought all the evil his wrath centred. A hatred, black, relentless, filled his soul.

Ceasing his restless movement, he flung himself into a chair. He sat for a long time motionless. The savage force ruling him changed to the subtlety of the serpent. His mind was working swiftly under some impelling power, before which his manhood made blind surrender.

Suddenly raising his head, he looked intently towards a medicine chest standing near. He rose and went to it, unlocking one of the drawers. With hasty fingers he transferred something from it to the inner breast pocket of his coat. He tiptoed across the room, and very softly unfastened the door. On the landing outside he paused and listened. Faintly through the still house there came to him the sound of regular breathing; his housekeeper—not an unusual proceeding—had evidently fallen asleep over her evening paper. He locked the door after him, and gently descended the stairs. He passed into one of the deserted front rooms, dark save for the shimmer of light that still hung about the night sky, and made grey the long shape of the French window against the blackness of the wall. Creeping to the window he slipped back the bolt. He remembered having bolted it himself earlier in the day, to still the rattle of the fastenings, shrunk and worn in their settings. He closed the window cautiously after him. He drew in his breath sharply, he had escaped all observation. As he took his way through the dark night the blood seemed to leap in his veins like fire. His destination was Enworth Hall.

Save that he chose his path through lanes and bye-ways to avoid any chance



He saw her in her hammock among her flowers.

recognition, he had no clear understanding how he reached the long avenue of trees leading to the house. Here he turned off sharply to the right, in the direction of the garden and the studio. The warm glow of colour radiating into the darkness from the large glass skylight, told him Edward Carrington was there. Knocking lightly on the door, he paused. A voice answered, "Come in."

Sladen entered. Before a glowing ember fire Carrington was sitting in a lounge rocker. On a table by his side stood a silver coffee pot, and newly poured cup of smoking coffee. A shaded lamp, on an elegant brass stand, cast a soft harmony of colour over the rich carpet and costly bric-à-brac with which the place was littered. Sladen read from Carrington's expression that his visit was neither welcome nor expected. A certain hostility of glance warned him to be on his guard.

"Ah, how do you do, Sladen?" Carrington exclaimed. "I'd been wondering where on earth you'd got to lately."

"I fancied my movements were fairly well known to you." Sladen's tone was curt. "This evening I had a spell of restlessness on me, so came out for a long tramp. Perhaps, however, it would come unexpected if I were to tell you I intended chucking Enworth for good and all."

He was simply romancing. He smiled to himself at the pleased surprise his words awoke on Carrington's face. Now that he was really alone in Carrington's presence, a curious calm seemed to hold him in check.

"Well, I've always wondered at a man like you settling in Enworth; a clever fellow, I mean, with brains."

"Thanks," said Sladen drily. He seated himself as he spoke.

"Have some coffee, I'll get you a cup." Carrington rose and crossed to a sideboard, piled with a varied assortment of articles, cigar boxes, wine and spirit decanters.

In an instant Sladen felt his spurious calm desert him, his heart was throbbing almost to suffocation. The thing that had vaguely impelled him now sprang into vigorous life. Here was his opportunity. Carrington had his back turned. Sladen

could hear him delving among the odd collection on the sideboard. Driven by some power almost outside himself, he bent hastily over the other's cup. What he did was accomplished in a flash, with extraordinary manipulation.

As Carrington returned to the table, Sladen had dropped softly back again into his seat. Purposely he was sitting a little turned from the light, but he could study every change on Carrington's face, clearly revealed to him in the falling rays of the lamp. Carrington had evidently been reading just before Sladen's entrance; a book lay tossed on the rug at his feet. The two men sat for some seconds in silence, both as if occupied by their own train of reflection; the ticking vibrations of a little clock made itself distinctly audible.

Sladen, from behind the shadow of his upraised hand, against which his forehead was lightly resting, had fixed upon Carrington a glance of intense concentration. Before it the other moved restlessly, then as if gradually succumbing to some mastering influence lay back in his chair in drowsy attitude. With a start he roused himself and began tipping the lounge rocker sharply to and fro.

"Ah, let me see, I was going to enquire as to your plans. How dull and heavy a fire like this sometimes makes one feel. I must rouse up—I have forgotten my coffee." He spoke with effort. Sladen noticed he had not recovered his usual ease of manner. Carrington gulped off his coffee with an eager and nervous haste. He placed the cup back in the saucer with a half-questioning laugh.

"What very singular coffee!" He swallowed, as though trying to recall its flavour. "How's yours?"

"I've not tasted mine."

"Not tasted it!" Carrington shot him a quick, uneasy glance. "The odd part is, the cup I had just before you came in seemed all right."

"Ah!" the interjection dropped sharply from Sladen with peculiar emphasis. Carrington regarded him again, vaguely uncertain as to its significance. He took up the delicate bit of china and examined its contents minutely.

"Why, I can even smell it. Besides,

see," he cried, "there's a white sediment at the bottom—I never take sugar."

He set the cup down with a jerk, a look of fear crept slowly into his face. All at once he lifted his head and looked full at Douglas Sladen, the two men staring into each other's eyes. To Sladen it seemed as if his own glance, like a tongue of flame, was scorching into Carrington's brain. All the force of his personality rose up and swept over him. He realised abruptly that mentally he held Carrington in a grip against which he was as impotent as a man in fetters.

"Why the devil are you staring at me like that?"

"I was following out a curious process of thought."

"What are you driving at? I don't understand."

"No?" The curt monosyllable was partly interrogative. For reply Carrington again seized the cup and subjected it to a second agitated scrutiny. Through the intense stillness that followed the cup suddenly dropped with a crash from Carrington's shaking fingers, and striking the fender lay shattered into fragments.

"I know," he cried; "I know what you mean; you mean I've taken poison—I have, I'm certain of it."

Sladen moved quickly to the door; turning the key in the lock, he slipped it into his pocket.

"Yes," he answered deliberately, "it was in your coffee."

A strange sensation possessed Sladen; every word he uttered seemed to him like a blow beating upon Carrington.

"You say I'm poisoned," Carrington repeated, his hand to his head. He stood in the middle of the studio swaying uncertainly. He sprang at the door.

"Let me out!" he screamed. "I tell you, let me out!"

Sladen caught him in a grip of iron, fastening his eyes on him. "It is too late," he said; "too late."

Carrington fell back before him with bewildered air.

"Too late!" he murmured. "Poisoned—too late!"

He tottered to his chair, and sinking into it lay panting. One hand was con-

vulsively pressed about his heart. His face had turned a bluish-grey.

"Listen to me," Sladen said thickly. "You have had in your life everything that makes a life worth having, yet you did not hesitate to rob me of the one happiness in mine; you did this under the guise of lying congratulations and a false friendship."

Carrington raised his half-closed eyes, in them a mute appeal as if for mercy. The next moment his head lolled to one side, his whole body drooped and collapsed into the chair, but through the closed eyelids, it seemed to Sladen, still lingered that last entreaty of supplication. Before that look Sladen in his turn stood fascinated. And at that moment the demon of compulsion, which had relentlessly driven him straight to his goal, like some feeble or faithless thing, with ironic weakness deserted him. The voice that had urged him on—on, now sounded in his ears an accusing protest.

What had he done; to what lengths had his mad passion carried him? Sladen passed his hand sharply across his eyes. A palsy of horror shook him.

"Carrington, speak! speak! It has been all a delusion, a mistake, I tell you; there was nothing poisonous ever put into your coffee, the powder was as harmless as a piece of sugar. You are dominated by my influence, the victim of an experiment—look up man, speak!"

The torrent of his speech stayed sharply. Carrington gave no response. Sladen had achieved his end, played fatally upon the weakness of the man's nature. His medical knowledge told him Carrington was dead.

Turning aside, shuddering, he crouched for a moment over the dying embers. He tried to say to himself that the crumpled figure in the chair was only a man asleep. A cold breath stirred through the studio, it touched him, he felt it was the presence of death.

Stricken by the knowledge he crept to the door and passed out. On the trees and sodden grass came the ceaseless fall of a dreary rain, then through the darkness grew another sound—he listened—the slow tolling of a funeral bell. He shivered. It was the clock in Enworth

church striking out the hour of ten. He fled through the garden and out into the road beyond. Suddenly he made an abrupt halt, as though by some controlling fate he found himself again in the woods where he and Helen had met that afternoon. Wearily he dropped upon the earth. But his brain was working feverishly. It seemed to him that utter darkness enveloped him, and through its black centre showed one luminous spot; he was forced to look at it, knowing what it would become. It grew, developed. It was the dead face of Carrington, that last entreaty still shimmering through the closed eyelids. A vision, he read its portent—henceforth his life would be a haunted one. A rustle of a near presence, a slight figure veiled in some dark mantle stood by his side. He stretched out his hands, "Helen, Helen!" She looked at him, he shrank back—her glance was frosted with horror. Drawing her mantle over her face, concealing her features, she passed from him. He groaned aloud, he understood, never again could he touch Helen's hand, never meet her innocent eyes. His deed had sundered her from him for ever. He made a last protesting struggle—phantoms these of an overwrought mind. He dragged himself to his feet, the effort to stand was beyond his power, he sank back to the earth. A dull stupor fell over him; how long he lay thus he could not have told. Slowly, consciousness returning, he roused himself and sat up. He stared round him, astonished, bewildered. Where was he? Instead of the stretches of wood, and the dark fantastic shapes of trees, he beheld in dim outline the walls of his own room, and through the uncurtained window the gleam of a coming day.

He sprang to his feet and struck a match, expecting every moment this new vision to fade from his sight, and to find himself again in the drenched desolation of the woods. But with the increased light the scene before him grew steadily, strengthened, deepened and stayed. His

glance fell on his feet incased in Turkish slippers, warm and dry. The door, too, was locked, just as he remembered locking it when he had first entered his room. He sank back in his chair, and the full realisation of it all swept upon him. It had been, then, a dream, a horrible dream. He shuddered. A moment later, he laughed aloud. Like a man suddenly released from fetters he sprang exultant to his feet. Then he stood abashed. He was no longer the blackly convicted thing the vision had declared. But in that late drama of the night, not he himself, yet something born of him had been the actor. His hatred for Carrington, assuming personality, had displayed its hideous working.

He retreated to his former position. He sat and watched the morning grow into the splendour of the full day, and fires of passion about his own soul crept back and melted into obscurity. He rose and threw the window wide. All round him he heard the sounds, the activity and stir of fresh life and hope. He stretched out his hands with a feeling of chastened thankfulness, and drank deep of the new day.

A jingle of harness bells fell sharply on his ear, and round a bend in the road a dog-cart came flashing into view. With a curious thrill of joy he recognised its occupant. It was Carrington, driving as was often his wont to the station to catch an early train.

Letters lay on Sladen's breakfast table. One bearing the Enworth post-mark caught his eye; he opened it with hasty fingers. Then all the world seemed singing with the sudden music in his heart. The letter was from Helen Darcy. A little note, impulsive, characteristic: "Mother sees I am broken-hearted; she has relented; she will not thwart us. I have written to Edward Carrington, and broken our engagement."

He lifted the letter to his lips and kissed it. It bore a sweet fragrance, it seemed to him, of wild violets and eglantine.





"How lightly leaps
The brook adown the rocky steeps."

SOME ENGLISH PORTRAITS AND MEMORIES IN FLORENCE.

By HERBERT M. VAUGHAN.

A SHORT description of the life of the exiled Stuarts in Florence has already appeared in the pages of this magazine, and it has since occurred to the writer of that article that some account of other celebrated Englishmen, of whom recollections still linger in the old Tuscan capital, might also prove of interest. Not a small fragment of what truly belongs to English history and literature is to be found on Italian soil, so that its discovery and publication may add a little to the knowledge of persons at home who are well read in the annals of their own country, as well as of those who are fortunate enough to be able to travel.

Among the many Englishmen of whom Florence still retains portraits or memories, we may first take the name of Sir John Hawkwood. This famous *condottiere*, or leader of foreign mercenaries in Italy, called by Hallam "the first real general of modern times," was the second son of Gilbert de Hawkewode, of Hedingham Sibil, in Essex. He seems at an early age to have taken part as an archer in Edward III.'s wars in France, where, about the year 1360, he made the acquaintance of Giovanni Palæologus, Marquis of Montferrat, and later joined that prince's "White Company" of picked troopers. From this time onward to his death in 1394, a period of over thirty years, Hawkwood was actively engaged in the numerous petty wars that never ceased to disturb mediæval Italy, fighting now for Pisa, now for the anti-pope Clement VII., and, lastly, for the young but growing republic of Florence. In all these operations Hawkwood gave great satisfaction to his various employers, for the English knight was reckoned not only the ablest and bravest of all *condottieri*, but also proved himself the most trustworthy, and, if report be true, the most humane, or, perhaps, least

blood-thirsty, of generals of his class. The high esteem in which he was held by Florence and other Italian cities, the splendid pay given him for his services, and, lastly, his marriage with Donnina Visconti, a member of the famous Milanese house, made all Hawkwood's interests centre in Italy, whence he never returned. Dying at San Donato di Torre, a suburb of Florence, in March, 1394, this "Falcone del Bosco," or "Giovanni Acuto," as he was usually styled in Italy, was interred with great pomp by the grateful Florentines, who, only with deep regret, and at the special request of King Richard II., surrendered their dead leader's corpse for burial in his native land, where it was eventually interred beneath a magnificent monument in Hedingham Church. Several years after his ashes had been lost to the State the republic of Florence commissioned Paolo Ucello to paint the curious and much visited fresco in the cathedral in memory of Hawkwood, in which the knight's portrait is purely imaginary, though according to Pao'lo Giovio, the historian, we learn that this "Magnificus et Potens Miles" possessed a ruddy complexion, with brown eyes and hair. Ucello's celebrated fresco, with its equestrian portrait and inscription, bearing Hawkwood's coat-of-arms beneath—*Argent on a chevron sable three escallops of the first*—is conspicuous from its size and its position on the western wall of the Duomo.

A little anecdote of Hawkwood, given by Sarchetti, is worth relating here. One day, as the famous paid leader of paid troopers came riding by, a blind friar saluted him with "God give you peace!" to which Hawkwood promptly replied, "Take back your blessing, my good man! Do you not know that I live by war, and in peace should starve?" Perhaps, too,



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[Alinari.

FRESCO IN MEMORY OF SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD IN THE DUOMO OF FLORENCE.

it was this English knight who once declared that the life and profession of a *condottiere* would be intolerable were it not that the cry for quarter given in a strange language did not affect him; and that an appeal for mercy in his own familiar tongue would have unnerved him.

An Englishman of a later age and

of a very different stamp is the next to claim our notice. This is Sir Richard Southwell, whose portrait by Hans Holbein hangs in the little *Scuola Tedesca* of the Uffizi Gallery. The small picture, one of the finest and most characteristic productions of Holbein's brush, shows us a typical courtier of Tudor times, dressed in a black robe and white vest,

with gold chain of office and ring, and wearing a heavy black cap ornamented with a rich jewel; whilst the cold, callous face, almost repulsive in its utter lack of expression, easily gives us the key to the man's character and aims. Sir Richard Southwell, son of Francis Southwell, by Dorothy Tendring, his wife, and grandson of Sir Richard Southwell, of Barham Hall in Suffolk, was born in 1504, and

spent the greater part of his life at the English Court, skilfully contriving to keep his official post (which often appears to have been that of a Court spy), with but few interruptions, under four Tudor sovereigns. During his period of public life, extending over thirty years, Southwell, who for some time represented Norfolk in

the subervient Parliaments of the period, seems to have been active in carrying out the wishes and ideas of his first master, Henry VIII., even in the matter of the suppression and spoliation of the monasteries, remaining to the last a firm upholder of the old faith. It was also to please Henry that Southwell committed the most discreditable action



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SIR RICHARD SOUTHWELL.

From the painting by Hans Holbein.

in a not very creditable career, betraying and accusing his intimate friend, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, son of the Duke of Norfolk, and familiar to us from his charming personality and his gift of verse. It was chiefly on Southwell's evidence that this talented nobleman was condemned and beheaded at the early age of twenty-nine, in January, 1547, his execution being the last and most unjust

of all Henry's tyrannical acts; and one has only to study Southwell's face as depicted by Holbein to pronounce him capable of such treacherous conduct. Later, under Edward VI., Southwell had to retire from Court at the instigation of the Protector Somerset, but under Mary he regained all his former influence, which he finally lost at the accession of Elizabeth, who compelled him to resign his seat on the Privy Council, a disgrace he did not long survive, for he died in 1564. It may be noted here that this Sir

bottom of the frame are two coats-of-arms, the uppermost being that of the Tuscan Grand-Ducal family, and the lower that of Howard of Norfolk, encircled by the Garter and surmounted by an earl's coronet. Is it possible, therefore, that this picture once belonged to Southwell's betrayed friend, the unfortunate Earl of Surrey, who is well known to have visited Italy, and to have studied the arts and literature of the Italian Renaissance? And in connection with the Howards, is it very unreasonable to



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A MEMBER OF THE HOWARD FAMILY (HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY?).

After the painting by Titian.

Richard was grandfather of the Jesuit priest, Father Southwell, a poet of no mean order, who unjustly suffered death as a traitor under James I.

The existence of this interesting historical portrait in Florence is something of a mystery, for there is no evidence to show that Southwell ever visited Italy. Its heavy black frame bears two metal shields inscribed with Southwell's name and rank, whilst on the painting itself is a further inscription establishing its date as the year 1536, and the age of the original as thirty-two. At top and

assume that the splendid portrait by Titian in the Pitti Gallery, of an unknown nobleman with fresh complexion, light, curly hair, and choleric blue eyes, of a type unmistakably English, and which is traditionally believed to represent a member of the Howard family, is none other than that of the famous and ill-fated Earl of Surrey?

"Excellent in arts and in arms; a man of learning, a genius and a hero; of a generous temper and a refined heart; he united all the gallantry and unbroken spirit of a rude age with all the elegance

and grace of a polished era. With a splendour of descent, in possession of the highest honours and abundant wealth, he relaxed not his efforts to deserve distinction by his personal worth. Conspicuous in the rough exercises of tilts and tournaments, and commanding armies with skill and bravery in expeditions against the Scots under his father, he found time, at a period when our literature was rude and barbarous, to cultivate his mind with all the exquisite spirit of the models of Greece and Rome, to catch the excellencies of the revived Muses of Italy, and to produce in his own language compositions . . . which exhibited a shining contrast with the works of his predecessors."—Sir Egerton Brydges.

By a strange irony of fate, close to the portrait of the self-seeking and treacherous courtier hangs the attractive likeness, also attributed to Holbein, of Southwell's great contemporary, the upright Sir Thomas More, who lost his life in opposing a tyrant's will. Unfortunately, this interesting, though doubtful, painting has never yet been photographed. "This portrait . . . must have been painted soon after the artist's arrival in England, in 1526, when More was forty-six years of age. Holbein worked for three years in Sir Thomas More's house at Chelsea, when Henry VIII. visited the Chancellor, and expressed his pleasure in the painter's works."—Horner's "Walks in Florence."

Lastly we come to Sir Robert Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, whose romantic story may to some extent be described as a continuation in Florence of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth." This nobleman was the only son of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's notorious favourite, by his second wife, Douglas, daughter of Lord Howard of Effingham and widow of Lord Sheffield; though in almost every allusion to his birth and history this Sir Robert Dudley has been described as the son of Leicester by his first wife, the ill-fated Amy Robsart, who is traditionally supposed to have been murdered at Cumnor Place, near Oxford. No doubt this version of his origin, which stands unchallenged in

almost every Florentine account of Sir Robert Dudley, adds to the picturesque-ness of the story, and the writer therefore regrets it must be rejected; but a rapid perusal of the deed subsequently granted to Dudley's wife, Alice, Duchess of Dudley, and quoted in full by Sir Bernard Burke in his "Extinct and Dormant Peerages," will at once dispose of this time-honoured and attractive fable. Thoroughly embittered by the treatment meted out to him by his own father and by Queen Elizabeth, and foiled in his attempts to obtain restitution of his estates and titles under James I., Sir Robert left England in high dudgeon in 1612, to take up his abode in Florence, where he spent the remainder of his life in the service of the Grand-Duke Cosimo II., gaining the favour of the Tuscan Court by his remarkable talents for architecture, navigation, and astronomy, and even for chemistry and medicine. Becoming Chamberlain to the Grand-Duchess, sister of the Emperor Matthias, Dudley was in 1620 created a Prince and Duke of the Holy Roman Empire by Ferdinand II., the title chosen by the English exile being that of Northumberland, by which name he became henceforth known.

Many years before his departure from England, Dudley had married Alice Leigh, of Stoneleigh Abbey, near Kenilworth, by whom he was the father of five daughters, co-heiresses, three of whom were subsequently married to Englishmen. Following the evil example of his father, however, Dudley deserted his wife and disowned the marriage shortly before his flight from England, in order to ally himself with a daughter of Sir Robert Southwell (a great-niece of the Sir Richard Southwell already mentioned), by whom he had another family, recognised as legitimate in Italy. The eldest son of this second marriage—if marriage it can be called—Charles Dudley, assumed the title of Duke of Northumberland on his father's death in 1649, and was acknowledged as such on the Continent, though never in England. It is some satisfaction to learn that the ill-used Dame Alice Dudley, the true wife, finally induced King Charles to

listen to her plea and to grant her a partial restitution of the alienated lands of the family, included amongst them being Kenilworth Castle. By this remarkable grant, issued by Charles at Oxford in 1644, the King also created Dame Alice Duchess of Dudley, a title this intrepid woman enjoyed till her death in 1670, and also gave her daughters the rank of a Duke's children; the name and claims of the absent Dudley himself being utterly ignored in the document.

Of this Duke of Northumberland there exist to-day but few memorials in Florence, with the exception of his former palace in the Via Tornabuoni, now modernised, and remarkable only for the beautiful little tabernacle which may possibly have been erected by the Dudleys, as it dates from their period; to the northern side of the building, which stands at the angle of the busy Via della Vigna Nuova, a commemorative tablet has recently been affixed. This house, nearly facing the world-famous Palazzo Strozzi, was bought by Dudley from the Rucellai family soon after his arrival in Florence, and here he probably died in self-imposed exile after thirty-six years' residence abroad. His

body was buried near the remains of his so-called Duchess, who had predeceased him, in the parish church of San Pancrazio (now closed) in the neighbouring Via della Spada; if any monument ever existed to the exiled pair it has long disappeared, for the deserted little church to-day contains only a few tombs of the Rucellai.

The Duke's country house seems to have been a villa near Majano, to the east of Florence, where a farmhouse is still pointed out as having once been his property. The only other relic of this extraordinary man (whose misfortunes we can pity and whose genius we can admire, but whose desertion of a noble wife seems to have proved him a bad son of a bad father) is to be found in the new Natural History Museum in the Via Romana, which possesses a cabinet containing

various scientific instruments invented by this English exile for the benefit of his new master, the Grand-Duke Cosimo. Strange to say, as far as the writer is aware, there is no portrait of Dudley extant, though possibly such may exist, unidentified as yet, in some old Florentine palace or even in an obscure corner of the great public galleries.



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[Alinari.

TABLET ON SIR ROBERT DUDLEY'S HOUSE IN THE
VIA TORNABUONI.

Some ten years before Dudley's death, Florence was visited by an Englishman more distinguished than any of those yet mentioned. This was John Milton, then a young man of thirty, travelling in Italy and enriching his mind with all her beauties and noble associations. Milton, who during his stay in Florence lodged in a house in the Via del Giglio, not far from the huge Medicean mausoleum, doubtless made the acquaintance of Sir Robert Dudley, and it was probably through the English knight's kind offices that the poet was enabled to visit the great Galileo Galilei, then living in forced retirement in his villa at Arcetri, the pretty little suburb beyond the Porta San Giorgio. In the whole history of science and literature there is no incident more picturesque or affecting than this meeting between the famous astronomer, blind, old, and persecuted for refusing to deny the truths of the solar system, and the Puritan poet, young and vigorous, with his brain already teeming with conceptions for his mighty epic; and we may well conclude that his visits to Galileo must have made a deep and lasting impression on Milton himself, who makes at least one direct allusion to his venerable host, and his wonderful discoveries through the telescope:—

"The moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fiesole,
Or in Val d'Arno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe."

The place of this classic meeting between two famous men, equally lovers of truth and liberty, yet differing in age, ideas and race, is with some degree of certainty fixed as the Torre del Gallo, a small mediæval villa-fortress, adopted by Galileo for his observatory, which is visible from the streets of Florence itself, above the church and hill of San Miniato. The magnificent view from the tower itself embraces the whole valley of the Arno, and the distant heights of Vallombrosa, always associated in English minds with the familiar allusion in "Paradise Lost":—

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower."

With this last allusion to Milton and Galileo the present article must close, though no doubt there have been other distinguished Englishmen, even in those early days, who have left memories behind them in Florence, a city that has, in the course of centuries, attracted many famous wanderers, and has absorbed in herself not a little of the tradition and history of other European nations.



A GENERAL VIEW OF FLORENCE.

THE EXPLOITERS.

By CHARLES SHERIDAN JONES.

XIII.

HAVING learnt that John Franks, the slum landlord's agent, was human, the development of our story demands that the reader should become further acquainted with him. Apart from the story, the man himself is interesting, witness to which is the reader's surprise at learning that Franks was a man, and not a machine.

How comes it, you will be asking, that anyone not utterly callous, not utterly dead to pity, could go about the work he did with head erect and heart unbroken.

The answer is simple. Hearts do not break in this world—at least not in this century. They starve, or get chilled. The constant itch of daily strife has been the ruin of many a fine temperament; the ceaseless pressure of a mean routine has choked many a voice; the struggle for existence has slain many more souls than bodies.

Between acting as Marcus's extortioner, extracting from wretched tenants half their earnings to pay for their wretched dwellings, and starving himself, there was nothing, at least nothing for Franks.

There was the whole world, you answer, in which he could have got an honest living.

True, with the workhouse to go to, if he had not found that living within a month.

Besides, Franks had a wife.

How had he come, this delicate, sensitive little man, who had grown at last to hate life ten thousand times more than the wretched people among whom he worked; who went home each night in the habit of fear; who, save that he laboured to feed, clothe, and house the woman whose coarseness and insolence had bowed him down, had no object in his life—how had he come to take that woman to wife?

It was a question he often asked himself now, and could never answer.

When we get accustomed to regarding a certain thing, woman or man with a certain emotion, reasonable and natural enough at the time it was inspired, the feeling often masters us so that, though the reason for its existence has gone, we cannot shake the feeling off. It was so with Franks and his wife. He had a terror of her which nothing could overcome. Once, long ago, there had been a struggle, and she had conquered. Now, to lose a battle to some women is to lose the whole campaign. And, from the hour when Franks let his wife's will conquer his, he was doomed to servitude, and was what his wife made him. She made him give up his friends, his books, his recreations; she changed to some extent the current of his thoughts. His very clothes were selected for him.

The tyranny of man has, as a rule, some more or less intelligent object outside itself; it therefore has limits; that of woman is its own end, and is, therefore, limitless.

Face to face with robbery, or to returning home at a week end without cash, Franks' soul would have plumped for theft. Do you wonder, then, that he acted as Marcus's agent? If so I have failed to make you see what sort of a woman he had married. And, indeed, seeing that woman had only two characteristics, ferocious ignorance and ferocious determination, she is a little difficult to present.

But if you have met the type, and are young, you will wonder why Franks married her. If old, you will remember the illusions of youth and pity him.

One more fact about Franks before we proceed with the story. He had been before his marriage, he was now, that political portent, a Social-Democrat, one of the faithful band persistently emphasising the obvious in a city too sophisticated to see realities, too indifferent to think for ten minutes about itself.

And he was acting as the tool of a

rack renter! A paradox. Yes, but a tragedy also. A tragedy it had taken Franks many months, nay years, to act with stoicism.

The logic of events had compelled him to stifle his better self. Sometimes he congratulated himself on having done so. He did not know that if you suppress human nature, either your own or someone else's, it only breaks out the stronger and becomes an untamed force, reckless of consequences, and even of its own destruction. Character may be damped, held in check, or wisely guided, but destroyed it cannot be.

Sit upon its safety-valve of action, and one day you will be blown to pieces.

Franks had suppressed his thoughts, feelings, and emotions, had crucified his individuality and choked his soul for years. Now his soul was to master him and others.

This morning, when we find him waiting in Game Street for Lord Davenant, he was as blissfully unconscious of what he was going to do as he was astounded when he had done it.

And what was it he was going to do? He was about to speak the truth.

Had Marcus any acquaintance, any apprehension even, of the finer sides of human nature, he would never have instructed Franks to take Lord Davenant on a visit of inspection round his slum property. But, accurate as was Marcus's knowledge within its own range, that range was terribly limited.

And so he introduced gun-cotton to tinder without knowing an explosion was inevitable. But then psychical dynamics demand a nice sense of psychical affinities.

One other thing of which Marcus was not aware was that, on the morning in question, Franks and Lord Davenant were to be accompanied by Rose Lucas, who, having obtained a day of grace, spent it the way she chose—that way being to accompany Lord Davenant on the tour of investigation.

And you will perceive the state of that young man's mind toward her when I say that she did not ask his permission to come. Women only do that when they think man would like to give a refusal and dare not.

With which exordium let the trinity set forth.

What need to chronicle the things they saw? Some of the ablest pens of this generation have painted for us the lives of those who, in the forms of men and women, yet live like unclean animals; have shown us glimpses of their stunted souls; have made us know them by their pitiable limitations, their ignorance, their coarseness, their own unconsciousness of their own degradation. We have had the whole anatomy of poverty laid bare upon the table and dissected; facts and statistics have been given us in plenty; we can, if we choose, find out the daily trials that beset these wretched toilers; can even, if we have imagination, feel as they feel under them. What need, then, to try and paint afresh? seeing, I take it, that it is not knowledge of the matter that we lack, but interest in it. And that interest—the one thing needful—is assuredly interest in the race, in humanity, in our fellows, and must be quickened by the nobler types before we can feel the dreadful shame and mockery, and, worse than all, the useless, wasteful, uneconomic folly of the lower.

"There is no wealth but life," said a teacher, a fact I think we really shall one day understand—but that day is not yet.

What need, then, to tell the tale afresh of how these poor victims of stupidity and indifference (they are really the same thing) looked, what they did, how they felt or seemed to feel? Rather let us see how they impressed those who had come to see them.

They visited room after room, went to house after house, and saw family after family, all living in inconceivable confusion, squalor and wretchedness. Then they all three felt the same. One dreadful fact stared at them out of this misery, as it had stared at Franks hundreds of times before.

The sufferers themselves did not care. They were as indifferent to their own misery as the rest of the world—and as ignorant of it.

Yet that same degradation seen by another's eye appeared beyond endurance.

"What do they live for, I wonder?"

said Lord Davenant. "Why do they go on existing?"

The philosophic Franks was ready with the explanation.

"The will to live," he said. "They are the victims of an instinct as blind as

a conscientious nobleman. Now with the facts before him he pondered.

Then he tried hard to put himself in their place, and could not.

As for Rose, she was silent, which meant that she was thinking.



The sufferers themselves were as indifferent to their own misery as the rest of the world.

the fluke that eats the liver of a diseased sheep, or the cholera germ that fights to kill its victims that it may live itself."

Which admonition reduced the cultured Lord Davenant to silence. Hitherto he had scorned the will-to-live hypothesis as a base substitute for the glorious free will, which had, he thought, made him

"What do they eat?" Lord Davenant asked.

"Cagmag," Franks answered, "from the chandler's shop, and when they don't eat his cagmag, it is the cagmag of the butcher round the corner."

"What pleasure can they get," Lord Davenant asked again, "outside their



"What do they eat?" asked Lord Davenant.

homes? Where do they spend their time?"

Franks laughed. "Over the way," he said, pointing, "there is a public-house. Out in the main street there is a music-hall. Both virtually belong to the same man. I will tell you before we part who that man is."

It was Rose's turn to question now.

"Some of these people are paying quite high rents," she said. "Why don't they get decent rooms or better accommodation?"

Franks laughed again. "Because there are none to be got," he said.

But at this both his hearers waxed incredulous.

"No decent houses!" they gushed, and flung a formula at him instantly: here was the Demand, there must be a Supply.

Franks smiled wearily. "Must there?" he said. "Why? Because of the philanthropy of landlords, I suppose; landlords as philanthropic as this one. Not if they act from self-interest. If so, they would take care that the demand should exceed the supply."

At this thunderbolt of logic both his hearers were dumb.

"And," Franks went on vehemently, "why do you suppose there are slums? Because people like to live in them? No, because they can't get anywhere else to live; because it pays the landlord better to have one acre of insanitary property, when he can receive rent from five hundred persons, than to have three acres of sanitary property, when he only gets rent from one hundred and fifty persons;

because there is a corner in land just as it could have been seen that there must have been a corner in land the moment people were allowed to own it. Monopoly is the direction in which all great ownerships travel."

"Then," said Lord Davenant, "according to you it is wrong for a man to own land?"

"If it is wrong for one man to own another, or a number of men—that is, if slavery is wrong—it is," Franks answered.

"That," said Lord Davenant "is, of course, mere froth. There is no slavery here."

It is a bad thing to press a man with convictions too hard. For if that man be worth his salt he will often, to prove his convictions worthy, sacrifice everything, including his own bread-and-butter. It was so with Franks now.

"Are you quite sure of that," he answered; "quite sure that slavery is unknown among us? Let me tell you something. You asked just now what these people live for. Let me tell you. It is to earn money for one man—one man only. When they take their wages they spend them in three ways: in rent, in food, in clothes. The rent they give to me, the food they buy mostly at the chandler's shop, the clothes we will leave out. The balance is spent where? At the public-house opposite, or one night every week at the music-hall. And who owns these? The same man who owns the public-house and the chandler's shop.

"Do you know who that man is? I know; he is the same man who receives the rents—Marcus Carrington. Is not that slavery? Does he not own them body and soul? Do they not work for him, and for his profit only? Why is there only one shop in the street? He looks to that. He owns it; he can decide just as much, or as little, of your blessed competition as they shall get. When they work, they work for him, to make his income, his ease, his comfort, and not for themselves. Every extra shilling they win means more money for him. They even eat for his benefit. He owns them. I tell you he has a mortgage on their energy. If that is not slavery, what is the real difference between the two?"

What, indeed? If there be any his hearers could not tell him of it.

Perhaps the reader will attempt the task.

* * * *

That night, when Franks reached home, he was in a state of perfervid excitement, which his wife had not seen produced in him for many a long day, and he commenced to use language concerning landlords, and other social phenomena, the like of which the lady had never heard before.

She demanded sternly what he had been doing, and suspected bibation,

though, as a fact, the pent-up wrath of many years, and not drink, had intoxicated Franks.

This made him really formidable; the other only apparently so.

Accordingly he replied wildly, "What have I been doing? Ruining you, woman, you and your child. You will both have to beg your bread round London. I have told the truth."

The first two sentences were a form of words frequently applied by Mrs. Franks to the man, who, now uttering them, turned the tables on her completely.

And, in that instant of wild, incoherent defiance she realised that her power over him was gone.

Verily, truth is a strange, strong thing!

XIV.

IT is typical of your really strong man that he is seldom violent. Cruel, remorseless, unscrupulous he often is, but he is also artistic, and, feeling sure of himself, has the infinite capacity of taking pains, which marks greatness. Moreover, he can keep a secret, and not one, but many.

He does not put his cards on the table, but keeps them in his hand, only playing them when need arises. Still less does he use a steam hammer to crush a stone, and he prefers to do things quietly whenever possible. Silence and strength have generally gone together.

Now, when Marcus discovered the secret revealed to him as he stood underneath the oak at Kendle, he was considerably elated, though not much surprised. It made him sure of the game, and that being so he could afford to play it somewhat at his leisure. Moreover, he had only a limited amount of faith in coercion as applied to women, and accordingly he decided to say nothing about it for the present.

A weak man, a man without strength, would have blurted out the facts, played all his trump cards, used threats before he had tried persuasion. Not so Marcus.

As to how far Rose Lucas was acting in collusion with her father he did not greatly trouble. Had he even learnt that she had entered his employment for the purpose of deceiving him it would not

have greatly influenced his mind. Except in one way—that so loyal a daughter would make an invaluable wife.

And, that being the case, he set to work to win her. Not, to his credit, as a usurer but as a man.

He determined to appear blissfully unconscious of Mr. Turner's stubborn defence, and to ignore, outwardly at any rate, the letter he had seen Rose post. For all that he read it with a good deal of secret satisfaction. And he must have been much in love for he admired the skill with which she parried his thrusts, and the courage with which she dared him to do his worst, knowing meanwhile that he would not do it.

The letter merely acknowledged the receipt of his communication, in which he had stated that he was writing to Lord Davenant, and said that he was no doubt the best judge of the wisdom of such a step, and that, as he had taken it, further discussion was useless.

A woman who could write that, he decided, in a glow of admiration, was worth winning. She "played the game" indeed. He determined to commence the attempt in real earnest that afternoon.

Only commence, mind—but then, when men begin to act in a matter that moves them deeply they find themselves going forward with a rapidity astonishing to those who watch it and reflect. They themselves are too absorbed to notice the distance they travel. Passion's flood carries them along; 'tis on the ebb they think.

And Marcus, in the matter of his love, acted on the principle that guided him in business—once he had decided on a thing he did it immediately, provided he had reasonable assurance it was well within the law.

He began the attack by inviting Rose to partake of tea in his office, and then, with no little astuteness, began to dictate complicated letters upon involved affairs with an admirable assumption of masterly despatch.

Women love power, and had Rose been indifferent to Marcus, this display would have appealed to her imagination. As she was not indifferent, but interested in him, she had some knowledge of his

character. And knowledge, though it sometimes fires the imagination, not infrequently damps it; from which it may be gathered that it is much easier to fall in love with a person you know nothing about, than one whose disposition you have studied at close quarters—an opinion held by the writer.

Accordingly, Rose watched Marcus's performance unmoved, and, in a flash, he realised the absence of impression.

Then he played card No. II. He left off suddenly in the middle of a letter, placed his hand quickly to his head, and gave that peculiar sigh indicative of temporary exhaustion.

This was better. Rose had marvelled that Marcus never displayed any symptom approximating to fatigue. She thought that this was one of his weak moments, and watched, which was precisely what he wanted.

Victory No. I. was gained; he had fixed her attention on himself. At once, like a skilful general, he proceeded to utilise his advantage.

"How I hate this work," he said, and, with a weariful gesture, pushed the papers from him. "And how I would like to give it up."

It was subtly done. The woman's instinct in Rose, to lead him to better and more worthy things, flared out.

"Why don't you?" she said.

Marcus smiled sadly. "What do resolutions count against habit," he answered, shrugging. Then, as he saw the change in Rose's face, his tone altered. "Ah," he said, speaking now quickly and passionately, "you think that weak. Let me explain. I read in a book you brought to the office the other day that the English were the sons and victims of a desperate energy that gives them no mercy, but drives them for ever hurrying forward. If that is true of your race, how much truer is it of our people. To us rest, repose, or quiet is impossible. We must be ever at work; we cannot idle. Even when we spend our money, and we do it liberally, it is a labour. Inaction to us is not painful, it is death; it is impossible; we have to work—at something. And what can we work at save that which we find at our hands, that



He gave that peculiar sigh indicative of temporary exhaustion.

which appeals to us instantly, and rouses all our faculties at once? Did I sell this business to-day, I should, by to-morrow, have found half-a-dozen outlets for my money. They would present themselves; come to me as it were unasked. I might see one as I walked home through this street. Do you think I could keep myself from taking the occasion at the flood? I could not, could not do it. It is the instinct of my fathers. And yet," he said, his face falling, "and yet," and, here his eyes, that had been looking into hers, fell, "yet I long sometimes to be doing something—something better, something of more value, perhaps," and his voice fell lower, "something more worthy of myself."

He had done more than interest, he had touched her. She was silent a long time—for a woman.

"Have you no other interests, then?" she asked him sadly. "Nothing else in life that stirs you to action—only this?"

There is with us all a fatal tendency when we act to drop into sincerity. And not infrequently by doing so we betray how pitiful is our truth compared to our falsehood. The gloss, with which we have clothed a mean idea to ourselves, wears away, and the naked reality peeps out from beneath. And how often is that reality ugly, crude, and pitiful? Were it not so, it surely did not need decorating.

And Rose's question drew forth the only perfectly sincere thing Marcus had said. Unconsciously he swelled himself out, pulled down a wide expanse of shirt cuff, looked imposing, or tried to, and—

"Well, you know," he said, "I have for a long time cherished ambitions to enter public life."

And, at the moment, he appeared oleaginously platitudinous enough in all conscience, even for a member of Parliament or a City alderman.

Rose smiled. "Indeed, Mr. Carrington, and what are the ideas you seek to advance?"

A twinkle in Rose's eye, as she asked this question, told Carrington he had lost all the ground his last speech had gained him. Instantly he caught up his previous rôle.

"Ah," he said quickly, "there you have me. I have none. I have nothing but longings for a wider scope, desires for work of which I do not know the A B C, and, at times, a hatred unspeakable for that I have put my hand to. I need a guide."

He paused and looked at her steadfastly.

She expressed nothing by word or look.

"Miss Lucas," he went on, "you have read, thought, studied. I have not. That is, I have not read any books on

philosophy; but I have observed men. Let me tell you the conclusions I have come to. Nothing is more difficult for a man than to change his course of life, his environment, I suppose you would call it. He may loath that which he is in. How is he to enter another? To be born again with a fresh set of impulses and motives? You may say he should educate himself up to the change. That a man cannot do. He may reach the top of his own tree. He cannot unaided start to climb another. He would never get a footing. Shyness, sensitiveness, awkwardness, a thousand things prevent him. One among them is the desire to enjoy what he has gained. I said he needs a guide. He needs more than a guide, he needs a teacher; more than a teacher, a comforter. One who will spur him, without hurting him; one who will guide him, yet hold him in; console him, and be ever at his side to cheer him, and bid him have confidence in himself, and that guide, that teacher," he said, a bitter vibration in his voice—perhaps, who knows? with real feeling behind it—"when will such a one look at me?"

Rose was moved. He had been too successful in his assumption for her to catch the meaning that underlay his words. He had spoken with such force, such intensity, above all with such seeming sincerity, that she did not dream yet what that meaning was. She was soon to know.

As she looked at him with sad interest, pity even, in her eyes, a change came over Marcus. He had been a bold man all his life. He would be bold now. Sometime, if he were to win this woman, he would have to show his hand, to tell her the hold he had over her. Better do so now, when the iron was hot, and he could strike delicately; better to play his trump card as an appeal, rather than as a mandate.

"Miss Lucas," he said, looking at her fixedly, speaking quietly. "I'm not so dead to finer feeling as you think. You have confused the man with his work. I'm not so gross as you imagine; not so incapable of higher things, so insensible that I cannot be stirred. Miss Lucas—Miss Turner—will you——"

He did not finish the sentence, for, as Rose fell back from the blow, a thousand conflicting emotions tearing through her mind, there came an interruption. It was a caller—Lord Davenant.

XV.

INTERRUPTIONS, to be of assistance in love-making, should be extraordinarily well timed. Otherwise they are apt to be unconscionable nuisances, however much we may bless them afterwards. By reason of this, and because of the law of accidents, some inevitably tend to be opportune to at least one of the parties. That which ended Marcus's declaration was so for both.

It saved Rose from breaking down utterly in the presence of the man she had fought and who had beaten her, and it left the advantage absolutely with Marcus, left him free to renew the attack whenever he liked, or even to take victory as a matter of course. For he knew, he realised instantly that, though Rose would, had he continued to press her, have given him a desperate denial, yet the logic of events was all in favour of her not persisting in it. He had only to wait now for her to honourably capitulate. The apple would fall into his hands.

That being so he faced Lord Davenant briskly; all thought of Rose left him. He listened intently to what the young lord had to say.

Lord Davenant himself was big with fate, and showed it by being a trifle nervous. He had come prepared for a final struggle with the money-lender, and was primed with indignation and virtue, though half unconsciously anxious to observe what immediate effect his denunciation would produce.

To tell a man that he is a scoundrel and a mean one, a pest and a bad one, a hypocrite and an unutterable cur—to tell him that he is living on the tears and shame of women, on the sweat and grind of men, and on the enfeebling of stunted children—to tell him all this is not easy, when that man receives you politely, has the watchwords of good fellowship on his lips, and outwardly, at any rate, no mark of the beast upon him.

For this reason Lord Davenant had prepared a sort of speech, a kind of set oration, in which Marcus was to have his own wickedness made plain to him, and, incidentally also, was to faintly gather the scorn of a pure-blooded aristocrat thereat. And for this reason also the same speech vanished from Lord Davenant's mind the moment he commenced to talk. Instead, he blurted out what he had to say in a much more awkward, but a far more effectual manner.

"I have come to see you about your proposal," he said, "I cannot lend the money."

He had expected Marcus to show at least some interest, if not some surprise or indignation, at this. But Marcus had a notion of dignity, and not only dignity, but of the value of silence. Confident that Lord Davenant would continue he merely bowed and waited.

"If you will permit me," said Lord Davenant, "I will tell you why."

Again Marcus bowed.

"I have been," Lord Davenant went on, "to your property at Game Street. It is not necessary for me to tell you what I found there; let me tell you rather what I think of your connection with the place. Mr. Carrington, I am as a fact indebted to you. I am young; my knowledge of human nature is no doubt limited; you have made me acquainted with a phase of it beyond my imagination. What is your relation to these people? They are ignorant, drunken, depraved, brutalised almost beyond recognition. Here are you—wealthy, strong, well educated. You come of a race that received toleration, first, and indeed, only gets complete toleration now, from the one you are oppressing. Yet it is upon the degradation of these people that you live; their dirt is your profit, their sickness is your wealth, their misery is your splendour. You live unsuspected and respectable; possibly you find men and women to honour you. Yet you cannot point to anyone who lives by means more foul. I will not have lot or parcel with your infamy. But I tell you what I will do. You know enough about the world to know that my position gives me power. I will use it to make

your name known in its proper infamy. At least the world shall know what kind of man you are, what kind of man it is who has power over its poorer inmates. Your shame shall be a byword, your co-religionists shall spurn you, you shall be execrated wherever there remains in England to-day any sense of fairness, any sense of the scorn which mankind has always in reserve for the few like you."

He had spoken hastily and passionately, and when he saw that Marcus remained calm and unmoved, genuine rage and anger stirred him and his voice mounted to a roar.

He rose now, at the end of his speech, to go, but, to his surprise, Marcus calmly checked him, and he sat down, as Carrington, still polite and deferential, but with a world of power in his voice and look, leaned forward to speak.

"My lord," he said, "you have told me a few of the things you think. Let me tell you a few things I know. You say you will have neither part nor lot in what you are pleased to call my infamy. My lord, I know your business better than you do yourself. You have part and lot in it already. You speak of my not fulfilling my responsibilities. Do you even know your own? Let me tell you a few facts about this property. It is a leasehold. When I purchased the lease years ago, it was in the same condition—neither worse nor better than it is now, and——"

Lord Davenant interrupted him fiercely. "What has this to do with me?" he said.

Marcus bent across the table and dropped his voice to a whisper. "This," he answered; "it is from you I lease it. You are the ground landlord!"

XVI.

WHEN Rose went home that evening she felt, for the first time since her battle with the money-lender began thoroughly beaten, thoroughly dispirited.

It was not that she had acted recklessly, without skill or care. Along the line she had taken she had displayed both these qualities, and that line, she told herself, was the only one possible

under the circumstances. It was this that made defeat so bitter. She had not bungled, she had not made one false step. She had played her cards intelligently, and for all they were worth. Yet this man had beaten them every one. Nay, more, he had stood grinning over her shoulder, and watched her put them down. It seemed as though some malignant fate had pursued her, causing every step she had taken to place her further in the hands of the enemy.

Something more than depression did she feel: a dread, a terror seized her soul. She had not wavered while there was fighting to be done. Now that further fighting was useless—now she knew that she had but played into the enemy's hands, is it any wonder that the girl felt stricken and ashamed, even a little afraid?

Unorthodox methods have their only possible sanction in success. When, forgetting herself and, still more difficult, her prejudices, she had tried to save her father by means that she detested, Rose had not been deterred by any scruples. Now that those means had placed her in the power of the man she loathed, her old ideas rose up to accuse her.

She did not know that all true life is but development. That sorrow, trial, hardship, that have their fruits in fresh resources, quickened thoughts, and a wider vision, is not sorrow at all. It is only the sorrow that blights, stagnates, and checks, the sorrow that arrests development, the sorrow that is not intense enough to be felt, that is petty, monotonising and becomes at length a habit, that is the only sorrow that matters.

Rose had, during her six weeks with Marcus, undergone the greatest change in her life; she had become human; nay more, I ask you to say with me she had become great. She had shattered the idols that had bound her, she had dared, attempted, well nigh achieved—for the sake of another.

Yet she stood now utterly dejected, wretched, and ashamed of spirit.

You see, she came of a class which ever since its inception has mistaken success for merit, failure for inferiority, and has

known its only fineness in vulgar display and tawdry possession.

Presently the terror upon her took a definite shape. She was one of those spirits, rare among women, aye, and rare among men, too, who have that quality of mental courage which refuses to blink at the inevitable. She looked at the future with wide-open, discerning eyes, and would allow no veil of mist to obscure it. In that steadfast gaze she saw all the penalties failure had brought, and, though she shrank and trembled, she did not seek to hide the truth.

She knew the kind of man that Marcus was; she knew how remorselessly he would use the power he had secured over her; she knew in a word that he would insist upon his price.

The very fact that he cared more to secure that price, that he cared more for her than most things, would but serve to bring out the more strongly the man's nature.

Then she thought she would sacrifice her father rather than endure that fate, and realised instantly that, though she wanted to, she could not.

She saw herself tied to a man that the very marrow of her nature turned from—how the loathing for him mounted in her brow! She saw herself choked. For this man was sham, and she, above all things, real. She saw life stripped of its meaning, reduced to a depraving farce, made barren and horrible for ever.

She saw all this with wide, staring eyes, and nearly cried aloud as she walked home.

And then a curious feeling, one to which she had been for long a stranger, arose within her. She felt, in her weakness, as though she were again a little child, running to her father, as she had often done when in trouble or in pain. And she longed now for his comfortings: to turn and lean on that broken reed.

When a savage has been converted from the faith of his fathers to more modern forms of superstition, they tell us that he still keeps the idol that he has worshipped among his household gods, and, when sore stricken in spirit, he will turn back and plead to the old dumb

wood. Faith is dead, but habit survives; habit and memory.

If that be so with a savage, for how much more does memory count with a civilised being? The son grown wiser than his mother (at least in his own conceit) still finds comfort in her glance, will turn to her for aid, and let the world go by.

And through Rose's blurred agony now there came the two thoughts, first that she had repaid her father's years of tenderness by an unforgiving act, and when forgiveness was not due from her; secondly, that she needed him.

That night, as the Rev. E. T. T. Turner was retiring to rest he received the following telegram: "Meet me to-morrow afternoon at half-past three o'clock outside Charing Cross. — Your loving daughter, Rose."

XVII.

THE Rev. E. T. T. Turner was not, as the reader will have guessed, naturally a criminal man, but only a very weak one, in which, by the way, he resembled most criminals. His weakness was shown first by an amiable inability to regulate his expenditure according to his income. The latter was not large; the Rev. Turner's bringing-up had been expensive, so that, for that weakness at least, we may forgive him. Though in truth it was the pivot on which the whole business swung.

Most men, unable to live within a small income (which inability, by the way, is rather to their credit) endeavour

to increase it. And the Rev. Turner had put forth feeble efforts towards this end. One of these had been the instruction of some of the young sprigs of the nobility in the humanities. One of the said sprigs was Lord Davenant, who, at the tender age of eight, had come to Mr. Turner for lessons in Greek and Latin.

It was true that he had only remained at the rectory six weeks, during which time he had, I believe, received six lessons,

but his tutor was given emoluments for six months, and had been in this way impressed with a dangerous sense of Lord Davenant's good nature.

For, years later, when tutoring had failed, when debts encumbered him about, when his credit and good name were at stake in half-a-dozen quarters, nay, when his very living was in peril, it was his old pupil's name that Turner had forged.

"To understand," say the French, "is to forgive," and if you can understand Turner's temperament, and, more important still, his

surroundings — if you can realise the isolation which a country rectorship involves, with its cutting off from social intercourse, from fellowship, and from the world in general — if you can understand the debilitating effect of never meeting one's intellectual equals, then you can forgive the folly of this man.

If not, no pleading of mine can make you do so.

The curer of souls was not only a weak man, but a sanguine one also, and the effect that Rose's telegram produced upon



She saw all this with wide staring eyes.

his mind was curious. It roused him from a torpor of six weeks, during which time he had done little more than brood.

He had not even taken any steps to find his daughter. "She will come back," he said each day; "she will come back." And in this he displayed more knowledge of human nature than he knew.

As to any fear as to what would happen to Rose, the very last idea that anybody would associate with that self-dependent person would be the need of protection for her. Accordingly the rector of Kendle had done nothing but groan in spirit.

There was another cause for this besides his daughter's ingratitude. Rose had deserted him in his bitterest hour, the hour he needed her most. He had been on the point of confiding to her when she had gone. And he realised, with a pang of bitterness, that, had he but confided a little sooner, he would have had a mind stronger than his own to rely on. For the oftentimes-renewed bill came due again, and the thing that astounded and terrified Turner was that Marcus did nothing. We know why Marcus's letters did not reach him; he did not. And he longed for their coming almost as much as he had before dreaded them.

There is no severer test of a man's stamina than when his enemy does nothing. We all know the exceeding un wisdom of the Scotch general, who descended from the heights upon Cromwell, there to have his force cut to pieces. Whereas, had he done nothing, the Protector would have perforce retired. We all know the mistake; how many of us could have prevented ourselves committing it?

Certainly not the Rev. E. T. T. Turner, who was not a strong man.

And when Marcus Carrington did nothing, his soul experienced all the terrors of the damned. He longed each day to go to town and know the worst. Each day saw the visit postponed.

The motive force was lacking.

Rose's telegram supplied it.

To town he had to go now, and he resolved to put himself out of this agony, so that he might meet his daughter with a calm mind—either with a sense of

security, or, knowing the worst, without fear for it.

He decided, therefore, that, before he went to Charing Cross, he would see his persecutor face to face for the first time. At least there should be an end to vague terror.

Had Rose known her father a little better she might have expected this, and added a proviso to her telegram. But, then, how few of us know each other really well!

It was half-past one in the afternoon that the Rev. Mr. Turner walked up the stairs leading to Marcus Carrington's office. He knocked trembling at the outer door, for, now that he had to face the ordeal, his nerve had left him. There was no answer. He knocked again, then entered. The room was empty. Through a half-open door he caught the sound of angry voices, and coughed deprecatingly, but the noise continued, and no one noticed him.

At last, after he had stood in the room a few minutes, something, he knew not what, caused him to enter the inner office. And, as he walked in, the voices ceased.

In front of him he saw a round-faced, chubby, alert-looking man, whose commonplace features yet suggested power. To the right, and standing, was another figure, that of a young man, whose face seemed somehow to awaken vague memories. His eyes had scarcely taken these two in when a sound, half a choked cry, and half a sob, brought them round to the other side of the room, and he saw half swooning from the shock, his daughter.

Then he stood silent—dumb.

And then Marcus made the mistake of his life. He read the look of fear on Rose's face, but he did not read it right. He knew at once who this man was, but the dominant trait in his character, suspicion, brought the thought into his mind that this was a plot to in some way compromise him while all the actors in the drama were present, and made him act without his usual circumspection.

Had he risen above himself, had he been conciliatory, tactful, generous, Rose would have been won. But the quick rage that possessed him prevented this.

Instead, he took a document from the mass of those before him, placed his thumb upon a name written on it, and, with a note of menace in his voice, said—

"Lord Davenant, is that your signature?"

It was that menace in his voice which undid him, for, as the younger man raised the paper to his eyes, he caught a glimpse of a woman's face—the one face in the world for him—pleading in shame.

Then Lord Davenant saw the other name on the bill, glanced at the trembling clergyman—and understood.

"Yes," he said deliberately, holding up the bill, "that is my signature."

XVIII.

PERHAPS after all it was not only love that caused Lord Davenant to oblige Rose by accepting her father's imitation of his signature as his own. Since his interview with Marcus he had learnt one or two things about himself, and his relation to his fellows which had produced some notable mental results for him.

He had gone to his lawyer, and had learnt that his wealth was locked up in companies that sweated their servants, and leaseholds [that sweated tenants;



Lord Davenant understood. "Yes," he said deliberately, "that is my signature."

that he was powerless of himself to change all this; and that he, the fair young incorruptible, drew—just as Marcus drew—profit from the misery of the class which it had been his main idea to serve.

Then he became almost humble.

He went to Franks in the first shock of Marcus's revelation prepared to work with anyone to remove at least that blot on his scutcheon. He found he could not; that is, he could not without the dwellers in Game Street being yet further injured. True, he might pull down the noisome, foul tenements, and build good houses in their place. But what would happen if he did? The new houses, if they were not to be overcrowded in their

turn, would accommodate only one-third, perhaps not as many, of the tenants he would have to displace; the remainder would be compelled to flock into tenements as wretched as those they had left, and to make them even more insanitary and overcrowded. As Franks told him, he would only be paying to add further to the congestion which choked the workers throughout London.



*"Let us be sure of ourselves," she said,
"before we try experiments."*

As it was with Game Street, so it was with the rest of his possessions. He found himself irrevocably committed to a partnership in the general fleecing of mankind. He might withdraw all his money from the concerns in which it was invested, and put it in Consols, in which case he would have the pleasing consciousness of knowing that the labour of his fellows payed him 2½ instead of 4 or 5 per cent.; or he might give up this mortgage on mankind, but to whom?

To someone who had as little right to it as he.

Oddly enough it was to Franks that he applied for comfort. Franks told him it was "the system," and lent him books on political economy.

Next day he found Marcus using the term to justify a particularly atrocious transaction.

Evidently he too had been moved.

Then he applied to Rose for information. What was to be done with the system? he asked, and Rose replied didactically, "Change it."

He went back to read Franks's books on political economy, and found that, while they clashed with every notion he had previously held, they left him more firmly convinced than ever as to the moral invalidity of his position.

But how to alter it? That was the question. He answered it by asking Rose another—whether she would marry him.

"I need your help," he said.

Rose laughed, and then became suddenly grave.

"All the help I could give I myself need," she answered quietly; "besides, I am in your debt."

He protested, but she went on firmly: "Do not try to get away from your difficulties by making fresh ones. We scarcely know what life is, you and I. Let us at least be sure of that and ourselves before we try experiments."

And he went away sorrowful and alone.

After a few days, in which he saw much of Rose but never reverted to the subject, he became loudly cynical and extremely dilettante, wrote violent letters to the newspapers and achieved a reputation for instability which Pall Mall never forgave him.

Secretly he tried still to ease his conscience. He endeavoured by an arrangement with his successor, a totally commonplace and, therefore, rather stupid aristocrat, to cut off the entail of his estates. The successor presumptive, when he heard Lord Davenant's reasons, thought he had gone mad.

Then he opened a refuge on novel lines, close to Carrington's office, where the submerged could get a suit of clothes, a

pair of boots, the price of a night's shelter, and found that the honest poor stayed away, and that the thieves, loafers, and ruffians came in huge quantities; a fact which caused him first to stop the money grant, and then to abandon the enterprise.

Then he became more cynical, more dilettante than ever, shook the dust of his native land off his feet, and became a wanderer on the face of the earth.

What will he do? Come back and lead in the fight for justice, or grow old before his time and shed his better self? Perhaps he will never come back at all. Who can tell? But sometimes Rose thinks she can discern his future.

But of Rose herself there is no doubt. She did not waver or hesitate as to her course. When she left Marcus, her first care was to pay back the three hundred pounds her father owed Lord Davenant. To this end she established herself as a coach for Civil Service Examinations. She is now thriving, and is becoming also an active worker in the Socialist movement. For a time her practicality told against her, but she overcame opposition, and ignored prejudice.

As for Rose's father, he went back to the cure of souls, and in that he had suffered and transgressed he was a little less inefficient at the business.

And Marcus? Did Rose's influence have no permanent effect on him? Yes, one effect which we shall see presently.



He became a wanderer on the face of the earth.

First, let us record it to his credit that he took his defeat with unruffled outward serenity, that he even asked to be allowed to forego the bill (probably because he knew that the request would be refused), and that he never betrayed the genuine disappointment he felt.

How did that disappointment result? Differently to what the reader thinks. Marcus had been a lonely man nearly all his life, and had never before experienced an emotion he could not understand, and gratify,

or subdue, at will. With this one he could do neither, and it made a difference in his habits. He took to drink—moderate, by no means violent, drinking, and he was seldom intoxicated during business hours. That was the one result to him of his acquaintance with Rose.



A CHAT ABOUT CLOTHES MOTHS.

By JAMES SCOTT.

CONSIDERING the great havoc to our fabrics for which clothes moths are responsible, especially among the treasured dresses of ladies, it is a wonder that a greater knowledge concerning them than now exists has not been furnished by naturalists for popular appreciation.

When a young lady inspects some delicate, and perhaps costly, article of apparel which has been injured beyond repair by what she supposes to be "moths," it is somewhat unreasonable for a writer to expect her to take a pleasant interest in the much-abused pests; but, as I am about to fully describe, the moths themselves are innocent, and are far fonder of our fields and gardens than of our homes. You would not dream of killing a pretty butterfly, yet it is equally guilty of damage to our plants and crops, as is the tiny clothes moth to our garments and other woven items. Both produce caterpillars, which alone are the direct cause of devastation.

A thing must not be despised on account of its smallness. There are millions of minute creatures alive to-day which to the casual glance seem to be nothing more than mere specks of life. But however minute they may be, each is as wonderfully made as is a human being. Every insect that breathes is constructed

with intensely peculiar cleverness, if one may so express the great work of our Creator. Take our present subject—the familiar clothes moth—as an instance. It is not the mere gold dusty and insignificant object that the ordinary observer imagines it to be. No, it is as beautifully arrayed as a gorgeous bird. In fact, in many directions its elegance

exceeds that belonging to our feathered acquaintances. I suppose there are but comparatively few people

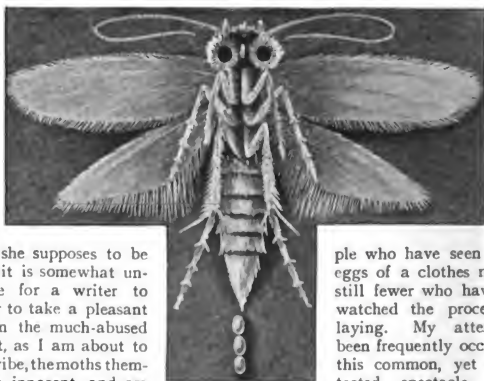


FIG. 1.—CLOTHES MOTH (WITH THREE EGGS), ABOUT TEN TIMES ITS NATURAL SIZE.

who have seen the pretty eggs of a clothes moth; and still fewer who have actually watched the process of egg laying. My attention has been frequently occupied with this common, yet rarely detected spectacle. I have placed these busy little moths on their backs over surfaces sufficiently moist to retain them in that position without harm to themselves, and watched their various actions

with great interest through a microscope revealing the insect magnified several hundreds of times. Egg laying is accomplished in an extraordinary manner. When one of the tiny specks is about to be brought forth, a kind of telescopic arrangement is protruded by the moth, and an egg passes along the tube and is deposited at any desired spot within a certain radius. In this peculiar way the insect places a large number of eggs side by side with the precision and

symmetrical accuracy displayed in a regiment of soldiers.



FIG. 2.—CLOTHES MOTH ABOUT TEN TIMES ENLARGED. NOTE SPIRAL TONGUE.

In the drawing Fig. 1 is shown a clothes moth upon its back, with its four wings outspread, and three eggs adjacent to it. The picture is of course an immensely magnified image of the creature. The eggs are radiant, honey-combed little objects, smaller than the smallest of pin-heads.

When fertile, and in proper position within the seams of our revered clothes, or the meshes of our valued fabrics, there issues from each egg a white grub or caterpillar, which will feed upon the material, and otherwise maltreat it, to our personal displeasure. The moth itself has not the power to consume any woven stuff whatever, and is really troublesome only for the reason that it selects textile articles as repositories for its eggs in order that food may be ensured for the support of its forthcoming offspring, which, be it remembered, are not moths but *caterpillars*. A few of the latter, greatly enlarged, are shown in Fig. 4.

When the caterpillar has accomplished a sufficient amount of damage, it makes itself a snug cocoon or case out of the hairs or fibres composing the fur or cloth, and having attached the cocoon securely into position so that shaking of the clothes will not dislodge it, it falls into a trance as it were. Whilst in this unconscious state it undergoes a transformation similar to that experienced by

all butterfly and moth caterpillars. Its skin hardens and turns brown, and the creature itself changes from a nasty creeping thing to a gilt moth, with wings so neatly rolled and folded as to need very careful adjustment when the finished insect emerges from its mummy case—really its old original skin.

What a wonderful change has finally taken place! It is hardly believable that such strange creatures as are pictured in Fig. 4 could develop into insects like those shown in Figs. 1 and 2. Yet this is but one of thousands of marvels which are going on every day of the year.

Now let us minutely examine the moth. If it be handled, our fingers become clouded with dust from its wings and legs. Is it mere shapeless dust? No! Put it beneath the microscope and you will observe that what resembles dust is a mass of feathery objects of definite shapes. These particles are called scales, and they cover the whole body, wings and legs of the moth in a similar way to that in which feathers cover birds. The insect is so fragile as not to be capable of feeling the touch of us giants without sustaining injury. Hence the removal of the scales—or dust—when the creature is handled.

In Fig. 6 are given a number of variously shaped scales and three-pronged hairs taken from the same moth which furnished me with the



FIG. 3.—A HIGHLY MAGNIFIED PORTION OF A CLOTHES MOTH'S HORN.



FIG. 4.—CATERPILLARS, HATCHED FROM THE CLOTHES MOTH'S EGGS, EVENTUALLY BECOME PERFECT CLOTHES MOTHS.

material for preparing all the accompanying drawings.

These scales are not placed pell-mell on the moth. They are, indeed, as regularly fixed in rows one above another as are the tiles on the roof of a house. An idea of this fact may be gained by referring to Fig. 5.

Along most of the scales are certain ribs, whose purpose is to strengthen them, and the ribs traversing the scales bordering the moth's wings continue to grow whilst the substance intervening between them is retarded from doing likewise. Thus a fringe of hair encircles the wings, and extends from various other points of the insect's body and legs. In some cases the fringe is inordinately long, and imparts quite a fairy-like appearance to the moth.

As I said before, a clothes moth cannot eat clothes. The reason for this is very obvious when the creature is examined; for it is then seen to possess a long, slender trunk, capable of being divided lengthways and forming, apparently, two trunks.

It is a complicated piece of mechanism, and to describe it fully here might prove only tedious reading. Its relative length is amazing when

straightened out and being used to imbibe the nectar from flowers, or the sweetness from household commodities.

The moth has the peculiar ability of coiling the trunk so neatly that it is almost completely concealed from view when not needed for feeding purposes. Fig. 2 shows the trunk partly coiled.

The moth has two comparatively enormous compound eyes plainly observable in Fig. 1. From between these eyes there protrudes a pair of long and fragile horns, which to the naked eye resembles only extremely

fine hairs. But when immensely magnified these horns are seen to be composed of dozens of segments exactly like the five shown in Fig. 3, and furnished with extraordinarily minute hairs. The portion illustrated is but the merest speck of one of these horns, as may be understood by comparing the thickness of the joints with the actual fineness of the horns.

I think that, even without studying a humble clothes moth more closely, enough has been stated to prove that Nature has not made some things small because she had exhausted her power of creating detail.

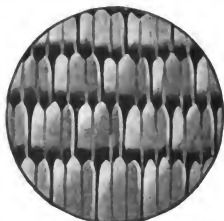
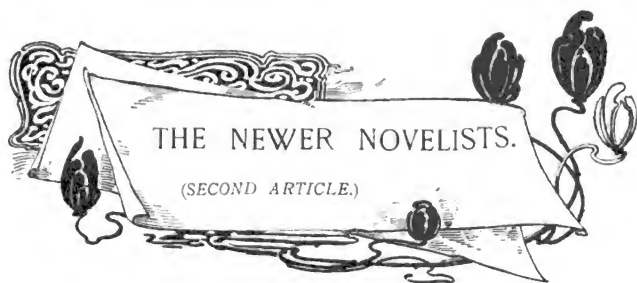


FIG. 5.—GREATLY MAGNIFIED PORTION OF CLOTHES MOTH'S WING, SHOWING HOW THE SCALES LIE TIER UPON TIER.



FIG. 6.—GREATLY MAGNIFIED PARTICLES (SCALES) OF GOLD DUST WHICH ADHERE TO THE FINGERS WHEN THE MOTH IS TOUCHED.



THE NEWER NOVELISTS.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

TWO of the Newer Novelists, Mr. Filson Young and Mr. Stuart

Young, have written books which deal with phases of life and types of emotional human nature that, in our conventional civilisation, are instinctively avoided as subjects of conversation between men and women. They are as real as any other phases of life or types of humanity, as practically all men and doubtless most women know, but they lie within those problems of sex which it is the habit of the time to treat as non-existent. They meet us on the stage; they meet us in fiction; they brush against us in the life of the street; even drawing-rooms do not escape their influence. To ignore them is, with some, a compulsion born of ingrained delicacy of feeling, with others a pose, with still others a religion, with most a mere habit. It is quite possible to conceive of an educated and refined society where humanity would not shrink from the consideration of humanity in all its moods and tendencies, and it is possible to conceive that such freedom might be more wholesome than restraint. The thing that is talked about loses the seductive glamour of a secret. Vice is not made tolerable by hypocrisy. Passion is not made non-existent by turning the head away.

At all events, the critic has a plain course to pursue. He must distinguish and examine all literary phases. Whatever is, is—whether right or wrong—for him to consider and analyse. Tendencies

in literature are as real as established schools and cannot be ignored.

Mr. Filson Young's novel "The Sands of Pleasure" was published in 1905. It is not a novel in the sense in which most novel readers use the word. It is a study of temperaments and an excursion through the Elysian fields of the Paris demi-monde. The hero—we must employ the conventional tags—does not struggle after the ideal domestic bliss through quagmires of opposition or obstacles thrown in his way by unkind fate. The tale is not a romance; there is no heroine, or none, at least, whose acquaintance would be a matter for indiscriminate boasting. But it is a singularly vivid, accurate and unflinching description of a world and its denizens about which voices are usually silent except in the smoking-room or the club, and into which pens have usually shrunk from dipping for ink.

Mr. Young is alive to the artistic value of contrasts. Richard Grey is a designer and builder of lighthouses, the son of a builder of lighthouses, an enthusiast in his profession, and already, at the early age of thirty, is in the trust of the Brethren of Trinity House. At our introduction to him he is building a rock light on the Cornish coast, spending his days and often much of his nights in the open air, in contact with sun and wind, with sea and storm and rain and calm and sunshine. And so his life has always been, very close to Nature, so that he has come to manhood very pure in heart,

very unspoiled and large of nature. But the time came when "he realised that the social side of him was a little starved, . . . and wondered rather vaguely if he had any more discoveries to make about himself. On the whole he thought not; and thought so gladly, for he liked to feel himself full-grown and mature in the world, master of himself and able to devote himself to the work that absorbed him."

This absolutely fresh and unspotted nature goes to Paris with a man ten years his senior, once an art student in that gay city, but now an artist in memory only; a man of cosmopolitan experience, just, sane, sincere, and of much deep knowledge of life. "He hated the Rue de Rivoli and all its works with an enthusiasm of hatred that was only equalled by his passionate love for Montmartre; . . . the two Parisian worlds of art and pleasure . . . he knew." And in the Parisian world of pleasure Richard Grey met Toni. "She was small and slight, exquisitely made and moulded, with a small head poised over shoulders that a Greek might have worshipped, and surmounted by a mass of tawny golden hair," and Toni was a queen of the demi-monde. Then we have a wonderful description of the night life of Paris, the life that begins at midnight and ends at dawn, and slowly the man of the rock and the sea is drawn to the house that is built on the sands. But in the end Richard comes back to his granite tower, anchored to the enduring earth, steadfast against the insidious caresses of the unstable sea as against its treacherous rage.

Whether Mr. Filson Young is describing the building of the tower, or a supper at Maxim's, or a dance at the Rat Mort, he equally impresses us with the fidelity of his picture. He knows of what he writes, and he not only knows the technique of lighthouse construction, but he knows how the half-world of Paris lives and moves and has its being. He paints types in this world that is at war with society with as bold a realism as another will draw for us a Mayfair group. Best of all, he understands how the love of such a man as Grey for one of the

denizens of that underworld may break upon the hopeless barrier into a great pity and grief that dignifies and deepens character. When he stood upon the balcony of his lighthouse watching "the raying beams of light as in their travel round the horizon they pointed towards France . . . he felt that they flung a bridge, impassable by mortal feet, over which his spirit and hers might pass, and meet in an understanding of truths beyond regret and beyond illusion. He thought of her loss without bitterness, and saw how inevitable it has always been. . . . Some part of her, the best of her perhaps, he knew that he had made his own, still possessed and held forever independently of any action of hers. He felt, too, that she had made something of him that was not there before, something new in him that was her own, and that he could not destroy or take away even if he would."

Mr. Filson Young is in his thirty-first year, and has served his apprenticeship to literature in the higher ranks of journalism. He is Irish by birth and ancestry, and spent much of his youth on the north-east shores of Ireland, where he imbibed that love of the sea and everything connected with it which, as he confesses, remains the strongest external influence and interest of his life. His father, who was a Presbyterian minister in Ireland, left his charge shortly after the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and went to a charge near Manchester, and Mr. Filson Young received the greater part of his education at the Manchester Grammar School.

Among the influences that dominated him later he remembers most vividly Sir Charles Hallé and his successor, Dr. Hans Richter; and also his master, Dr. Kendrick Pyne, with whom he was in the closest association at the Manchester Cathedral for a long time. He devoted himself chiefly to composition, and during this period published various songs and instrumental works, which were regarded in high musical circles as showing great promise. During his musical studies Mr. Filson Young had been led to write some musical criticisms or impressions, and these, which were first published in

a volume entitled "Mastersingers," in the year 1901, attracted some attention and very high praise. After that he was attached to the *Manchester Guardian*, as musical and dramatic critic; he was sent out by the *Manchester Guardian* as war correspondent during the South African campaign (1899-1900). These seven months of campaigning had undoubtedly an effect upon his character and future occupations, and when he came back it was

to journalism and literature that he devoted himself, and no more to music, except in a subordinate way. He then became assistant editor of the *Pilot*, a year later literary editor of the *Daily Mail*, and still later editor of the *Outlook*. His chief published works are: Various songs and instrumental works; "The Relief of Mafeking," 1900; "A Volunteer Brigade," "Mastersingers," 1901; "Ireland at the Cross Roads," 1903; "The Complete Motorist," 1904; "The Sands of Pleasure," 1905; "The Happy Motorist," 1906; and "Christopher Columbus and the New World of his Discovery," 1906.

"Passion's Peril," by Mr. Stuart Young, is an even bolder attempt to analyse the nature of a woman in whom the primal instinct of sex dominates all the restraining influences of marital loyalty, of maternal instinct, of social convention and of religious emotion. Lily Benson is the daughter of a Liberian planter. In her veins flows the hot blood of the negro race, tempered to a degree by ancestral intermarriages between white

and black. She is cultured and educated, and Frank Benson, an Englishman and a writer of novels, married her, "more as the result of an experiment than because he loved her." But she "set to work seriously, earnestly, to accustom herself to white faces, resolutely to learn and bear the burden of wifehood at his side in England." They have one child, a boy, frail in health but of abnormally acute intelligence and perspicuity.

The husband becomes so intensely absorbed in his work, in the imaginative world he creates as a writer of fiction, that he loses sympathy with the real world existing all about him. His wife resents his indifference, his cold responses to the almost frenzied demands of her nature, but he remains blind to the peril in which his aloofness and intense pre-occupation are placing her. Such is the situation when she comes under the influence of Selwyn Waring, a genius to whom life is chiefly an exotic dalliance with pleasurable emotion.

There is the most dangerous of influences to a nature like Lily's, starved by the neglect of her husband. Waring does not seek her for himself, but his philosophy of life undermines her character, shatters such props of virtue as might have upheld her fidelity, and she deserts husband and child for the precarious but actual embodiment of what her nature craves above all things.

There is a strong scene between her husband and herself in which this erotic craving is made manifest. "A woman,"



MR. FILSON YOUNG.

Author of "The Sands of Pleasure."

she pleads with him, "doesn't care for a love as deep as the sea and as silent—she wants the troubled surface and the waves of desire. It is not love alone, you know; it is the being loved. The man does not matter all in all—it is the loving arms that count."

"You are a queer girl, Lily."

"I wish you wouldn't say that! You never tell me anything about my appearance. You might, even if it were only exaggeration. Other men who used to care for me have told me things about my eyes, my hands, my hair. Things as sweet as anything in your books. I don't believe you observe."

"But I do, Lil. Only it would be desecration to declare it."

"O what do I care for your thinkings; I want your voice and your arms."

"I wish I could understand your mood."

"I wish to heaven you could! Perhaps if you were not so good we would be happier. You are too true to me. It is men like you who send women like me to the devil."

Not the highest type of pure, impersonal, self-effacing womanhood, but a very real type nevertheless, a type it were charity to acknowledge.

The strength of Mr. Young's book is twofold—its fearlessness and the remarkably acute study of the personality of Selwyn Waring. The author is absolutely inexorable in tracing the logical sequence of Lily's fall from grace. He sees that with such a woman the course must be ever downward after the first fatal step, and that not even motherhood can arrest the inevitable descent. And yet we are made to see that all this is due rather to environment than to innate defiance of moral code, that the woman is not so much evil as the victim of heredity. The time comes when both husband and wife are tried in the fire of experience to the point where they confess to each other their mutual share in the wreck of their lives, and see that neither can cast a stone at the other.

But the study of Waring is a great triumph for Mr. Young. It would be a triumph if he were a writer matured by many years of work, but most notable

considering his age is only twenty-six, and that "Passion's Peril" is only his second novel. Waring is manifestly a close study from life, and the original is Oscar Wilde. Mr. Young's acquaintance with the famous *poseur* commenced in 1894, a year before Wilde's trial and conviction, and when Mr. Young was but fourteen years of age. He had, therefore, but comparatively few opportunities of studying the man at first hand, which makes this portrait all the more remarkable for its convincing accuracy and vividness. And it is a portrait that will be appraised as, on the whole, just. The man stands before us stripped to his essential values, brilliant, epigrammatic, cynical, epicurean, fascinating and detestable, a moral leper, an unbalanced genius, half god—half satyr. To restore the conversation of such a man as Wilde—to reproduce his extravagant diction in page after page of brilliant monologue, as Mr. Young does in this book, is an extraordinary achievement, and the hour will come when this achievement will be recognised at its worth, quite irrespective of the absurd British philistinism which abjures Oscar Wilde as the great unmentionable. Let us quote two or three passages—all that we have space for. Waring is the speaker.

"I have only known one kind of regret—remorse for the sins that circumstances have surrounded with insuperable barriers."

"Have you ever seen a ventriloquist? My dear fellow, modern morality is like that. The ventriloquist speaks, the dummy answers. The questions are so adroit, the answers come so fast, that every one, even to the dummy, imagines that the dialogue depends upon himself. Such is modern conventionalism."

"To my mind, travelling is the most hideous form of debauchery known to our age."

"To sin magnificently, as you are learning how to sin, and as I have sinned for years, is one of the most complicated of the arts. There are only a few people in each century who master its technique."

"I sometimes tremble with pleasure when I look at a flower or a pretty face.

With me Beauty is part of desire, and there are tears waiting in the petals of a rose. . . . I wish to be remembered as an Idealist."

"On entering prison I found that my nature lacked one of the most beautiful motives in Art—that of pity. It is only pity that gives to a book or a picture expanse, and by its means alone is a boundless horizon opened. . . . Pity is a wonderful thing, and I never knew it. With that feeling in my heart I produced the book which will be published after my death."

"I shall at least die conscious of my own position. Religion cannot help me. The faith that others give is to what is unseen. I give reverence to what can be touched and looked at. I am a pagan pure and simple."

This must suffice; and the extracts should show that, as nearly as it is possible for one man to enter into the soul of another, Mr. Young interprets that monstrous enigma of our modern humanity.

Mr. Young's father was John Pultney Young, late of Lyndhurst, New Forest, of an old yeoman family that dates back to the time of Rufus. He was educated at Manchester and abroad, and has travelled a great deal throughout Europe and in Egypt, the Soudan, and other parts of Africa. He lived in Liberia for some two years, where he had intimate opportunities of studying the negro character in the full-blooded nature, the quadron and octoroon and lesser admixtures of



Author of "Passion's Peril."

negro blood. His first novel, "Merely a Negress," was founded on these experiences. He is a most conscientious and painstaking writer. "Passion's Peril" was two years in the making. Not content with two or even three drafts of a story, he writes and re-writes until he is satisfied. His life, short as it has been, has made him cosmopolitan in his sympathies, and his studies have gravitated instinctively to art and literature. He has studied painting both in Paris and London, and is an authority on the impressionist school. He is a poet, too, as more than one contribution from his pen in this magazine has attested. His third novel, which will be called "The Lonely Traveller" is expected to appear

next autumn. His other publications have been "Minor Melodies" (1904), published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.; "The After Life" (1905), by the Keystone Press; and "An Urning's Love" (1906), published privately.

The pendulum swings through a long arc in passing from the two novels above named to Dr. W. H. Fitchett's story, "Ithuriel's Spear." Dr. Fitchett is a minister of the Methodist Church in Australia, a man who leads the strenuous life; an earnest, whole-souled worker. He was born in Westgate, Grantham, and when he was three years old his father and mother emigrated with their young children to Australia. One of his brothers has been Solicitor-General, another is a Dean in the Episcopal Church of the Colony. He is head of a ladies' college at Hawthorn, near Melbourne, and in all movements that have the welfare of Methodism and Christianity at heart he is an active and influential worker.

"Ithuriel's Spear" is a proof of the breadth of his mind and of his reading. It is a controversial novel—a novel written with a purpose—and it has the sins of its class. Doubtless the last thing its author had in mind in writing it was the making of a work of art. He had other thoughts and aims. Free-thought stood a dazzling figure in his way, and he said to himself, "I will annihilate the false knight, or at least I will deal him some swingeing blows." Abjuring for the moment the tract, the sermon, the essay, the philosophical disquisition as the medium of his onslaught, he took the novel, sugar-coated his polemics with romance, and thus threw down the gauntlet to a far wider circle of sceptics, actual or potential.

The difficulty that confronts the man who thus sets out to demolish a school of opinion by measuring its practical influence upon a group of invented characters acting in an invented environment, is to convince the opposition that he has not loaded the dice. I can prove the truth of any heresy under the sun if I am allowed to choose my characters and paint my scenes; and in estimating the didactic value of any work of imagina-

tion, the prime question must always be: Has the author "played the game"? Now Mr. Fitchett has not quite "played the game." Into the conventional atmosphere of Middleford he introduces a very disturbing influence in the shape of an active, aggressive society of free-thinkers, placed on an assured financial basis by a munificent legacy of £30,000. With a happy sense of humour and many pathetic touches the author gives us a vivid picture of the opposing camps in the spiritual and dialectic warfare that ensues. His *dramatis personæ* are well conceived and contrasted. For a time the free-thinkers appear to have it all their own way, or nearly all; their meetings are overflowing and the churches are deserted. But Mr. Fitchett has a mission to fulfil, and all this preamble is but the art of the orator, who first sets out the adversary's case with every appearance of fairness, and then proceeds to annihilate it. I cannot believe that Mr. Fitchett thinks that free-thinkers invariably become scoundrels or apostates—that no good men die in the odour (or in odour) of Agnosticism. But in his book it is demonstrated, if we please, that free-thought encourages theft, drunkenness, vice, disloyalty, greed, selfishness, hypocrisy, and other deadly sins. Every individual of them comes to grief, and the society, or free-thought in its collective capacity, to extinction. This is almost too thorough. Mr. Fitchett makes scepticism as demoralising as absinthe, and far quicker in its work. So far as the book has a didactic end, it must be presumed to be written, not for the believer, but for the unbeliever, and does the author think he can win converts by overstating his case? He is on surer ground when he presents the consolations of the Christian faith; when he demonstrates the power of pity as not only a redeeming but a civilising grace; when he takes his stand on the ethical values of Christ's appeal for brotherly love and forbearance.

But the critic must not concern himself too much with the controversial elements of such a story; only we cannot escape from it when the development of character is made to hang upon it.

We must ask, then, whether the development is convincing. Mr. Fitchett himself seems to feel that the orthodox group in his story requires to be stiffened into something more robust than the calm of Middleboro life allows for, and he takes his hero into the South African War. These are unquestionably the finest parts of "Ithuriel's Spear." The author is picturesque, vivid, thrilling. He writes like one who has seen it all, and with the art of the soldier, not the civilian. Take this as a sample :

The British were storming a Boer position, strongly held on a rock-strewn kopje, and had reached shelter behind a stone wall that ran, like a grey ribbon, across the shoulder of the hill. "It was, perhaps, a couple of hundred yards to the foot of the kopje. A broken wall of rock rose steeply, girdling the hill as a belt of armour — sorely shattered — might belt the sides of an ironclad. Above the line of rock the actual crest of the hill ran back, a skull-shaped curve of slippery grass. The air, torn by a hail of Mauser bullets from the face of broken rock and the crown of yellow grass, seemed full of rustling whispers. The task was to leap over the wall, race across the space of rock-sown grass, climb the fire-spitting face of the kopje, and storm up the glacis-like slope above; and all this in the teeth of magazine rifles! The best soldiers in the world might have turned back from such a task without shame.

"But for the men crouching under that wall—Dublin Fusiliers, Irish Fusiliers, Rifles, and a sprinkling of Colonial Volunteers—to turn back was the very last thing contemplated. No man so much as looked back! Every face was turned up to that front of rock, with its deadly spray of flying lead! . . .

"At that moment came the rush. The British officer, whatever his scientific defects, seldom fails in actual and personal leadership. He is, in brief, the best leader of fighting men for the actual charge the race has yet produced! A Fusilier officer near Kit put his hand on



REV. W. H. FITCHETT, LL.D.

Author of "Ithuriel's Spear."

the top of the wall, and, with a shout, leaped over it! The men nearest to him followed instantly. In a moment the wall, from end to end, was a fresco of leaping, khaki-clad figures. The men were over, and the slope was covered with charging soldiers! Many fell—the Fusilier officer that led, amongst them. But onward swept the human wave. The slope behind was strewn with the bleeding and the dead, the hill-face in front was edged with stinging fire. But upward, without pause or shrinking, raced the gallant stormers. Light-footed

figures were fiercely climbing upon the rocky face. Some paused for a moment at the foot of the glacis-like crown of the hill, till their panting comrades reached them, and then raced up, side by side, with frowning brows and levelled bayonets, to the crest."

This is very fine, but it is doubtful if a man capable of playing a manly part in such a charge as that, especially if he is an Englishman, with an Englishman's instinctive reticence, would exploit his religious faith and feeling so freely as Dr. Fitchett makes his hero do.

ROUND THE CLOCK.

By J. M. STUART YOUNG.

I SANG of my love in the sunshine of May,
And the garrulous bird on the sycamore spray
Warbled his song to the nest;
Come, darling, the flowers are a'bloom on the lea,
The blossoms are budding on bramble and tree;
And all through the long, odorous Spring we will be
At Rest! At Rest!

I sang of my love in the scorching July,
And the ruddy-browed sun in a radiant sky
Uplifted his golden-hued crest;
And the clamorous-tongued land was melodious with song—
Oh, the world shall be merry, the days shall be long,
For love in the sunshine is happy and strong—
Sweet Rest! Sweet Rest!

I sang to my heart in the wane of the year,
And the sheen of the sunset hung luridly drear
Far down in the lowering west;
The home was forsaken, the sparrow had fled,
Its music was hushed, and the flowers were dead;
But a voice through the silence and solitude said—
"Sweet Rest! Sweet Rest!"

Ah! Still sings that voice in the wind o'er the snow;
There is rest after sorrow, and joy after woe,
And love that is tried is the best;
I care not though tempest be black in the sky,
Though the sun may be fickle, and pure blossoms die,
A day there will come when love's glamour is nigh,
And Rest! Glad Rest!



THE HEDGEHOGS' DINNER PARTY.

A VISIT TO NEVER-NEVER LAND.

STRANGE indeed are the things that happen in the Never-Never Land, just where the rainbow touches the ground and poppies nod sleepily all day long. Whoever goes there begins first of all to stretch and yawn and rub his eyes, and then he gets drowsier and drowsier, until at last he tumbles down and the poppies turn into beautiful white lilies all about him; and just at that moment the wonderful things begin to happen.

It is worth going to Never-Never Land just to see them, because you can come back very easily if you only take a bell with you and don't forget to ring it when you have seen enough. If you forget the bell—well, I hardly know



THE SERENADERS.

how you would get back ; it might be very painful.

I am giving you some pictures of a few of the things to be seen there ; only a few, for if you should chance to take a different road from that I took, you would of course see many curious things

but, strange to say, when you are actually in Never-Never Land such things do not seem odd at all ; it is only when you think of them after you get back that they strike you as curious. You need never be afraid there, because all these queer creatures are so busy with their



THE HANGING OF REYNARD THE FOX.

which I did not. But these will give you an idea what you may expect to find in Never-Never Land.

Very curious? Yes, very curious indeed.

You might think it would be startling to open a door and suddenly come upon a party of hedgehogs sitting round a dinner table in an elegant apartment,

own affairs that they will take no notice of you. The comical serenaders will go on hammering on their pans and buckets ; the hanging of that sly thief Reynard will not be interrupted because you happen to be looking on. The testy sergeant will continue to scold and drill the awkward new recruit, and the clever artist will proceed with the portrait he is



THE RAW RECRUIT.

all these strange scenes and talk about them as we go—to stop and watch the party of card-players or hear the wide-awake sentry challenge that poor timid fellow to give the watchword. But if we do not happen to meet a friend on the way, we must remember all the queer people we have met and describe them when we get back home.

I have been told that when children have eaten too much plum pudding and mince pie or very rich cake and go immediately

painting just the same as if no one was observing him. And so of every group you come upon; they will all be too busily engaged in their own affairs to pay any attention to you, and you can watch them as long as you like without being told that you are rude.

It is a pity that each of us has to go alone to the Never-Never Land. It would be nice to go in a party, but that is impossible for some reason. We may meet a friend there by chance; and then it is a delight to wander with him or with her through



WON'T HE MAKE A PRETTY PICTURE?

after to the Never - Never Land they sometimes meet with very terrifying people there, ugly monsters who are quite dreadful to look at. Of course that only shows that it is a mistake to be greedy, for usually the Land is a very pleasant Land and the people we meet very entertaining. You can see that from the pictures.



HALT! GIVE THE PASSWORD.

But never—never forget to take the bell with you!

If you have not got a bell, I have heard that a gong would do, and some say that an earthquake shock will bring you back from Never-Never Land in a

twinkle; but then you see one cannot always have an earthquake in the pocket all ready to shake. Besides that, I think I should bar earthquakes for fear they might hurt some of the jolly folks who live in that land. A bell is the best.



A QUIET GAME OF CARDS.

ANANIAS THE SECOND!

"Oh, don't you remember,
When it came in, bleak Decem-
ber,
We would draw our chairs
together
Round the old fireside.
And we spun 'yarns' to each
other
As becomes a man and brother,
But—good Heavens! How we lied!
How we lied!"

—*The Brother's Remembrance.*

THE man was a curious-looking fellow. He had a vulgar, coarse, beery face, and wore a bearskin cap (with other things, of course), but his main feature was his forehead. I pride myself considerably on my phrenological knowledge, and unless I am greatly mistaken this fellow had an imagination—a remarkable imagination; and this is my principal reason for disbelieving that this story is true.

However, when he walked into the tap-room of the Bell Inn (by the way, this was where I had put up for the night; I was sitting in the tap-room, enjoying the brilliant conversation of some local yokels), he ordered a pint of ale, just like any ordinary person. He then, very gravely and carefully, unfolded and stuck upon the tap-room wall a highly illuminated poster, announcing in all the colours of the rainbow resplendent, that Bodgers (or Prodggers, I forget which) would give a performance of their unparalleled circus in the village of Landistow to-morrow, at three precisely; children half-price. I mention this merely to emphasise that the man was from a circus.

And then, after appreciatively surveying his handiwork, he sat down, and genially joined in the talk.

Of course, the yokels discussed the startlingly new topic of the coming show with much animation. The fellow in the bearskin cap had with him a dog—a shaggy-haired, blear-eyed, and rather ancient

By GEORGE DAVEY.

specimen of the canine species. I liked it rather, and the man put it through several interesting tricks for our edification. To see the dog put its nose into the man's coat-pocket, extract therefrom his tobacco-pouch, open it on the floor, and take out what is technically called a "quid," was, in its way, elevating and instructive, as showing the depths to which a dog can sometimes descend.

However, the dog's performance naturally turned the conversation on to the training of animals, and the man in the bearskin cap grew ruminative.

"Ah!" he remarked with some feeling, "I had a circus of me own, wunst, and I've seen one or two pekooliar kinds of performin' animals, different times.

"But one of the curiosest things I ever did see—well, I'll just tell ye; ye see, it was like this 'ere—

"It was just about come twenty-three year ago now when I actively owned a circus, 'stead of goin' around posting for one. It wasn't a very big concern, mind ye; no brass bands, percessions, nor nothing of that. I had a few hosses, some performin' dogs, a lion and mate—this was a bargain, these two. They was rather old and rusty, and wouldn't hurt a black-beetle; but they was down in the bills as 'genuwine, untamed, forest-bred,' so I used to make good business with 'em.

"I had a couple of small tents, and the company numbered just twenty-three, all told, including me and the missus and the kids. I used to charge threepence each for admission, preserved seats sixpence

and independence, so you see mine wasn't exactly no greatest show on earth.

"Well, we happened to be at a place called Raddlesea, which, perhaps, some of you may have heard of. No? Well, it's a little fishing town, somewheres on the south coast. It might be in Cornwall—might not. Anyway, that's where I was when I first saw Samuel Pengelly, what was a fishing man, mind you, with ideas of his own.

"I remember the day when he first come into our van, almost as if it was the day afore yesterday. It was just about half arter ten on a Tuesday mornin'. I was sittin' in the van doing some posters out; the missus was ironing out some fancy costumes, and one of the youngsters was cleanin' out the lions' cage; and I rekoleck 'Bill, the 'be' bloo, was a bit bad-tempered that day, 'cos the missus would keep on ridin' the baby up on his back.

"Howsumd'ever, up comes this fisherman, a long, red-whiskered, and rather a seirus-looking kind of chap, and he ups and says, 'Is Mr. Ramsey at home this mornin'?' says he.

"That's my name, sir," says I. 'At your service, if I may ask your business?'

"He come right in, sat down opposite me, and looked at me very curus, indeed.

"Well, Mr. Ramsey," says he, 'I saw that 'ere performance of yours in the lions' cage last night.'

"Well," says I.

"Now, I want to know if you'd like to see a tremenjis novelty in the performin' animal line?" And before I could interrupt, he went on—"Something that will astonish the world, Mr. Ramsey; something amazing, something uneeek, something extraordinary, something that'll make your fortune, something wot'll paralyse the universe, something that'll—"

"Here! here! here!" I says, jumpin' up, 'hold on, hold on! Wot have ye been swallowin' a dickshunary or a cyclopejer, or what?' I says; and the missus pretty near busted with laughing.

"Then I went on—

"Well, wot kind of a hanimal is it?"

"Mr. Ramsey," he says, 'I ain't a goin' to tell you. I come up here express for

to ask you to see him. "Seein' is believin'" is my mottoer.'

"Well, the fact is," I says, 'I don't think I want anything now, being full up, and trade bad'—for I was always careful buyin' animals.

"And with that he got very excited.

"Now, look 'ere, Mr. Ramsey," says he, 'you really *must*! You can't miss it if you call yourself anything of a showman at all. It's bound to make money. I've got him down to my place—'bout a quarter of an hour's walk from here—and I tell you, you never see the like on it before! And I don't want you to buy him, particular; if you like, I'll perform wi' him meself.'

"Well, I was mighty curus, but I was still careful like.

"How did you get him?" I says.

"Caught him," says he.

"Where? Out at sea?"

"I shan't tell ye, Mr. Ramsey," says he.

"So I see he was determined, so I give away; puttin' on me coat, I went with him. He led me right through the town, towards the east side, through the fishing quarter; then a goodish way along the beach under great chalk cliffs, and 'There's my house,' says he, pointin' with his finger. And there it was, too; all by itself, about half a mile away from anybody else; a regular plank-built, two-floor, pitched and tarred ordinary fisherman's place. Old tubs and nets and various kinds of lumber was tumbled around it.

"By the way, as we was comin' past some fishermen in the town, on the way, one on 'em called out, 'Ow's yer luck, Surly?' and I arterwards found out he was called 'Surly Sammy' for a nickname, on account of being such a lonely and solitary kind of cuss.

"Well, when we come to the house, he unlocks the door, and in we goes.

"Now, Mr. Ramsey," says he, 'I've got me gentleman upstairs, and there's only a ladder for to go up; so if you don't mind steppin' up. I've got him in a barrel.'

"A barrel?" I says. 'Wot, is it a fish or something?'

"Ah, you'll see in a minute!" he says.



"We all come, with a crash and a yell, down the ladder together."

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"We all come, with a crash and a yell, down the ladder together."

"I didn't mind the ladder, in course, so up I goes.

"Mr. Samuel Pengelly goes over in the corner, and, 'Come out of it, me boy!' says he, reaching down into a barrel of water; and then *slop!* there it was on the table, all wet and wriggling, just like a bunch o' snakes tied up with a bit of string; and if you'll believe me, gentlemen, it was a real live squid!"

Here the man in the bearskin cap paused; partly to have a lengthy drink at his ale, and partly to give the yokels and myself time to recover from our natural astonishment.

"A wot?" asked a navvy, whose pipe had dropped from his mouth.

"A squid, cuttle-fish, octopus, devil-fish; one of them things with a lot of tentacles, and damned great eyes like saucers. It pretty near give me the 'orrors, it did.

"It wasn't a very big 'un, mind ye; I suppose just about three foot long, stretched out. But the *look* of him!—'ere, good lord, let's have another drink!

"Well, 'ere was Mr. Sammy a lookin' at me with a grin, expectin' me to say something.

"'Well,' says I, 'no mistake, that is a novelty, if ye like.'

"'Are ye goin' to take him?' says he.

"'Well,' I says, 'I don't know so much. In the fust place, he ain't so very big; but what there is of him's enough to frighten the Old 'Un himself! Is he tame?'

"'Tame?' says he; 'ere, ketch hold of him!' And with that, he picks the thing up offen the table, and shoved it to 'ords me, and I felt the touch of it—all cold and slimy. I tell you I jumps back pretty smart.

"'Keep him off me!' I hollered, 'cos I wasn't use to no animals like that.

"'I dunno,' I went on. 'I might have him in a tank for the public to look at; but it's the missus and the kids I'm thinking of—frighten 'em to death. And suppose he growed big, or got dangerous? I shouldn't know what to do with him; and I likes to have something to perform, too,' I says. 'Can't he do no tricks?'

"'Well,' says he, 'as for dangerous—what about this?'

"And, bust me, if he didn't put this 'ere devil-fish on his head! And then the thing crawled and twisted all round his face, down his chest, and along his arms.

"'And I'll show you some tricks, too,' says he; and shoving the squid on the table, he went over to a corner, and got out some little bright-coloured flags, out'en which he picked a yaller one fust. Then he gently waves this 'ere yaller flag at the old squid, and starts whistlin' a waltzin' kind of tune; and, if you'll believe me, gentlemen, that there devil-fish stood up on the end of its tentacles, and began waltzing to time all round the table!

"And so he went on; when he showed a blue flag, the darn thing stood on his head, with all his tentacles twirlin' in the air, like corkscrews; and for a green flag he spun round sideways, like a Catherine-wheel. And this fetched me pretty nigh; but I still hummed and har'd a bit—we haves to be so keerful, ye know, buyin' animals.

"So I says—

"'Now, look here, Mr. Pengelly, if he was only a bit bigger I'd take him to-morrow, if you'd agree to come with him and look arter him. The only thing is, he's too small. I'm afraid people wouldn't hardly see him in the ring, so I'm afraid we'll have to cry off.'

"And with that he looked pretty glum, I can tell you. As for me, I couldn't get me eyes offen that horror, squirmen', and turnin' on the table; and it kept lookin' at me with its glaring eyes—them eyes! *Pah*, give me another drink!

"All of a sudden Pengelly brightens up, and slaps his leg.

"'I tell you wot,' says he; 'when will you be comin' back to this town agen?'

"'Oh!' I says, 'a matter of ten months' time, thereabouts.'

"'Well, then, if I keep him till then, will you have him? He'll have growed bigger then, and I'll teach him some more tricks into the bargain,' says he.

"And so, to settle the job, I agreed, and we shook hands on it, as he said he'd train Joseph (name he'd give this 'ere

devil-fish) to do some more tricks; and out of the house I goes, mighty glad to get out of it, too, 'cos, to tell ye the truth, although I was a-going back to Raddlesea agen, I never intended to call on Mr. Pengelly any more, nor his wretched nightmare—not if I could help it. It was a sight too horrible for me.

"Well, the time went on arter I left Raddlesea. I travelled about with the old show, and arter about ten months, sure enough I was back at Raddlesea agen; and I do believe I'd pretty nigh forgotten all about this 'ere devil-fish affair.

"Now, it were about the end of November, and business was very bad with me and the show. One of the lions was dead, and I couldn't seem to get no audiences nohow, 'cepting deadheads. The livin' skeleton got so tarnation fat I had to sack him; and, to make matters worse, blow me if the fat woman didn't elope with him when he went, so I lost two of my best novelties, and I was pretty glum, you can lay.

"Well, one Sunday morning, I was a settin' in the van, feelin' pretty despirit, when up comes this red-headed fisherman agen, as large as life.

"He took me fair by surprise, 'cos he was the last man in the world I was thinking of; but I reckon I was never gladder to see anybody before. I remembered direckly wot a horrible affair he'd got at home; but business was so rotten bad, I was ready to try anything.

"'Come inside,' says I, hearty like, shaking hands with him. 'How's Joseph?'

"'Joseph's all *right*,' says he, winking solemn, 'and Joseph'll make your fortune, or I'll eat him, and without salt, too.'

"'Ah!', says I; 'can he do any more tricks?'

"'Tricks?' says he. 'Well, you'd better come and see him, that's all.'

"'And so I will,' says I. And with that I puts on me coat, and follers him home. When we got to his house, there it were, just the same. In we goes, and as we was going up the ladder I happened to arsk him if Joseph had growed much?

"'Well, just look at that!' he says,

pointin' to the other end of the room, or rather the loft. And there he'd rigged up a sort of wooden partition, about seven foot high, and I could hear Joseph splashin' about the other side of it.

"'That ain't hardly big enough,' says he. Then he commenced whistlin', and, good Lord, I had to brace meself up this time, for I guessed nothing very pretty lookin' was a comin' up; but I was resolved this time, horror or no horror, to put Joseph on show. The public wanted waking up somehow.

"The next minute there was a couple of his tentacles, twining and feelin', crawly enough to bring me out in a cold sweat; and then over he comes, flop! splash! and there was them eyes agen, worse than ever—*give me another drink!*

"I braced up, somehow, and Mr. Samuel Pengelly, all smiles, gets out his coloured flags agen.

"I edged near the door, 'cos I didn't take to Joseph a bit; and to see the tricks that man and nightmare performed together was astonishin'.

"'Shake hands,' he'd say (I think he showed a blue flag for this), and, bust me, if the devil-fish wouldn't hold his tentacles out, one arter another; and that was only one of his games.

"Now, I think it was when Pengelly was a settin' on Joseph's back that the catastrophe happened. The fact is I happened to have a bit of a cold in the head, and I pulled out me hankerchey to blow me nose. The hankerchey was one of those old-fashion, bright-red bandannas, and no sooner had I showed it when I hears a curus chirrumping, squeaking kind of noise, something between a rat and a grasshopper, only louder; and there was Pengelly a sliding off the devil-fish's back head fust, with a white face, and screaming—

"'Oh, for God's sake, man, run for your life! Oh, Lord, I wish I'd a told ye! The hankerchey, quick; red drives him mad! Run, man, *run!*'

"I dropped the hankerchey, and made a rush for the ladder, but I was too late, and the next minute I felt one of them cold, slimy feelers all round me neck—*ugh!*

"I clung tight hold to the door, struggling and punching, and Pengelly he got tangled up as well; and he yelled out: 'Run for some help, man; run for some help! If——' And then the octopus choked the breath out of him.

"I was fair paralysed with terror, and that's a fact; but I held hard, and presently—I don't exactly know how it happened—me and the fisherman and the octopus, we all come, with a crash and a yell, down the ladder together, and I found myself loose.

"Out of the front door I goes, full speed, partly thinking to get some help, partly thinking Pengelly could manage him, but mainly thinking to get away somehow, for I was pretty near frightened to death; and I run along the beach (fancying the thing was close behind me) for quite a mile and a 'arf afore I found I was going the wrong way, the pebbles slippin' and slidin' under me all the time same as happens in dreams. Lord! horrible wasn't the word.

"Well, I was in a fine old kind of a fix now; but there was no help for it. so I commenced to walk back. Being Sunday morning, I never met a soul, back'ards or forrards, 'cos Raddlesea never was much of a place for visitors, being small, and it was out of season, besides.

"And so I comes in sight of the house agen, feeling a bit pluckier and more reasonable this time.

"It had the front door wide open, and seemed to look more lonesome than ever, and, as I come near it, I was relieved to hear no noise. I say relieved, becous' I reely thought the fisherman had managed to quiet him. So I peeps in—nobody nor nothing there! To tell ye the truth, I was afraid to go up the ladder; but I calls out—

"'Hullo, up there! Have ye managed him?'

"But there wasn't no answer, and, screwing up my pluck, I clumb up.

"In the loft above there was the large table turned upside over, my old bannanna hankerchey on the floor, and a small puddle of blood. But there was no sign of man nor devil-fish. I sort of staggered out into the cold November sunshine agen, and lookin' about the

brach, there was red stains nearly down to the water; and wot had happened I guessed all at once, and it struck me dumb and faint.

"Running down to the edge of the water, I gazed out to sea, hoping to get some sign of poor Pengelly.

"And then, far out, I saw something black come out a little way, and then fall back with a splash; and that was all.

"Well, I waited there, stuck like a fool, just lookin', for about twenty minutes; but I didn't see nothing else, and didn't think it would be any good tryin a reskoo.

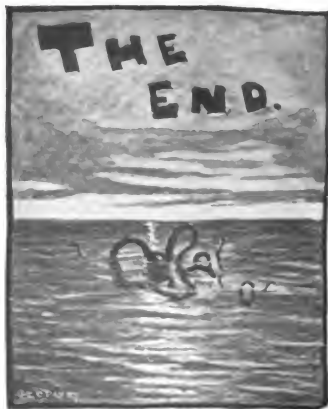
"And the upshot of it all was that I decided not to say nothing about it to nobody; me and the show was out of Raddlesea that same night, and I ain't never been back there yet, and don't intend to.

"Well, gentlemen, I see time's a gettin on, and I must be moving! Good-night all, good-night!"

And with a whistle to his dog, out of the tap-room he went.

The landlord, who had been listening, gave the final word.

"Well," said he, "I'll bet anybody in this tap-room seven to one he's the finest liar in the British Islands!" Nobody took him.



UNIV. OF MICH.

JUL 13 1996



